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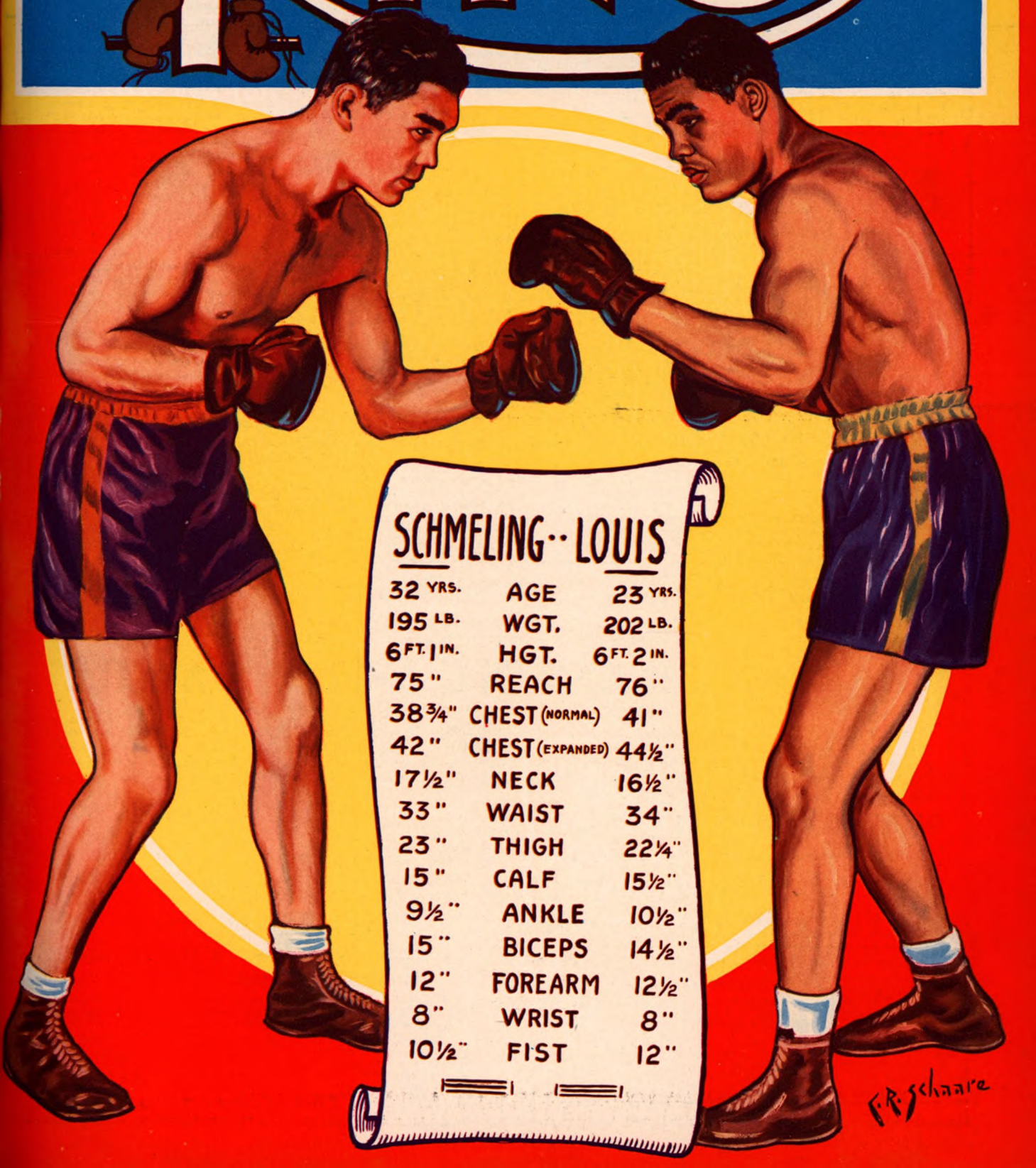

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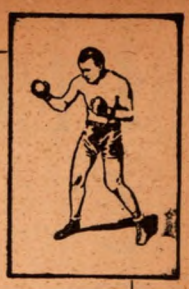

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In Our Next Issue

This is the era of pictures. "The Ring" is furnishing its patrons with a variety that enables the collectors of fight and wrestling pictures to keep their albums well stocked.

The Ross-Armstrong battle is over. The historic fight in which a featherweight king was pitted against the welterweight champion, aroused world-wide interest. You'll find that bout well covered with ringside shots, action scenes such as only this publication gives the fight fans. And you'll receive in addition, the picture story of the battle told by our experts.

The great international heavyweight championship fight between Max Schmeling, challenger and Joe Louis, unfortunately is a fortnight away as we go to press with this issue. In the August issue the story of the contest and pictures will be featured strongly.

Dramatic fights? How many have you attended in which you got a thrill up your spine? Read Hype Igoe's story, "When Drama was written into Fistiana." He takes you through thirty years of fisticuffs.

Nat Fleischer, Bob Edgren, Bill Doherty and Daniel M. Daniel will furnish you with other good reading on pugilism and The Ring's wrestling specialists will see that you get your fill of the mat sport.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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FLEISCHER PICKS LOUIS

Editor of The Ring Sees Nine Years Difference in Ages As Probably Vital Factor in Heavyweight Struggle

EXPERIENCED sports writers will tell you that for widespread popular interest nothing can match a world's heavyweight championship fight. The World Series in baseball is a true classic. But the prospect of a heavyweight struggle, packing into its few minutes all the action, all the importance that is carried with the title, is the most intriguing affair.

The fight between Joe Louis, titleholder, and Max Schmeling, challenger, in New York on June 22, has developed most extraordinary interest even for a world's championship battle. There is an international angle which is made all the more dramatic because of the fact that Schmeling is a German, and Germany surely has been much in the public eye.

This return engagement between the Negro titleholder and the man who knocked him out should be a technical sensation, a financial triumph, a dramatic feature, a fistic hair-raiser, especially if, as I believe it will, it brings a victory for Joe Louis. I think this fight will beat the Louis-Baer struggle for receipts. And that almost touched the million mark, also in the Yankee Stadium.

* * *

THE stage is set for this latest "Battle of the Century." The fighters each having had their series of tune-ups, are prepared for the greatest battle of their careers because of the importance of the engagement. On the one hand, the Negro, young, strong, sturdy, a giant with powerful muscular development, with fists of iron and tested courage—will go into the ring to avenge a knockout he suffered at the hands of his adversary, the only setback of his entire professional career.

Opposed to him will be a well-built fighter with an abundance of ring experience, tried courage, shrewd, a quick thinker, a hitter of the knockout school, eager to do something never before recorded—to regain a heavyweight title. Tenseness, coordination of mind and power, keen eyes ever watching for the opening that means so much to a good fighter—a battle of wits and flaying fists—all these are certain to be on view. Is it any wonder that the world of pugilism is going wild over this contest?

No bout since the Tunney-Dempsey fights in Philadelphia and Chicago have caused such varied discussion. No contest since that time has held out so much hope for sensational, heart-throbbing exchanges as this one. In every respect it must be given the consideration of "The Battle of the Century." It is a replica of the famous Heenan-Sayers international bout.

A matter of nine years difference in ages is a vital factor in the fight game. But Max Schmeling, at the age of thirty-three, is spry, with full control of his faculties, a perfect specimen of manhood. If Schmeling is defeated, I don't believe it will be a case of an old man going to the well once too often. Physically, he is almost the equal of his opponent. But age does count. If the pace is an exceptionally fast one, that nine years' difference may turn the tide.

As for experience, Schmeling has engaged in almost twice as many fights as has his opponent. Having started his professional career back in 1924, Herr Max has been engaged in professional ring warfare for a period of fourteen years, yet at a time in his career when by the law of averages he should be retired, he is going just as strong in his profession as when he first came to America in 1928 at my suggestion to begin the campaign that eventually enabled him to win the world heavyweight crown.

The German Uhlan, a fine fellow personally, a great fighter, one of the best all-around athletes and educated young men the roped square has ever had in its midst, has been seen in sixty-four contests. He has scored thirty-six knockouts, has won thirteen decisions in bouts that went the limit; lost three verdicts; drew four times; was knocked out four times, and won three bouts on fouls. Thus fifty-six per cent of his fights have been won on knockouts.

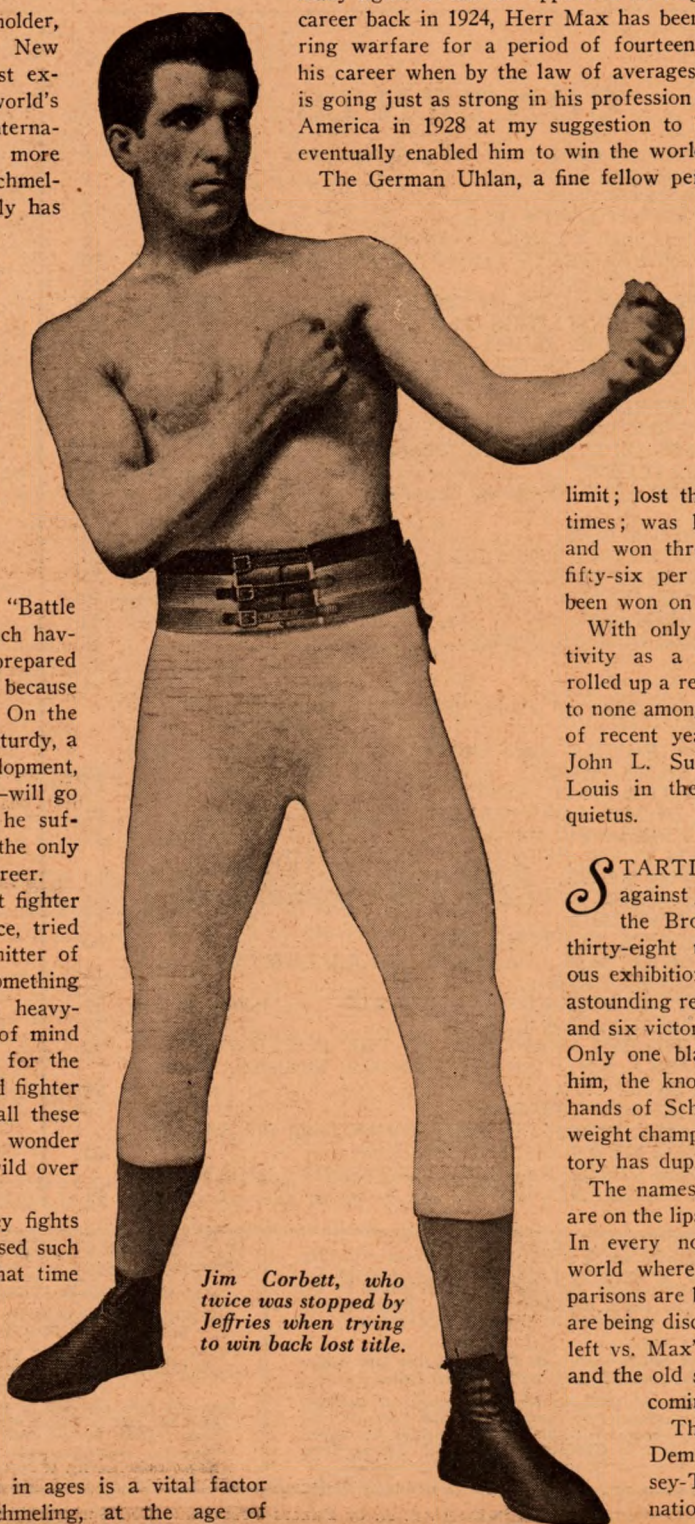
With only four years of ring activity as a professional, Louis has rolled up a record of knockouts second to none among the top flight gladiators of recent years. Not even the great John L. Sullivan had anything on Louis in the matter of landing the quietus.

* * *

STARTING on July 4, 1934, against Jack Kracken in Chicago, the Brown Bomber has fought thirty-eight times, excluding numerous exhibitions, and has rolled up the astounding record of thirty-one kayoes and six victories via the decision route. Only one black mark stands against him, the knockout he suffered at the hands of Schmeling. No other heavyweight champion in American ring history has duplicated the feat of Louis.

The names of Louis and Schmeling are on the lips of millions of fight fans. In every nook and corner of the world where boxing is known, comparisons are being made, fluke punches are being discussed; the power of Joe's left vs. Max's right is being analyzed and the old standby, youth vs. age, is coming in for attention.

The Carpentier-Dempsey, Dempsey-Firpo, both Dempsey-Tunney fights held international attention, but regard-



Jim Corbett, who twice was stopped by Jeffries when trying to win back lost title.

To Stop Schmeling

By NAT FLEISCHER

less of the financial outcome of the Louis-Schmeling return engagement, I know of no contest in many years that hit the spotlight as has the coming one. A tough one to figure for any expert!

We who follow the fight game day in and day out, have often gone haywire in making our choices, but after all, it is a matter of opinion only. As I have said, one who writes about the sport cannot very well figure a winner on other than past performances and present condition. Based on these, with only that one setback to mar his record, I pick Joe Louis to retain his crown. Slow thinking and the knowledge of what Schmeling's fists did to him in their previous encounter are the only points that stand against Louis in figuring the possible winner.

Schmeling's age may react against him should the fight extend beyond ten rounds and the pace be a fast one. Regardless of the speed, Louis should be able to travel at a hot pace better than his adversary.

* * *

BOTH fighters are excellent boxers. Only two heavyweights in the last twenty years excelled Louis in that field—Gene Tunney and Tommy Loughran. Joe is a better boxer than is Schmeling, who is a far more brainy, crafty pugilist. Loughran and Tunney excelled in boxing, but no one in the history of the heavyweight class packed more power in their punches than Louis.

Schmeling has the greatest right-hand wallop of any fighter of recent years. It is a deadly punch that paralyzes when it connects properly. But Louis has two fists that can do the damage. His left is his best shot, but he can land a kayo with the right equally well.

Out in Chicago recently I had a lengthy conference with the champion and I was surprised when he said:

"You fellers keep saying I have a great left hook. Why do you forget my right hand? Don't you know that I have scored almost as many knockouts with the right as I have with the left?"

No, I wasn't aware of that. I went through the files and started to study the accounts of Joe's battles and I learned that the Bomber was correct. He not only can sock with either fist, but if you go by the results, you'll find that Louis is a harder hitter with both hands than is Schmeling.

As far as gameness is concerned, the pair are on a par, but as for the power to assimilate punishment, beyond a question of doubt the champion can withstand a greater amount than Schmeling. Compare the terrific beating that Louis absorbed in the Schmeling fight and against that you have Schmeling going down before the flying fists of Max Baer and also the Sharkey fight in which he won on a foul.

Louis took more punishment in one round from Schmeling than did the German take in the entire ten rounds in his fight with Max in which he was kayoed. There can be no question of Joe's courage. He'll fight until the last drop of the hat. There can be no question of gameness or courage with either fighter.

* * *

LOUIS has one serious defect. He has demonstrated that when hit hard on the side of the head he loses control of himself momentarily. Perhaps it is a case of punch-shyness as a result of the defeat by Schmeling. He never showed it prior to that fight, yet since the knockout, it was in evidence in the bouts with Ettore, Brescia, Mann and even in his last engagement, that with Harry Thomas. Unless Louis recovers from that ailing, he'll be a mark for Schmeling again and it might result in a second kayo. Gun-shyness is what is most feared by the wagering element.

Louis' left hook is the best punch of its kind yet developed. It is a deadly wallop and is a certain knockout. It was the punch that almost knocked Schmeling down in the seventh round, at a time when Louis was so badly whipped he could scarcely stand on his feet. It is his best bet.

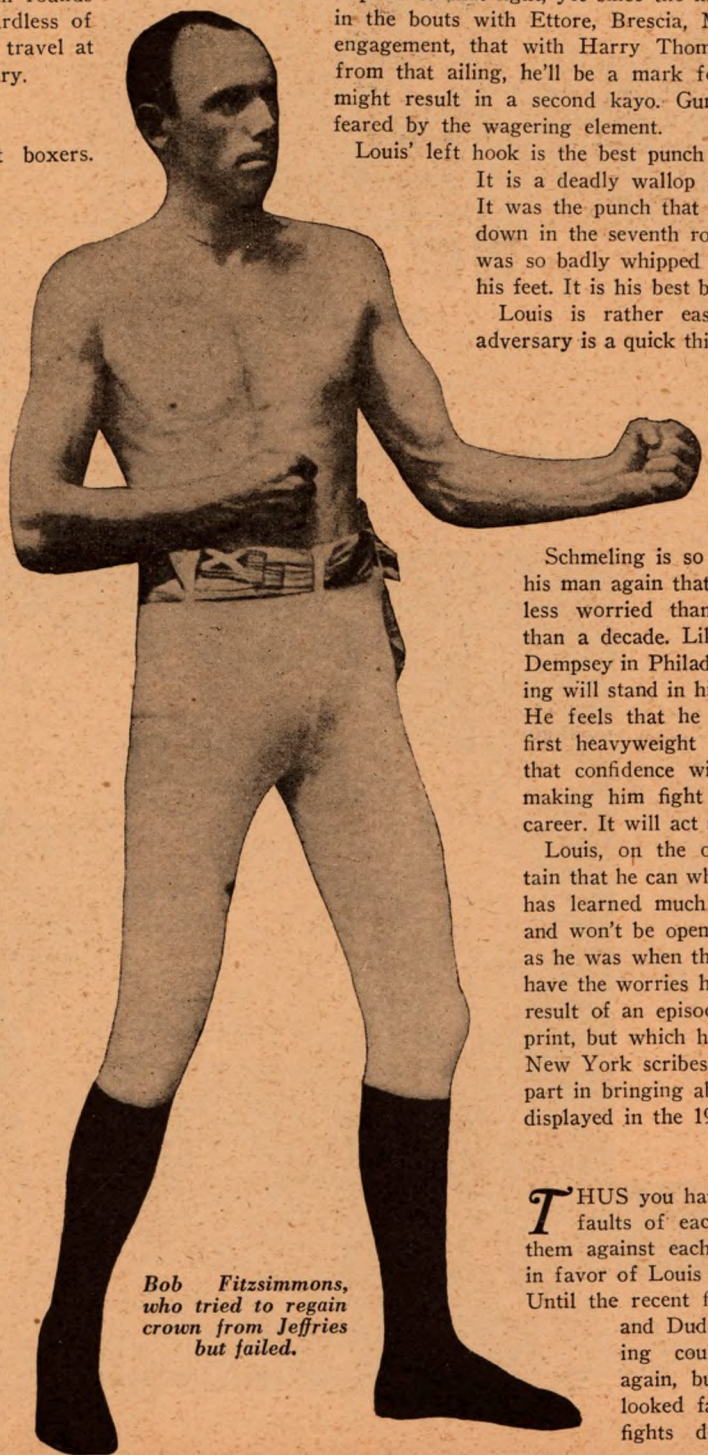
Louis is rather easily confused whereas his adversary is a quick thinker, cool, collected, almost never confused even when things are at their worst for him. He exemplified that in his fight with Steve Hamas in Philadelphia, and also in his battles with Baer and Louis.

Schmeling is so confident that he can take his man again that he is going into this fight less worried than any challenger in more than a decade. Like Tunney, when he faced Dempsey in Philadelphia, Max says that nothing will stand in his way to regain the crown. He feels that he is destined to become the first heavyweight to win back the title and that confidence will go a long way toward making him fight the greatest battle of his career. It will act as an inspiration.

Louis, on the other hand, is equally certain that he can whip Max. He asserts that he has learned much since their last encounter and won't be open for Max's right this time as he was when they first met. He also won't have the worries he carried into the ring as a result of an episode that is best kept out of print, but which his intimate friends and the New York scribes knew played an important part in bringing about the dazed condition he displayed in the 1936 mill.

* * *

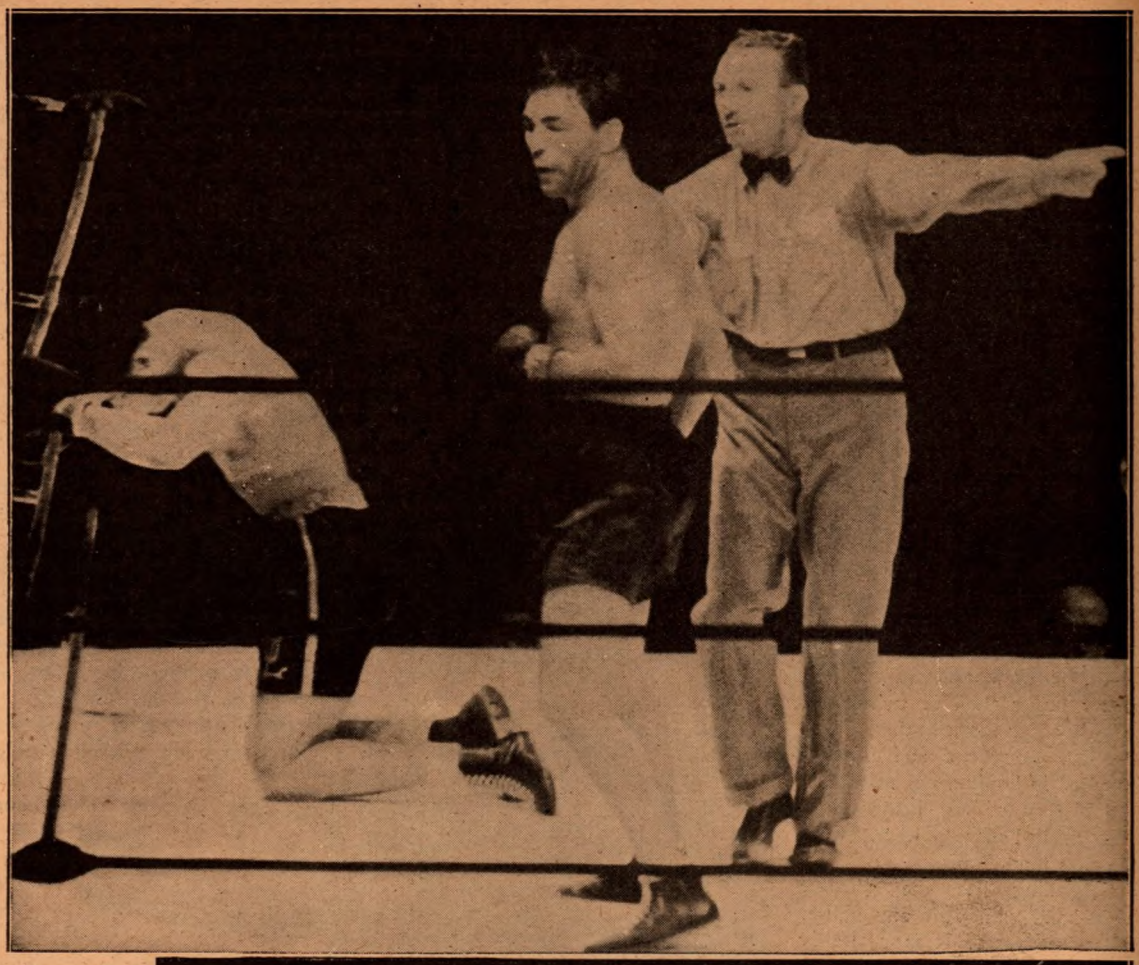
THUS you have the good points and the faults of each fighter analyzed. Weigh them against each other and there is more in favor of Louis and that's why I pick him. Until the recent fights with Thomas, Foord and Dudas, I thought that Schmeling couldn't miss against Louis again, but I figure that Schmeling looked far off color in those three fights despite his triple triumph



Bob Fitzsimmons, who tried to regain crown from Jeffries but failed.

LOUIS' ONLY SETBACK

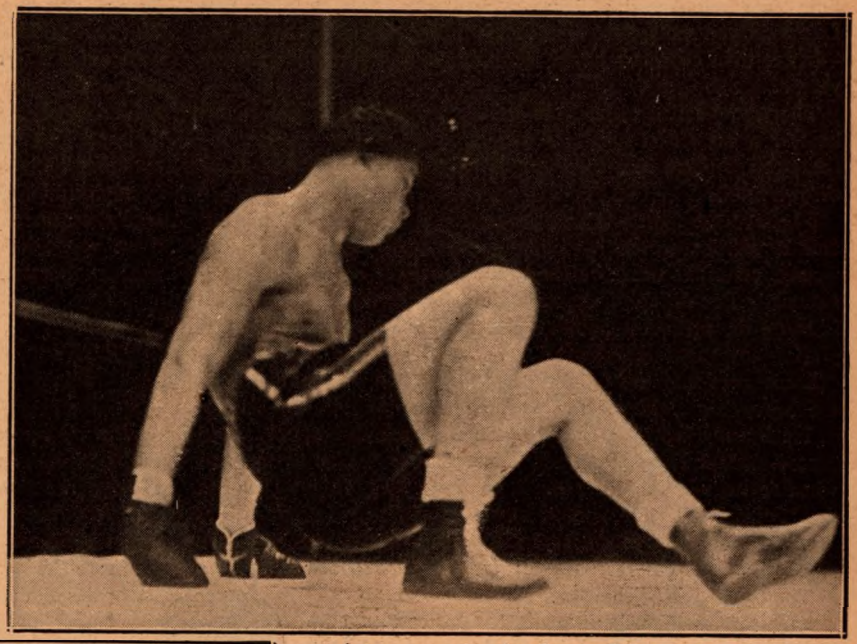
When Joe Louis collapsed in the twelfth round of his fight with Schmeling, his head rested against the middle strand and he remained in that position for two seconds. The Detroit Bomber went down from a powerful right hand clout to the jaw, and, mind a blank, eyes bleary, he was through for the night.



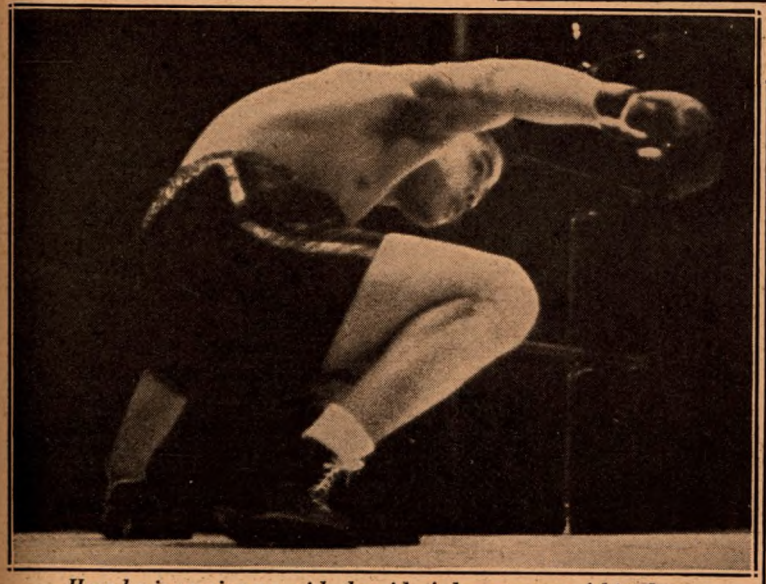
Here we see how Joe landed after he dropped his hold on the ropes and fell face forward to be counted out. He tumbled to this position from the one shown above. Referee Donovan completed the count at 2:29 of the twelfth round. That victory, the most stunning in recent years because Joe was such a hot favorite, gave Schmeling a new lease of life in the heavyweight ranks and on June 22 he will have the chance to set boxing history if he can regain the title he lost to Jack Sharkey.

Will JOE Reverse This?

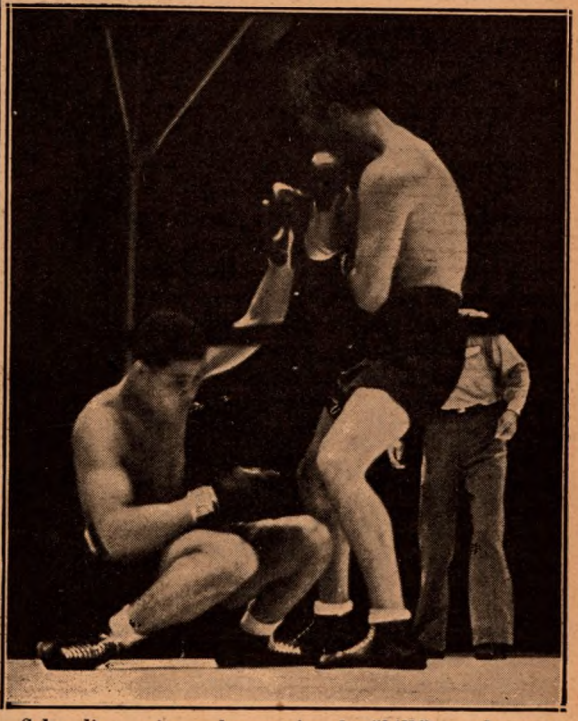
IN the Louis-Schmeling battle there is a strong factor of psychology. The Negro remembers only too well the beating he suffered at the hands of the German. This set of memories of a knockout presents a tremendous hazard for the champion. This mental hurdle perhaps is as vital as the punches which Schmeling will be able to assemble in his quest of a title he once had, and which he lost to Jack Sharkey. The explorers of the human mind will tell you that not even Max's right is likely to prove as powerful as the mental angle in this world heavyweight contest.



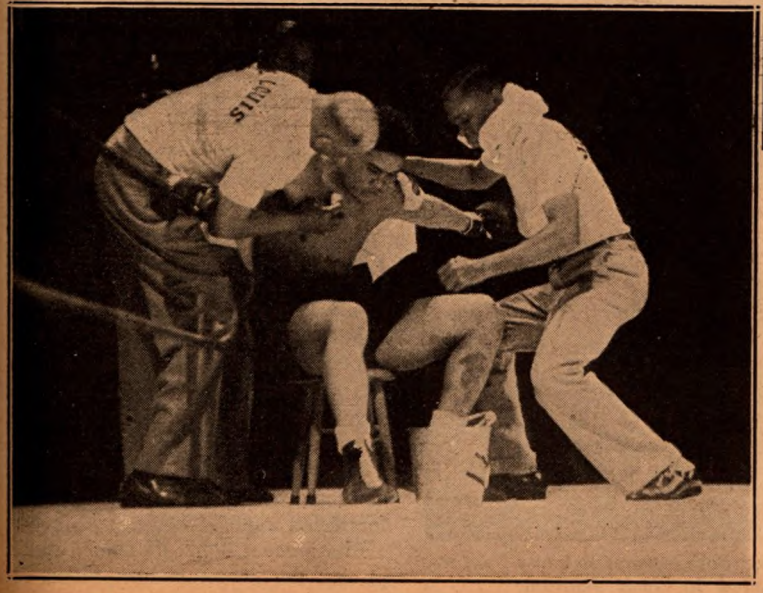
A new sensation for Louis. He's starting to rise after being floored for the first time in the fourth round.



Here he is coming up with the aid of the pressure of his glove against the floor.



Schmeling, grim and eager for the "kill," stands over the Bomber just before he is ordered to his corner by Referee Donovan in the fourth round.



Louis' handlers working feverishly to bring Joe out fresh for the fifth session.

HERE are four stirring scenes of the first battle between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling. They tell the tale of the German's power behind his fists. Can he repeat on June 22? The Uhlan says he will, but the Brown Bomber, who, since that knockout, has come along to win the world heavyweight title, is just as confident that he will reverse the order. The fight fans of the world will get their answer before another issue of THE RING will be out. Don't miss the next issue for the best pictures of this second Joe-Max fight. Eight pages of 'EM.

while Joe against Mann and Thomas showed to great advantage. He proved to me that he had learned a lot since his knockout.

Even in his fight with Tommy Farr, which many critics and fight fans condemned as being a mediocre affair, I think that Louis showed exceptionally fine form. His boxing was superb—better than anything I had seen from a heavyweight in many years.

Though he failed to land the knockout punch as was expected, he did a master technician's job in winning the verdict. All these things taken into consideration, I make my choice in favor of Joe Louis.

I believe the fight will not go the limit. I foresee a knockout and it will be scored by Louis within twelve rounds. If I'm wrong, mates, it won't be the first time. Like other critics, occasionally I've fallen by the wayside in my selections. My choice is based on an honest opinion with neither race, color or creed playing any part in influencing me.

Louis goes into the fight the youngest champion ever to win the heavyweight title of the world and the youngest to defend it. He already has set a record by defending it successfully three times—against Farr, Mann and Thomas, in less than a year and whether he wins or loses, he'll go down into ring history as the "fightingest" champion of modern times.

Coming down to a summary, we find on the one hand the physical advantages resting with Joe, the mental and psychological with Schmeling.

Each carries a knockout punch, but Joe carries more T.N.T. in either hand than his rival.

It is my belief that the champion has learned how to protect himself against the devastating right of the German, but Schmeling doesn't think so.

* * *

WHO was the first heavyweight champion of the world under the Marquis of Queensberry rules? That query has been fired at me every time a titular fight is staged, the bone of contention being that in naming Corbett and Fitzsimmons as world title-holders, we err. If we are to engage in a hair-splitting match, then such an assertion is correct, but the fact remains that when Corbett won the bout with Sullivan at New Orleans on September 21, 1892, he was the world's outstanding heavyweight as he proved when he later knocked out Charley Mitchell in three rounds.

Granted that Mitchell held no title at the time, he certainly was the best of the British crop as Jem Smith already had been whipped by Peter Jackson, and Mitchell had fought a 39-round draw with the great Sullivan. But the British and Australian scribes have argued that no man could win the world crown without first beating the champions of those lands or whipping the man who already had beaten the crown wearer. They further assert that Jackson in 1892 was a far better fighter than Mitchell. That is why the British would never consider either Sullivan, Corbett or Fitz as the holder of the world title. Jackson, they say, stood in the way of such a claim.

The story is an old one, but for the sake of clarifying the situation for those who have asked me to elucidate the championship claims, here goes:

When Sullivan fought Corbett in the first championship bout under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, John L. was the holder of the American title under London Prize Ring Rules. When he fought Mitchell at Chantilly, France, that fight was advertised as for the world crown, yet Mitchell didn't hold any title. Jem Smith was then the British heavyweight king, but Mitchell was the best of the British crop.

In 1887, Jake Kilrain fought a 106-round draw with Smith in France, and two years later Kilrain was stopped by Sullivan in 75 rounds. That in itself would give Sullivan a fairly good hold on world laurels, yet he was regarded only as the American champion.

Hence, when Corbett stopped the Boston Strong Boy at New Orleans, he didn't win a world title according to Hoyle. Strictly speaking, he won only the crown that Sullivan held, the American championship. Under the same line of reasoning, Fitzsimmons won the same title. That is hair-splitting to the nth degree, for there would be no doubt that Ruby Robert had it all over the field at the time he became champion.

* * *

LET'S examine his record. He was little more than a middleweight when he stopped Corbett, but before he entered the ring with Gentleman Jim, he fought as a middleweight against all comers and among his victims were the two outstanding fighters from Australia, Jim Hall and Dan Creedon, each of whom he stopped. But before this, Peter Jackson had knocked out Jem Smith in two rounds. He also stopped Paddy Slavin in ten after Slavin had gone fourteen rounds with Smith. Therefore Jackson had won the Australian and British Empire titles and when Peter clashed with Jim Jeffries three months before the Boilermaker stopped Fitzsimmons, Jeffries' victory over Fitz gave him the first real claim to international honors.

Rather complicated, isn't it? Nowadays, almost without exception, in listing world heavyweight champions, we start the ball rolling with Corbett. Then we go down to Fitz, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer, Braddock and Louis, but if we were sticklers for historic accuracy, we would start the list with Jeffries, who is the first undisputed world heavyweight champion.

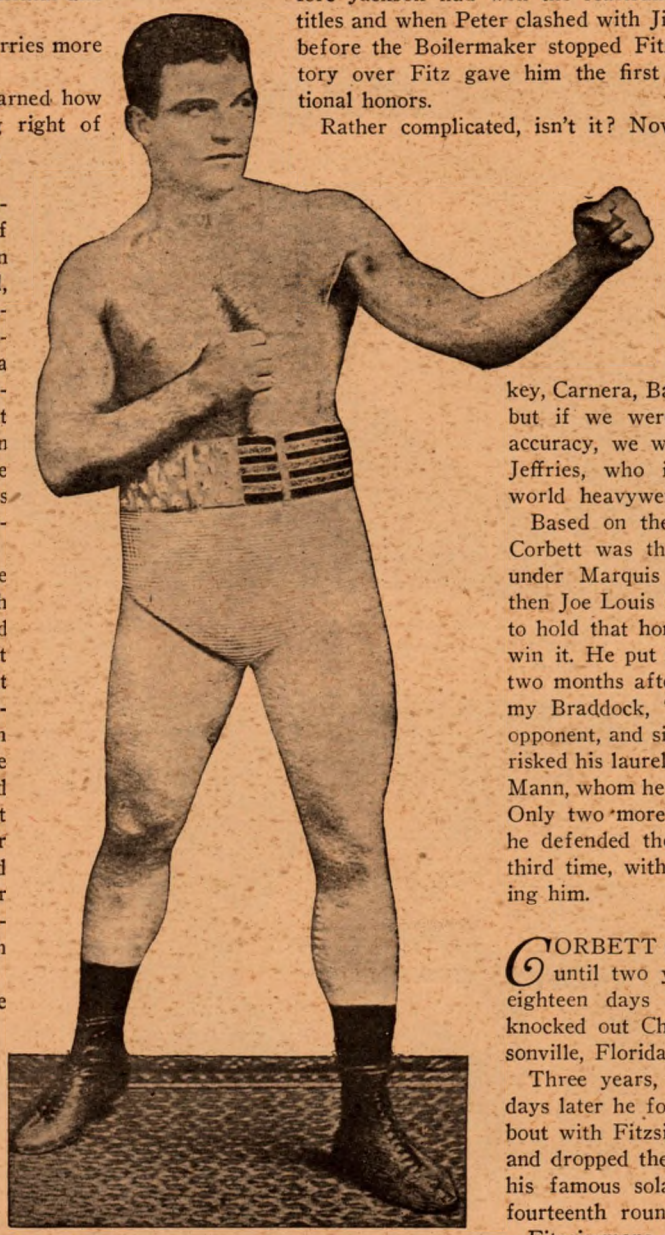
Based on the wider contention that Corbett was the first world champion under Marquis of Queensberry Rules, then Joe Louis is the fourteenth fighter to hold that honor and the youngest to win it. He put his crown at stake only two months after he knocked out Jimmy Braddock, Tommy Farr being his opponent, and six months later he again risked his laurels in a fight with Nathan Mann, whom he stopped in three rounds. Only two more months elapsed before he defended the championship for the third time, with Harry Thomas opposing him.

* * *

CORBETT didn't defend his laurels until two years, four months and eighteen days had elapsed, when he knocked out Charley Mitchell at Jacksonville, Florida, in three rounds.

Three years, two months and eight days later he fought his next contest, a bout with Fitzsimmons at Carson City, and dropped the title when Fitz landed his famous solar plexus punch in the fourteenth round.

Fitzsimmons didn't do much better in placing the crown in competition. He



Jim Jeffries, whose attempt to come back was halted by Jack Johnson.

Will This Happen Again?

Before his fight with Max Schmeling in 1936, Joe Louis was regarded by fistic experts as "The Superman of Pugilism." But the German shattered that myth by stopping Joe via the knockout route in the twelfth round. Note the puffed face of the Detroit Bomber after Schmeling got through tossing his fists against it.

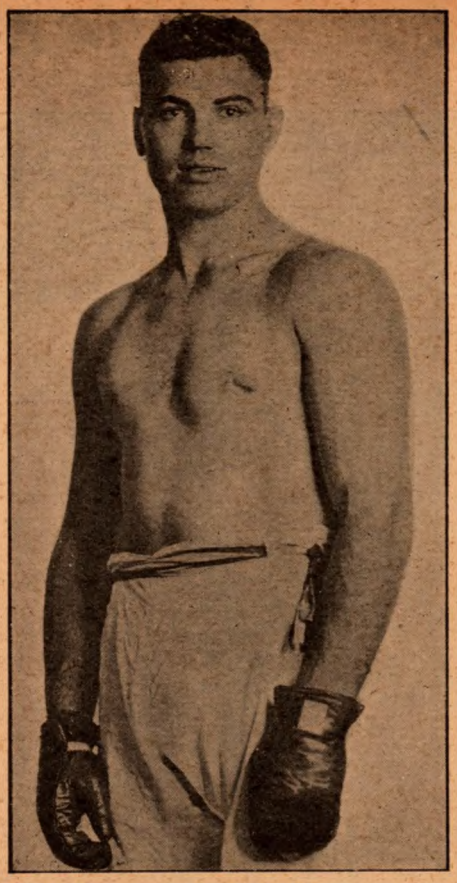
toured the land in exhibitions and in vaudeville and it was not until two years, two months and twenty-two days that he faced an opponent in a titular bout, Jim Jeffries being the man. Jim won the crown by stopping Fitz in eleven rounds on June 9, 1899.

Jeffries was more active. Like Louis, he didn't waste much time. Four months and twenty-seven days after he was crowned king, he faced a tough 'un in Tom Sharkey and held his diadem through a decision at the end of twenty-five rounds.

Then on May 11, 1900, six months and nine days after that great contest, he gave Corbett another chance and knocked him out in the twenty-third round. That was the first title bout in which a former champion tried to regain the title and lost.

Since then, on four other occasions, such unsuccessful attempts have been made. Fitzsimmons tried it on July 25, 1903, but was stopped by Jeffries in the eighth round. Then on August 14th of that same year Jeffries gave Corbett his second opportunity to win back the laurels and Gentleman Jim was halted in the tenth round.

Jeffries retired in 1905 and on July 4, 1910, he made an attempt to recover the championship by challenging Jack Johnson. The result, as on all other occasions, was the same. He couldn't make the grade. Johnson stopped him in the fifteenth round.



Jack Dempsey, who lost his return engagement to Tunney.

The last to attempt to break the jinx was Jack Dempsey. After he dropped his title to Gene Tunney in Philadelphia, he tried to regain it in Chicago, but dropped the verdict in ten rounds.

Will Schmeling succeed where other famous ring gladiators have failed? A complete list of heavyweight championship fights, showing the time elapsing between bouts, the winner and the referee, from the time of the last bare-knuckle championship to the present day, follows:

1889—July 8—John L. Sullivan beat Jake Kilrain, seventy-five rounds, Richburg, Miss. (last championship fight bare knuckles)—John Fitzpatrick, referee.

*1892—September 7—James J. Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan, twenty-one rounds, New Orleans (used big gloves)—John Duffy, referee.

1894—January 25—James J. Corbett beat Charley Mitchell, three rounds, Jacksonville, Fla.—Honest John Kelly, referee.

*1897—March 17—Bob Fitzsimmons defeated James J. Corbett, fourteen rounds, Carson City, Nev.—George Siler, referee.

1899—June 9—James J. Jeffries beat Bob Fitzsimmons, eleven rounds, Coney Island, N. Y.—George Siler, referee.

*1899—November 2—James J. Jeffries defeated Thomas J. Sharkey, challenger for the title, at Coney Island, N. Y., twenty-five rounds (decision)—George Siler, referee.

1900—May 11—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, at Coney Island, twenty-three rounds—Charley White, referee.

1901—November 16—James J. Jeffries knocked out Gus Ruhlin, at San Francisco, Cal., in five rounds—Harry Corbett, referee.

1902—July 25—James J. Jeffries knocked out Robert Fitzsimmons, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., eight rounds—Ed Graney, referee.

1903—August 14—James J. Jeffries knocked out James J. Corbett, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in ten rounds—Ed Graney, referee.

1904—August 26—James J. Jeffries knocked out Jack Munroe, challenger for the title, at San Francisco, Cal., in two rounds—Ed Graney, referee.

1905—James J. Jeffries retired.

Marvin Hart knocked out Jack Root in twelve rounds at Reno, Nev., July 3, 1905. James J. Jeffries refereed and presented the winner with the title, to defend against all comers. Jack O'Brien also claimed the title.

1906—February 23—Tommy Burns defeated Marvin Hart, who claimed the title, at Los Angeles, Cal., in twenty rounds (decision)—Charley Eyton, referee.

1907—May 7—Tommy Burns defeated Jack O'Brien, Los Angeles, Cal., twenty rounds—Charley Eyton, referee.

1907—July 4—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires, one round, Colma, Cal.—Jim Jeffries, referee.

1907—December 9—Tommy Burns knocked out Gunner Moir in London, Eng., ten rounds—A. E. Bettinson, referee.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Jack Palmer in England, in the fourth round, with a right hook.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Jem Roche in Dublin, Ireland, in one round, with a right to the chin.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Jewey Smith in Paris, France, in the fifth round, with a right hook to the jaw.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires in Paris, France, in the eighth round, with a right to the chin.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Squires in the thirteenth round in Sydney, Australia, with a right and left to the jaw.

1908—Tommy Burns knocked out Bill Lange in Melbourne, Australia, in the sixth round with a right to the chin.

*1908—December 25—Jack Johnson (colored) won decision from Tommy Burns in fourteen rounds. Police stopped contest.—Hugh McIntosh, referee.

1908—Jack Johnson beat Victor MacLaglen, Vancouver, B. C., ten rounds.

1908—Jack Johnson fought no-decision bouts with Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Tony Ross and Al Kaufman.

1909—October 16—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out Stanley Ketchell in twelve rounds, Colma, Cal.—Billy Roche, referee.

1910—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) knocked out James J. Jeffries in fifteen rounds, Reno, Nev., for the world's title—Tex Rickard, referee.

1912—July 4—Jack Johnson (colored) won on points from Jim Flynn, nine rounds, Las Vegas, N. M., for title. Contest stopped by police. Referee Ed Smith awarded decision to Johnson.

1913—Jack Johnson's government trouble during the latter part of 1912 brought about his practical elimination, and a tourney was held for the white heavyweights in Los Angeles, Cal. Luther McCarthy, after defeating Al Kaufman, Jim Flynn and Al Palzer, was proclaimed champion white heavyweight of America. On May 24, 1913, at Calgary, Can., McCarthy fought Arthur Pelkey, the latter knocking McCarthy out in the first round. McCarthy collapsed in the ring and died from what the coroner's jury termed a hemorrhage of the brain, caused by a probable previous injury.

1914—January 1—Gunboat Smith won white heavyweight title, knocking out Arthur Pelkey in fifteen rounds at San Francisco, Cal.—Ed Smith, referee.

1914—June 27—Jack Johnson (colored) won twenty-round point decision over Frank Moran of Pittsburgh, in Paris, France—Georges Carpentier, referee.

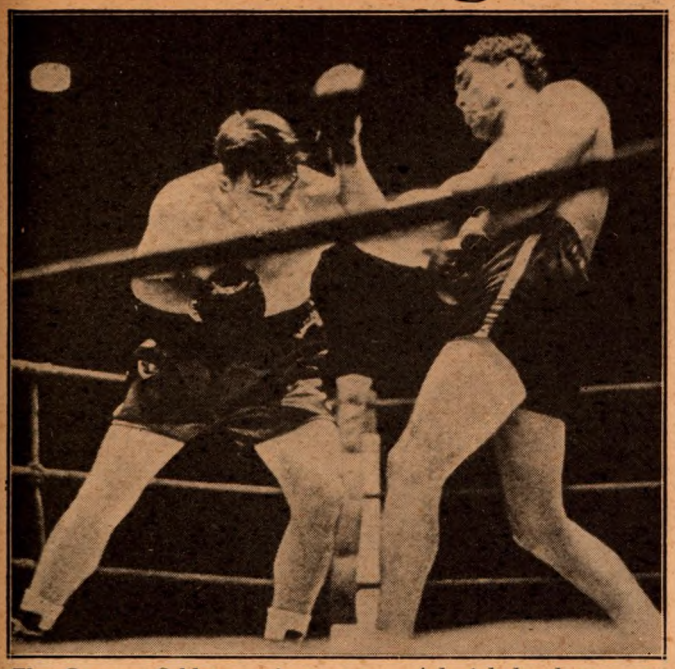
1914—July 16—Georges Carpentier won white title from Gunboat Smith on a foul in six rounds, London, Eng.—Eugene Corri, referee.

*1915—April 5—Jess Willard knocked out Jack Johnson, twenty-six rounds, Havana, Cuba—J. Welsh, referee.

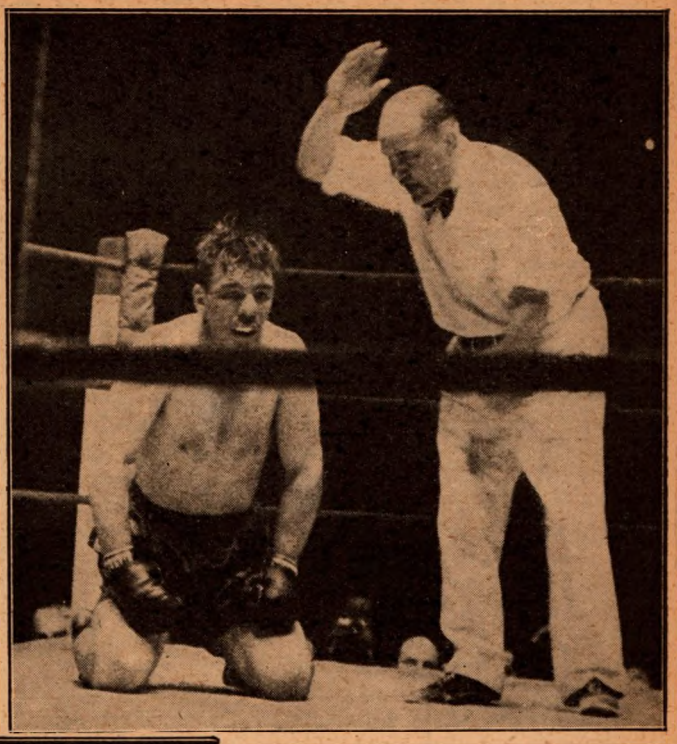
1916—March 25—Jess Willard defeated Frank Moran by popular verdict in New York (no

(Continued on page 44)

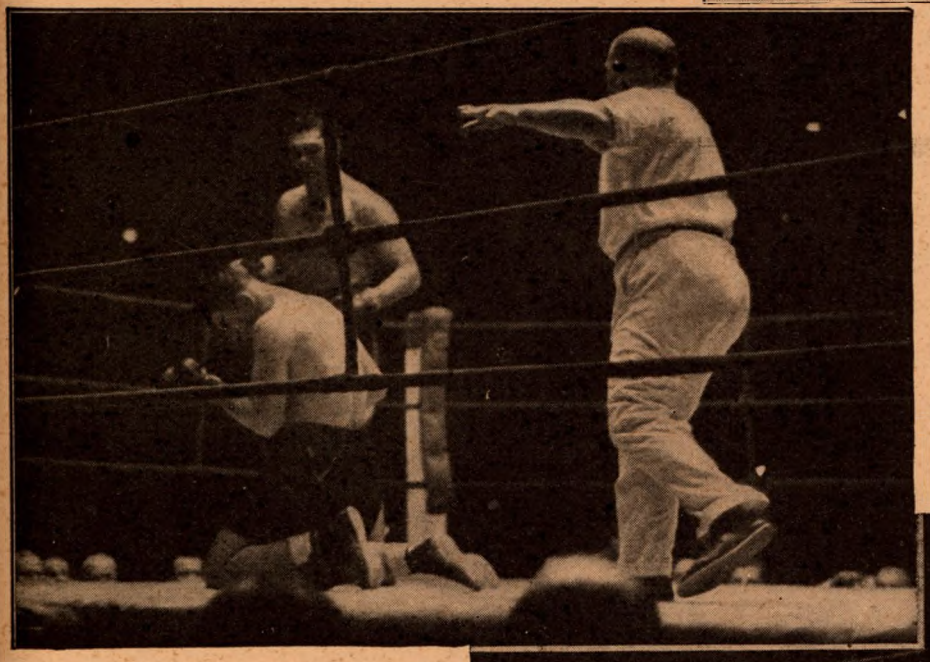
Schmeling's Final Workout



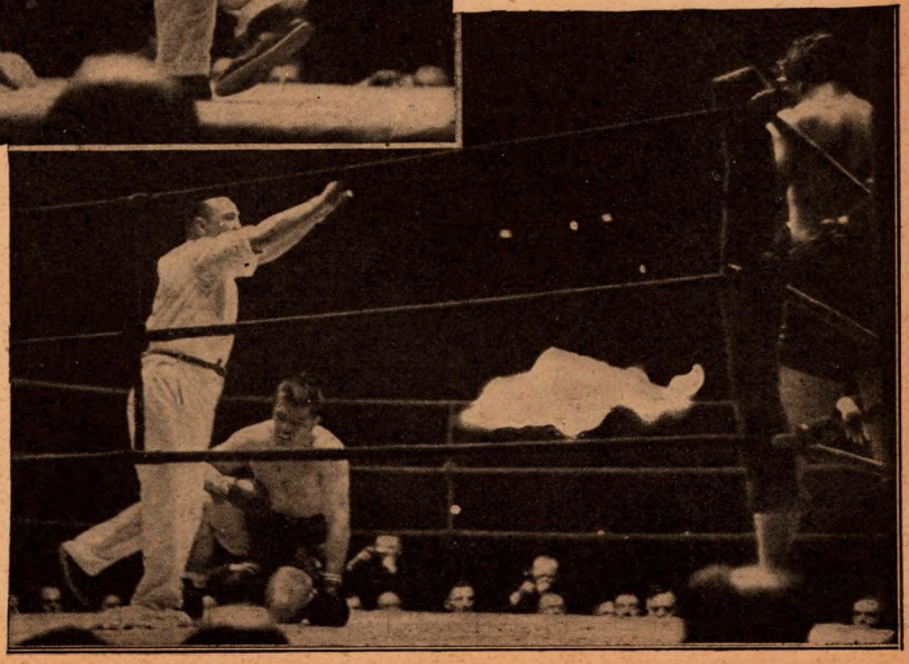
The German Schlager misses a powerful right-hand uppercut that was tossed with the full weight of the body in the third.



Here we see Steve Dudas with an agonizing look resting on his knees after Schmeling caught him with a short right to the jaw for the second knockdown in the fifth round.



The third knockdown in the fifth round when a right crashed against Dudas' chin. He remained on his knees until the count of nine.



Just as Dudas was about to rise after being floored for the third time in the fifth round of his fight with Schmeling at Hamburg, Manager Billy McCarney stooped in his corner for the towel and here we see it being tossed into the ring as Schmeling's right crashed to Steve's jaw for the final knockdown in the fifth session.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Joe Louis
(Champion)

WAS born at Lafayette, Alabama, May 13, 1914. Christened Joseph Louis Barrow. Comes from hardy Cherokee Indian, Negro and White stock. Stands 6 feet 1¾ inches and scales 204 pounds. Started his boxing career as an amateur. Won light-heavyweight championship in National tournament in 1934. Was Golden Gloves title-holder. Is under the management of Julian Black and John Roxborough, and all of his promotion is handled by Mike Jacobs.

Began his professional career on July 4, 1934, at Chicago when he knocked out Jack McKracken in one round. Scored forty-three knockouts, won seven decisions and lost four bouts in a total of fifty-four contests as a simon-pure. As a professional, he has had thirty-seven fights, exclusive of those billed as exhibitions, and of that number he has scored twenty-eight knockouts, won eight decisions and was knocked out once. His other knockouts in contests listed as exhibitions.

He is the biggest money-maker since Tunney and Dempsey and his record for gate receipts exceeds that of any other fighter in the history of pugilism for the short period during which he has been fighting. Most lucrative bout, that with Max Baer. Gross, $932,944, exclusive of motion picture and radio rights that brought total beyond the million dollar mark.

Received a total of $20,757 during first two years of professional career. Has grossed $1,032,788.94 since starting as a pro.

First colored fighter since Jack Johnson to win world heavyweight crown. Rated one of heaviest hitters of all time. Can hit with either hand.

Suffered only setback at hands of Max Schmeling. Was stopped in twelfth round. Won title from Jimmy Braddock in Chicago after Joe's kayo by Schmeling. Knocked out champion in eighth round.

Considers his fight with Jack Sharkey his toughest. Is of boxer-hitter school of boxing.

Only fault in his boxing is his stance. Gets off balance after delivering punch, unlike Jack Johnson, Fitzsimmons and Corbett, who had perfect stance. Is slow thinker. His leading knockouts other than the fights already named are over Eddie Simms, 26 seconds; Charley Retzlaff, 1 m. 25 secs.; King Levinsky, 2 m. 21 secs.; Max Baer, 4 rounds; Jack Sharkey, 3; Jorge Brescia, 3; Nathan Mann, 3; Harry Thomas, 5. He won decisions over Bob Pastor, 10, and Tommy Farr, 15 rounds.

Is married. Has no children. Is soft-spoken. Athletically inclined. Loves music and baseball. Owns a softball team, the Joe Louis Tigers.

Max Schmeling
(Challenger)

HE was born at Klein-Luckow by Prenzlau, Germany, September 28, 1905. Was christened Maximilian Schmeling. Six feet one inch, scales 195 pounds. Managed by Max Machon in Germany and Joe Jacobs in America. Won the middleweight and light-heavyweight championships of Germany as an amateur prior to turning professional in 1925.

Fought nine professional fights, losing one to Jack Taylor, an American, before he gained his first championship by beating Max Diekman for the light-heavyweight crown of Germany. In 1928, was stopped by Gypsy Daniels in one round.

Came to America at the call of Tex Rickard in 1928. Knocked out Joe Monte in first start in Garden in eighth round. The following year won from Joe Sekyra in ten, Paulino in fifteen, and knocked out Petri Corri in one and Johnny Risko in nine.

Won the world heavyweight title on a foul from Jack Sharkey in final of elimination tournament at Yankee Stadium in 1930 and lost it to Sharkey in Garden Bowl in 1932 in fifteen rounds.

Was knocked out by Max Baer in tenth round. Dropped decision to Steve Hamas in Philadelphia in 1934 in twelve rounds then went home to start successful comeback. Drew with Paulino in ten rounds in Barcelona; knocked out Walter Neusel in eight in Hamburg; stopped Steve Hamas in nine in Berlin, and beat Paulino in return bout in twelve rounds.

Then came fight with Joe Louis. Sensational affair with terrific hitting. Both badly hurt. Louis knocked out in twelfth round. Gained challenger's post for fight with Braddock for world title. Braddock refused to meet him. Max trained for "phantom fight," weighed in on scheduled day, but didn't get the chance at crown. Louis got it instead.

Went back to Germany disheartened. Returned to America. Continued to keep in spotlight by scoring knockout over Harry Thomas in eight rounds. Then won decision over Ben Foord in Hamburg in twelve rounds and knocked out Steve Dudas in Hamburg in five rounds. Now back in U. S. training for his return fight with Louis for world crown.

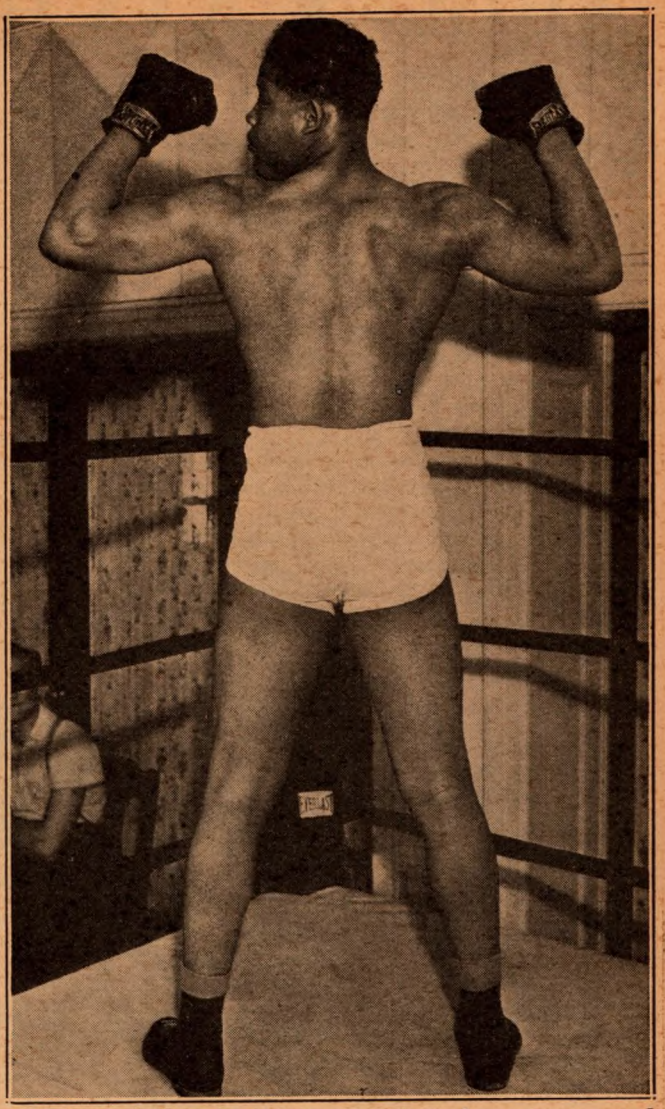
Is handsomely built. A sportsman. Fine hunter. Soft-spoken. Gentlemanly. Profuse reader. Is married to screen star, Anna Ondra. No children. Has played with her in movies. Loves outdoor life. Keen student of motion pictures. A hero in Germany. Appointed by Hitler to head youth's movement.

Measurements of Heavyweight Champions of the Roped Square, Compiled from Official Weighing-in Records

	James J. Corbett	Bob Fitz-simmons	James J. Jeffries	Tommy Burns	Jack Johnson	Jess Willard	Jack Dempsey	Gene Tunney	Max Schmeling	Jack Sharkey	Primo Carnera	Max Baer	Jimmy Braddock
Height	6 ft. 1 in.	5ft. 10½in.	6 ft. 1½ in.	5 ft. 7 in.	6 ft. 1¼ in.	6 ft. 6¼ in.	6 ft. 1½ in.	6 ft. 1½ in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 1 in.	6 ft. 5¾ in.	6 ft. 2½ in.	6 ft. 3 in.
Weight	184 lbs.	172 lbs.	225 lbs.	179 lbs.	222 lbs.	252 lbs.	191 lbs.	192 lbs.	188 lbs.	205 lbs.	267 lbs.	214 lbs.	197 lbs.
Reach	73 in.	71¾ in.	76½ in.	74½ in.	74 in.	83 in.	7 in.	77 in.	76 in.	74½ in.	85½ in.	81 in.	75 in.
Chest (Nor.)	38 in.	41 in.	43 in.	40 in.	37½ in.	46 in.	42 in.	42 in.	43 in.	40½ in.	48 in.	44 in.	41 in.
Chest (Ex.)	42 in.	44 in.	48½ in.	43¾ in.	42¼ in.	49½ in.	46 in.	45 in.	47 in.	45½ in.	54 in.	47½ in.	44 in.
Waist	33 in.	32 in.	35 in.	33 in.	36 in.	35½ in.	33 in.	34½ in.	33½ in.	34½ in.	38 in.	32½ in.	34½ in.
Biceps	14½ in.	12 in.	16 in.	14½ in.	16 in.	17½ in.	16½ in.	14½ in.	16 in.	14½ in.	18½ in.	14½ in.	13 in.
Neck	17 in.	15 in.	18½ in.	16 in.	17½ in.	17½ in.	16½ in.	17 in.	17½ in.	17 in.	20 in.	17½ in.	17 in.
Wrist	6½ in.	7½ in.	7¼ in.	7¼ in.	10½ in.	10 in.	9 in.	9 in.	8 in.	7¾ in.	9½ in.	8 in.	8 in.
Calf	14½ in.	13½ in.	17 in.	16½ in.	15 in.	17½ in.	15 in.	15½ in.	16 in.	16 in.	20 in.	15 in.	16 in.
Ankle	8¼ in.	8¼ in.	10 in.	8½ in.	9½ in.	10½ in.	9 in.	9 in.	10 in.	10¼ in.	11½ in.	9½ in.	10 in.
Thigh	21 in.	20 in.	25 in.	22 in.	22½ in.	26 in.	23 in.	22 in.	23½ in.	24½ in.	30 in.	21 in.	22¾ in.
Fist	12¾ in.	12½ in.	13½ in.	12 in.	14 in.	14 in.	11¼ in.	11¼ in.	12 in.	12¾ in.	14¾ in.	12 in.	11½ in.
Forearm	11½ in.	11½ in.	13½ in.	13 in.	14½ in.	14 in.	14½ in.	13½ in.	12¾ in.	15¾ in.	16 in.	14 in.	12½ in.

JOE LOUIS *in* CAMP

Seriousness marks Louis' training for his bout with Max Schmeling. Note his expression as he clouts the heavy bag at Dr. Bier's camp at Pompton Lakes.



Calesthenic drill in the indoor gymnasium when rain prevented work in the outdoor ring. Note the powerful muscles of the back.

Seal Harris looks like a mountain alongside the Brown Bomber as he engages in some sparring with the champ.

Joe is all set to deliver a left hook to one of his sparring mates.

JOE FAVORITE OVER

AFFINITIES as strong and inseparable as ham and eggs, Damon and Pythias, pork and beans and corned beef and cabbage are fights and betting. Where there is a boxing bout you will find heavy wagering. That has been the rule ever since pugilism became a recognized activity. I should say, ever since Cain and Abel had their scraps.

The time was when the betting factor became even more important than the fight itself. Each boxer had a gang behind him, and with a lot of money bet on the issue, the scrapper with the larger squad of plug-uglies had a big advantage. If things looked bad for their man, they had a quaint little habit of breaking up the fight and saving their bets.

Of course, the ideal would be to have boxing without any betting at all. Then the major temptations would be done away with and some of the skullduggery which undoubtedly has marred the game in the last two decades would be obviated.

However, the situation seems to be under good control now. The spread of commission government of boxing has acted as a tremendous deterrent to the phony betting gentry.

Before I go into betting on the Louis-Schmeling fight in particular, and all battles in general, let me caution the reader NOT TO BET ON FIGHTS.

* * *

WE no longer have a reliable index to betting. For example, weeks before Louis and Schmeling started training, the Negro champion was made a 1 to 2 favorite. The professional betting coteries around the country made this arbitrary price even before anybody had seen Schmeling work or had had a glimpse of Louis in action for this match.

It used to be that definite odds on a fight were not posted until experts had had a chance to view both men in training. But in recent years training has been passed up as an index to condition. Why?

Well, it's not hard to explain. Years back you went to a training camp and saw all that a fighter had to offer. He had good sparring partners, he did a lot of early morning road work, he did not charge admission to his training camp, his conditioning was NOT PERFUNCTORY.

Now—training camp stuff is put on for the quarters it lures out of visitors.

It seems most of the serious training is kept from the eyes of the spectators—from the experts, as well. The training camp has become something of a vaudeville stage.

As a consequence, this sort of thing has lost value and importance with experts and we find a price on a world's heavyweight championship fight quoted weeks and weeks before a glove has been put on in training.

Betting on fights has become a big industry. Now there are big books and small ones, recognized betting commissioners and hand books—all taking money on the fight.

This may be traced to the spread of gambling in this country since depression set in. Hard times, strangely enough, never fail to bring a rally in gambling. There is a lot of distress money looking for the rent, for the dough for doughnuts and coffee. And, as you know, distress money rarely, if ever, won anything. Except sometimes in the Irish Sweepstakes. And try and win something out of that!

Primo Carnera, who was favored both when he took title from Sharkey and lost it to Baer.

AS in the case of nearly every important fight, all sorts of prices on all sorts of contingencies have been arranged.

We have seen 2 to 1 that Louis would win. We have seen wagers at even money that Joe would win by a knockout.

The layers of odds have given 3 to 1 that Schmeling would not score a knockout.

The bookmakers, of course, have their own way of working which leaves them a fair percentage, win, lose or draw.

While they lay 2 to 1 on Louis, they take no less than 12 to 5. Two points in their favor.

They will take 7 to 5 that Max goes the limit. They lay 3 to 1 Louis goes the limit of fifteen rounds but take 4 to 1.

It is interesting to go back to the first fight between Louis and Schmeling. You may recollect that the German got little backing, that the experts pronounced him a dead pigeon even before he entered the ring, and that Joe was a favorite at 8 to 1, with very little betting.

It was 5 to 1 that Louis would score a knockout and 10 to 1 against Schmeling's landing the haymaker on the Negro. It was even money Max would not last four rounds. Hunch players took 15 and 20 to 1 in small doses.

Those who backed Louis heavily had a rude awakening. However, as I have said, there were few involved as it was next to impossible to get anybody to back the German, even after qualified experts had pointed out how easy it was to hit the Negro with a right-hander.

When Louis fought Jim Braddock in Chicago, it was 3 to 1 that Louis would win, 8 to 5 he would stop Jim. In the final hours before the fight a flood of Braddock dough sent the odds down to 5 to 2. Louis should have been 10 to 1. But the Louis-Schmeling fight had made the layers cagy.

When Braddock fought Max Baer, Max was the favorite at odds varying from 5 to 1 to 10 to 1. Few big wagers were made. The only folks who backed Braddock were those who were prompted by sympathy rather than cold calculation. As we know, Braddock made a monkey of Maxie.

* * *

GOING into the ring against Baer, Primo Carnera was a 6 to 5 favorite. Baer beat the Italian in the eleventh round. The scoresheets of the judges had Carnera in front even though Baer had knocked him down in every round.

The Sharkey-Carnera fight, which was won by Primo by a k.o. in the sixth round, was a strange affair from the betting standpoint.

For weeks before the fight, Jack was a heavy favorite at 3 to 1. Then Dame Rumor began to gab. All sorts of stories were circulated and the market tumbled. Suddenly Carnera sprouted out as an 8 to 5 favorite.

The battle in which Sharkey beat Schmeling was a red hot affair in the betting. It was even money and take your pick. This was backed up by the fight itself, which was a hummer all the way and provoked a lot of argument, as most of the experts figured the German had won.

When Schmeling knocked out Stribling in Cleveland, the Uhlan was 3 to 1 and few takers. It was even money Max would land the k.o. Stribling's winning fight in the first ten heats gave the boys a big scare. But the German wore him down.

GERMAN CHALLENGER

Louis Established As Strong As 1 to 2 Choice—He Was Much Stronger Selection in First Bout with Max

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

In the Sharkey-Schmeling fight which wound up in the German's being fouled in the fourth round, the American came into the ring a 6 to 5 choice. The result created a lot of tumult as many refused to pay off. But the official decision was in favor of Schmeling and the Sharkey boys had to shell out.

Now we come to the fight in which Gene Tunney stopped Tom Heeney. Tunney went into the ring a 10 to 1 favorite. It was 2 to 1 that the champion would stop the Hard Rock from Down Under. There was very little money lost on Thomas.

In the first Dempsey-Tunney fight, in Philadelphia, Gene's supporters got 4 to 1. Tunney money was hard to find. Most of the Tunney money said he would last the limit and was wagered at evens. As you know, Tunney took the title and clearly earned the decision.

When Dempsey and Tunney met the second time, in Chicago, Dempsey again was favored, at 6 to 5. When the switch in referees was announced it became an even proposition and plenty of dough was lost on that so-called Long Count.

* * *

WHEN Dempsey wrested the title from Jess Willard at Toledo, Big Jess was 3 to 1, for some reason. As the fight neared, Dempsey got stronger backing. When the men climbed through the ropes, Willard was 8 to 5, but there was plenty of dough in support of the Manassa Mauler. Dempsey tore into Jess and had him out in his corner after three heats.

As you know, Willard got the world's heavyweight championship by stopping Jack Johnson in Havana. This fight provoked about as little betting as any scrap for the title. The boys seemed to smell something, but weren't sure. Willard was a slight favorite in eleventh hour wagering.

Jack Sharkey, who was first favorite and then second choice before battle in which he dropped title to Carnera.

When Johnson made his hold on the title legal and official by knocking out Jim Jeffries at Reno, Jeff was a 2 to 1 choice. Nobody yet knows why.

Bob Fitzsimmons was favored when Jeffries beat him for the title. Corbett was the choice when Fitz knocked him out at Carson City, for the championship.

John L. Sullivan was a prohibitive favorite over Corbett at New Orleans. But Gentleman Jim walloped the old Boston Strong Boy. Nobody figured that Corbett had a serious chance.

Thus you see that heavyweight history is loaded with upsets, and chagrin for those who walk into a fight with the feeling that they have a "sure thing."

In short, don't bet on fights, and you'll be happier, healthier—and no doubt, more prosperous.

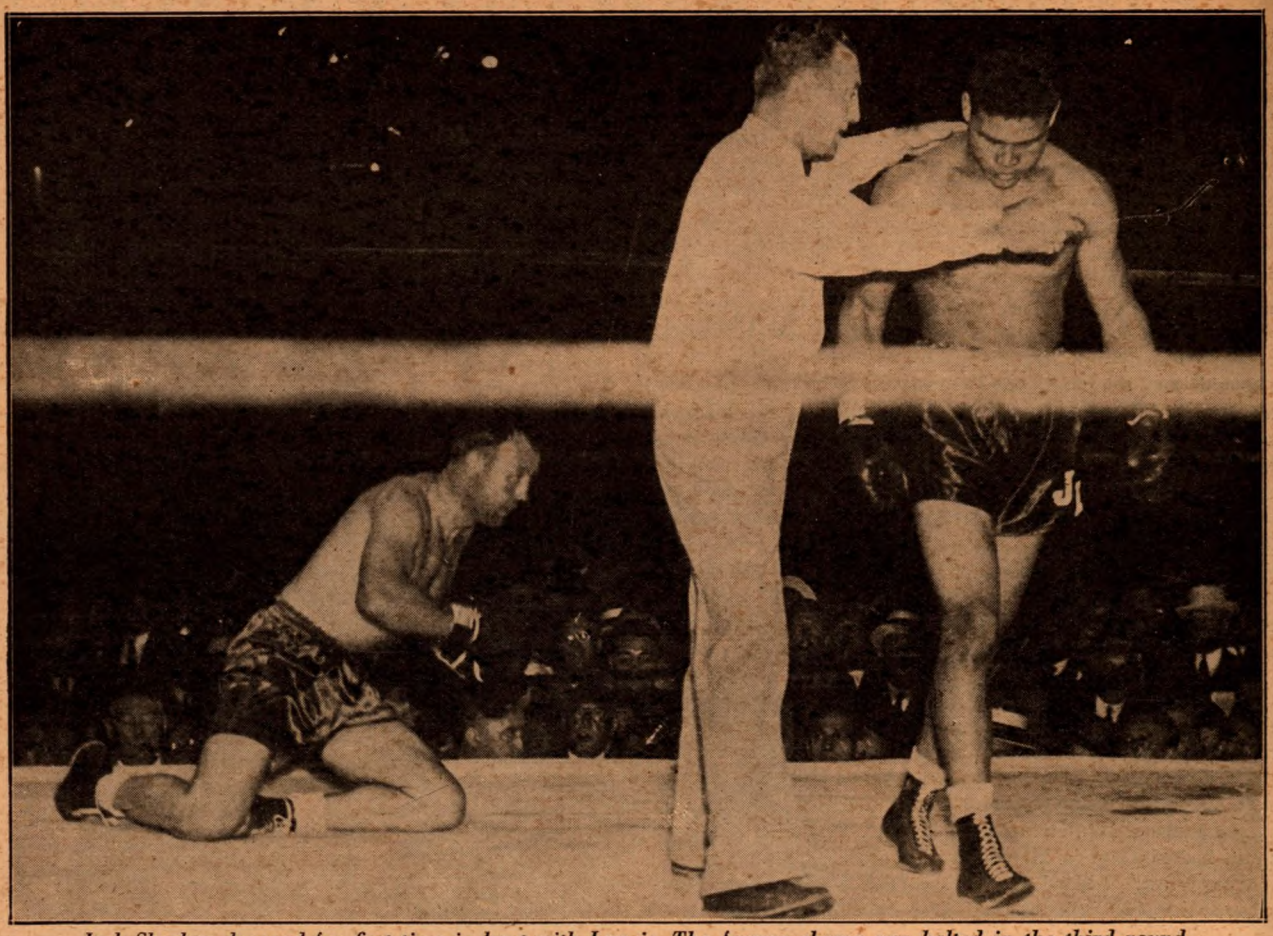
But I daresay that there will be as many wagers placed on this fight as on any since the Corbett-Sullivan bout, so keen an international interest is there in the coming battle. Once gambling is in the blood, it is a tough thing to rid one's self of it.

From ever so far back, betting "dark horses" have been found to be safe propositions and that's why with the Brown Bomber the "dark horse" this time, he'll carry many supporters with him. When one goes back over the records of important battles in any division, it certainly sounds logical enough. A pugilist cannot be "doped" like a race horse. Invariably, regardless of the reports of the condition of a champion in training, the "wise money" goes down on him, but in the case of the coming battle, much consideration must be given to Schmeling because of his knockout of Louis in their previous meeting.

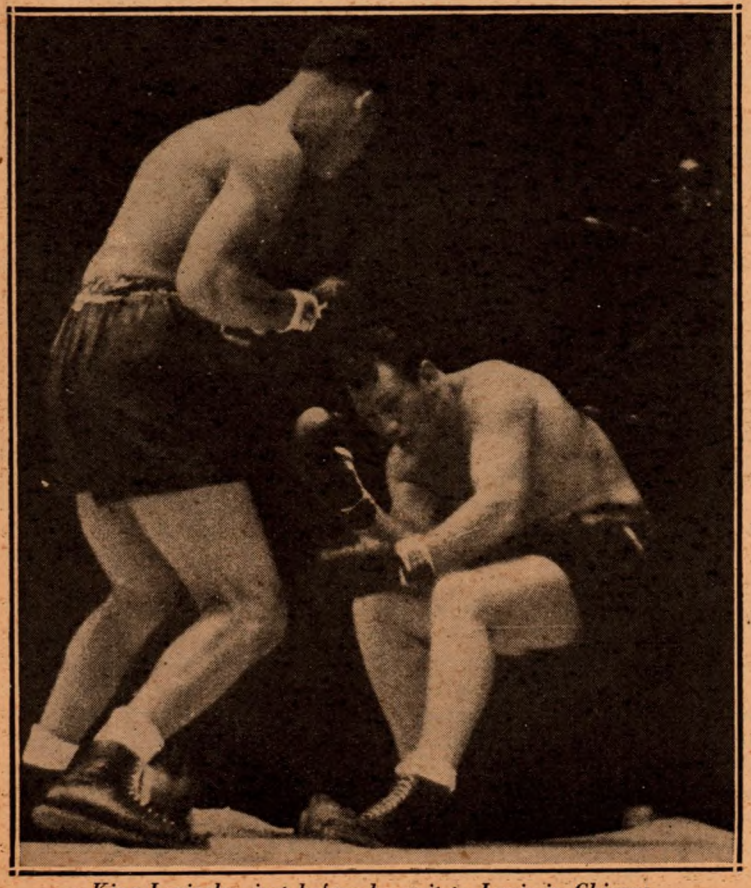
Max Baer, who was a strong choice the night he lost his title to Jimmy Braddock.

Schmeling's record entitles him to at least an even break in the wagering, yet he won't get it.

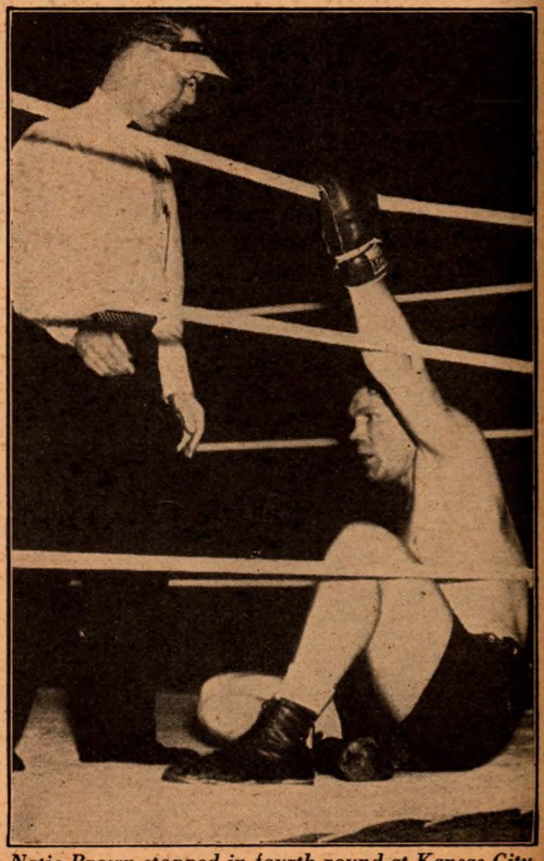
UP *the* LADDER *with* LOUIS



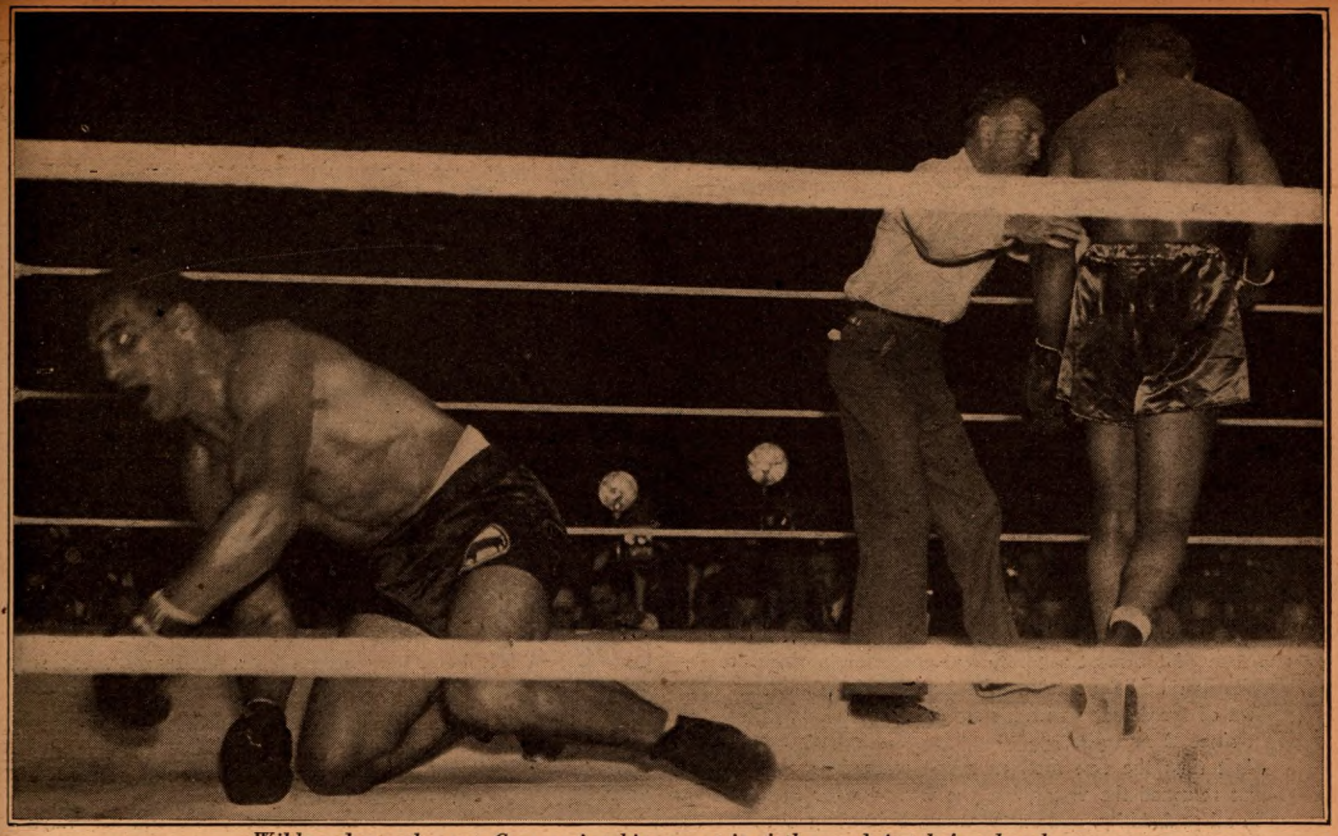
Jack Sharkey dropped for first time in bout with Lou is. The former champ was halted in the third round.



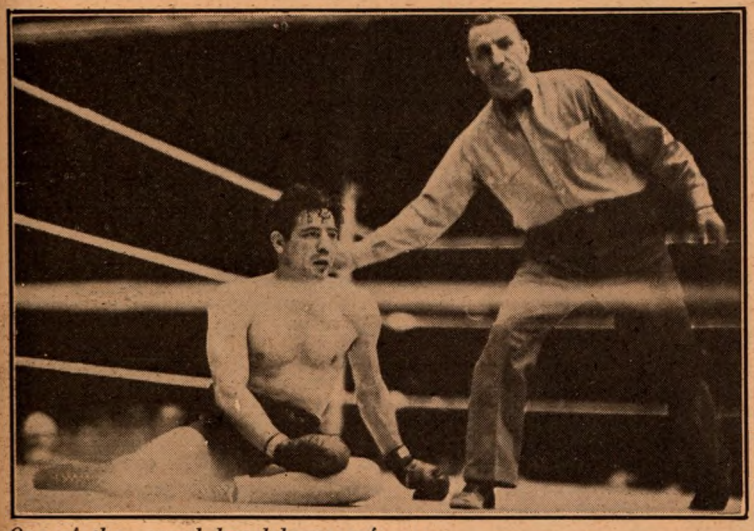
King Levinsky, just before he quit to Louis in Chicago.



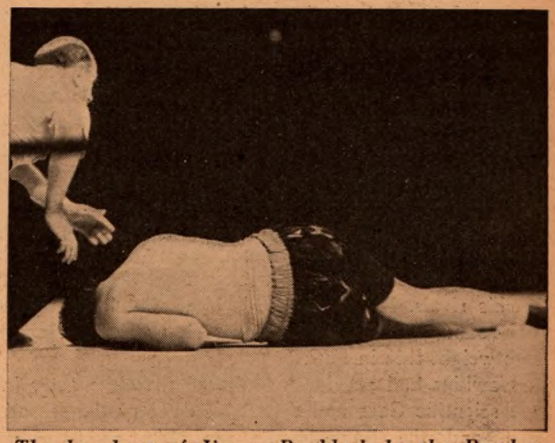
Natie Brown stopped in fourth round at Kansas City.



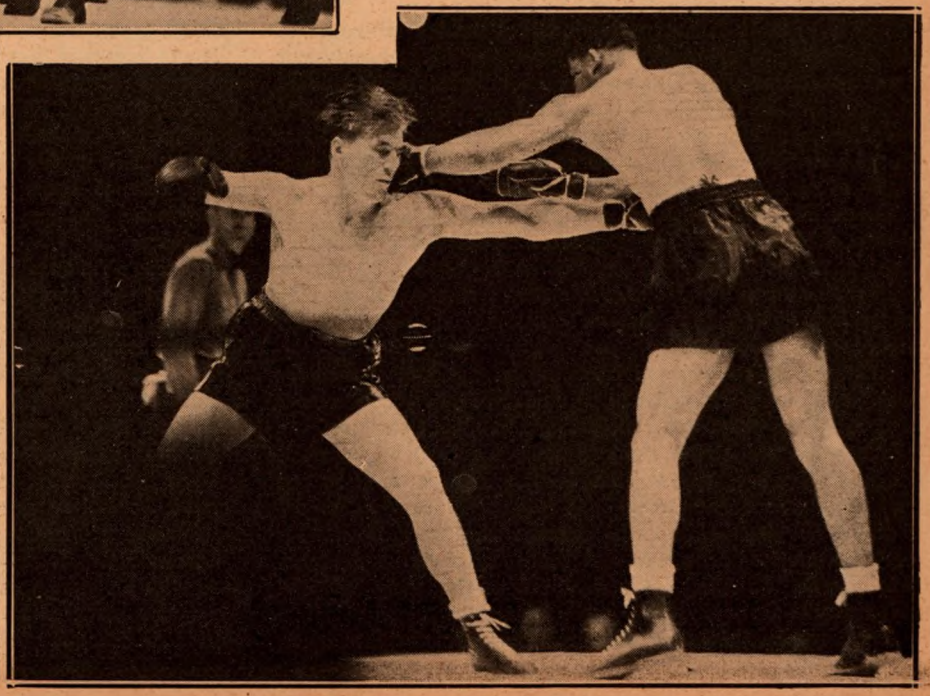
Wild-eyed, mouth open, Carnera is taking count in sixth round, just before knockout.



One of the several knockdowns suffered by Max Baer in his bout with Joe Louis at Yankee Stadium. Note his expression.



The knockout of Jimmy Braddock by the Bomber in eighth.



A scene in the fight between Louis and Tommy Farr, in which the British heavyweight champion went the route of fifteen rounds but lost the decision.

SCHMELING vs. LOUIS

Right vs. Left

By TED CARROLL

THE reason for the world-wide interest in the coming Louis-Schmeling bout is undoubtedly the fact that both men are knockout punchers. The lethal prowess of the Black Uhlan and the Brown Bomber bids fair to make the impending battle for the world's heavyweight championship the greatest boxing attraction since the Dempsey-Tunney days. Another interesting angle to the contest is that once again the old question regarding the superiority of a good right or an equally good left will be decided perhaps once and for all.

Of course, the whole world knows that Max Schmeling's right hand is one of the most accurate and powerful in ring history, and while Joe Louis' portside mitt is no maiden's caress, Joe does most of the damage with his smashing left hook, just about the best since Dempsey's.

The last time the two met, everyone remembers that Max's right was returned the victor, but Joe was younger then, not as smart in all probability, and furthermore, Schmeling got his best one in first. The same thing may well happen again, but the world is full of those who believe otherwise, and the matter will not be definitely settled until the pair do it all over again the night of June 22.

Thumbing through the pages of boxing history, we find many instances where great lefts clashed with great rights with honors about even. One of the most momentous of these right vs. left clashes took place back in 1900 when the great Joe Gans met Dal Hawkins for the second time.

Down to this day, Hawkins is still regarded as one of the great masters of the left hook, while Gans, although master of many punches, usually depended upon a right cross to put the quietus on his rivals. It was with this blow that he scored his famous one-round knockout victory over clever Frank Erne to win the lightweight title in 1902.

Hawkins had previously defeated the old master in 1896, but the scientific Gans had solved his delivery the second time they met, and the Baltimoreans rapierlike right-handers stopped Hawkins in five rounds.

* * *

ANOTHER famous match between notable exponents of right and left-handed punching occurred just twenty-four years later when Jack Delaney met Paul Berlenbach in the old Madison Square Garden. In those days, Berlenbach was called the Paralyzer because of the numbing effect his crushing lefts to the body had on his opponents, and he was the knockout sensation of the early nineteen twenties.

On the other hand, Delaney, a masterful, deliberate boxer, had developed the art of landing seemingly effortless but terrific right-hand uppercuts to a degree seldom seen in the ring. This great ability, plus a considerable edge in experience, made him an easy victor over the plodding Astoria Assassin, and once again the right-hander triumphed.

Another well remembered bout that belongs in this category was the Dempsey-Carpentier match in 1921. Although little more than a middleweight, the frail looking Frenchman possessed one of the fastest and hardest right crosses ever thrown by any pugilist, and of course Dempsey's left hook is still spoken of in awe and wonderment. The Orchid Man landed his vaunted right on Dempsey's unshaven jaw in the second round, but he wasn't big enough nor strong enough to withstand the punishment Dempsey was capable of dealing out with that bone shattering left, and this time the portside slugger easily triumphed.

Dempsey's left also took care of another famed right-hander, Luis Angel Firpo. The "Wild Bull of the Pampas" never delivered a right-hand blow with the finesse of a Gans or a Carpentier, but the results were just as devastating when one of his caveman wallops found a resting place. Dempsey himself found this out when the berserk South American catapulted the champion right out of the ring in the first round after taking enough punishment to finish one of his four-legged namesakes himself.

* * *

MANY still insist that Chicago Charley White owned the best left hook ever shown by a lightweight, but such capable right-handers as Benny Leonard and Johnny Kilbane were too much for him. However, the Windy City Hebrew's portside paralyzers dumped many a good right-handed hitter into the resin. In more recent years, Billy Petrolle and Jimmy McLarnin provided three outstanding demonstrations of what happens when left and right-handers meet. Petrolle was not a southpaw, but his most damaging blow was a lashing left hook to the head and body. He nailed the Irish lad with it in their first get-together, flooring him several times while administering a terrific licking to the Vancouver boy.

In two later encounters, it was a different story. McLarnin's superior boxing and well placed rights earned a pair of decisive victories for him.

* * *

OLD-TIMERS claim there never was a better left hook than old Sam McVey's, but Jack Johnson's superlative skill and punishing right-hand uppercut caused the California Negro's downfall in twenty rounds back in 1904.

Willard could uncork a right-hand uppercut of man-killing proportions when the mood seized him, but he was another whom Dempsey's all-powerful left hook demolished.

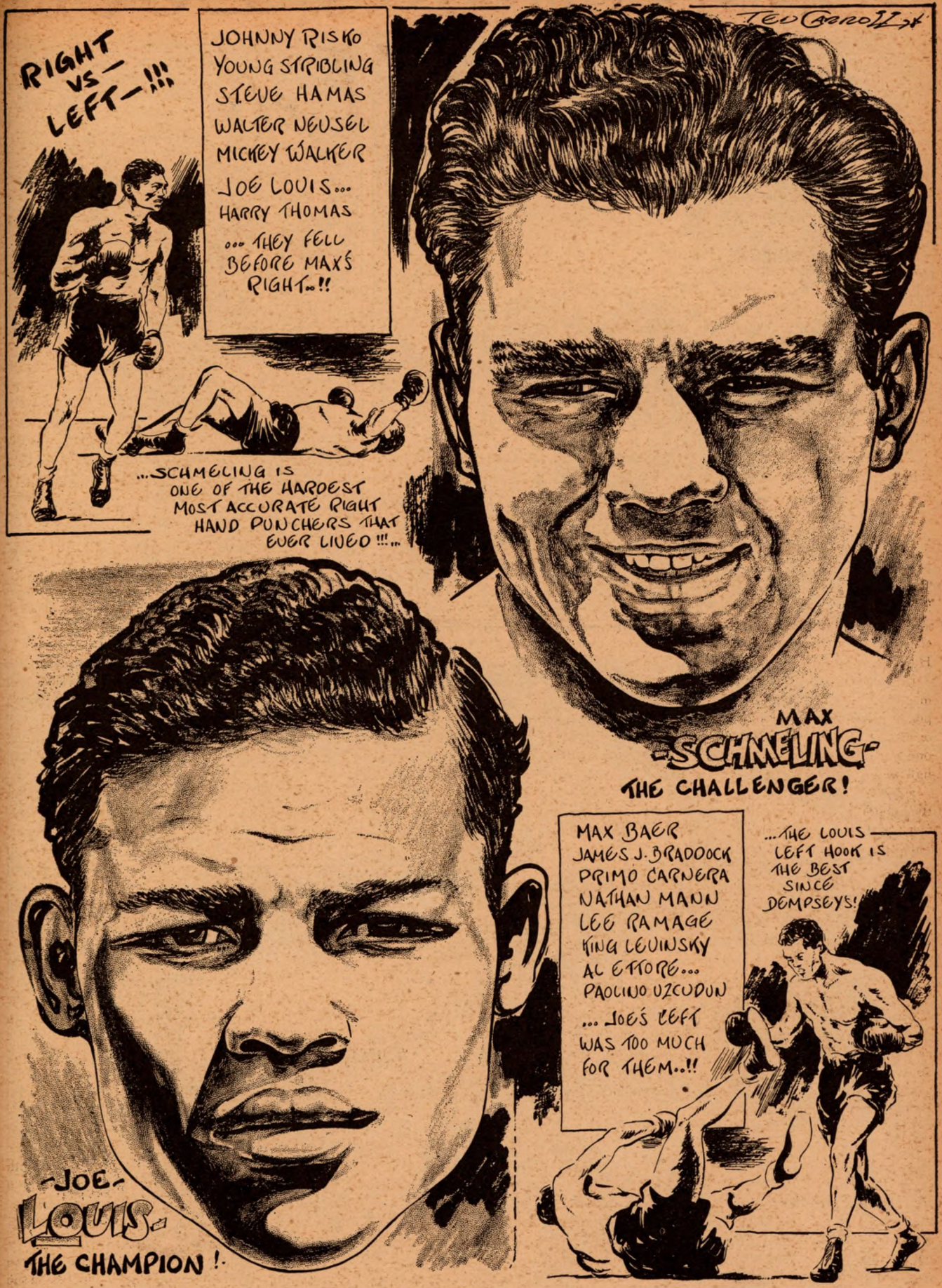
George K. O. Chaney is often referred to as the hardest puncher with his left for his weight and inches that ever lived, but Sharpshooting Johnny Kilbane, who was a one-punch knockerouter with his right hand when he really cared to let one go, was in a hitting mood the day he met the Baltimore belter and flattened him in a round. Score another for the right-hander.

It will be noticed that in the majority of cases the right-handed hitters have been the superior in point of boxing skill—witness Leonard, Delaney, Kilbane, Wilde, among others, and this has made the task of the left hookers that much more difficult. While the margin in boxing ability is not large in either man's favor in the case of Louis and Schmeling, most observers give the right-handed German the edge in smartness, and certainly in experience.

It is also significant that in many of these right vs. left affairs, the tables were turned in a following encounter, notably Gans-Hawkins, Petrolle-McLarnin, Leonard-Tendler, etc. This should be a heartening revelation to Joe's horde of adherents.

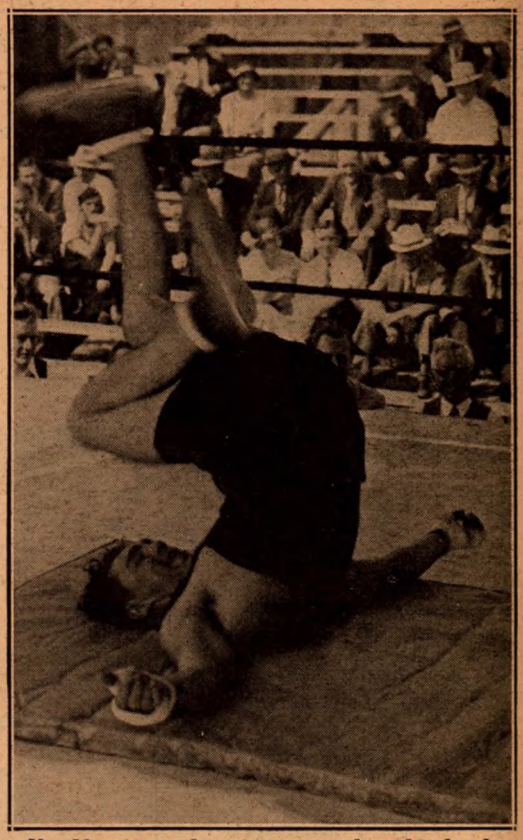
With the possible exception of Schmeling, whose hitting is of a different nature, Max Baer is easily the best right-hand hitter Louis ever met. Whereas the German wears his men down with a series of starboard smashes, Baer is capable of knocking a building into the next county with one of his wild right swings. Against Louis, he was so overmatched in other departments of the game he was unable to land his soporific sock.

Charley Retzlaff, another Louis victim, could probably hit as hard with his right as any man in the ring today but his tissue paper chin rendered his punching power null and void. These, outside of Schmeling himself, are *(Continued on page 44)*

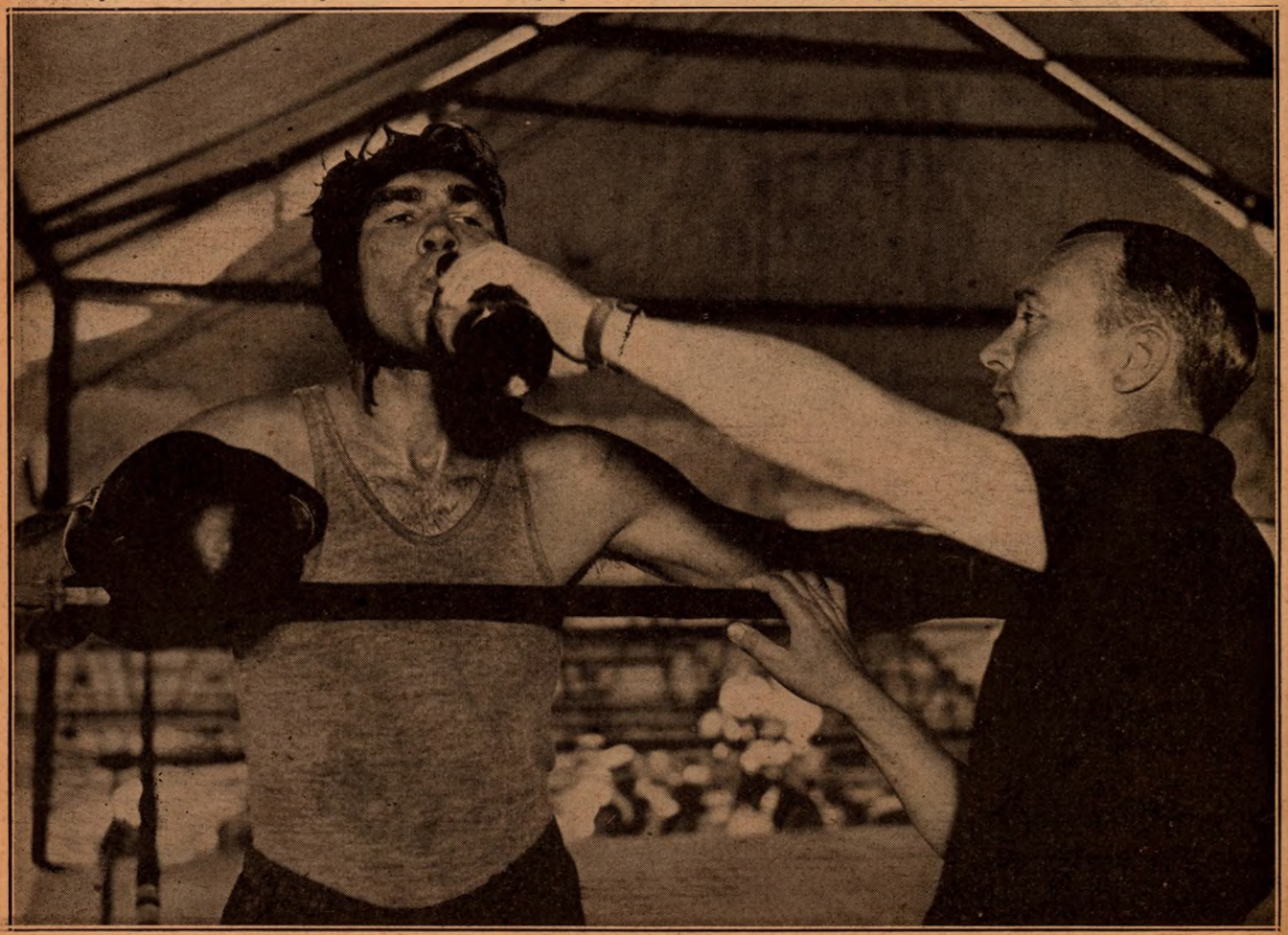

RIGHT VS — LEFT —!!!
JOHNNY RISKO
YOUNG STRIBLING
STEVE HAMAS
WALTER NEUSEL
MICKEY WALKER
JOE LOUIS...
HARRY THOMAS
... THEY FELL BEFORE MAX'S RIGHT..!!
...SCHMELING IS ONE OF THE HARDEST MOST ACCURATE RIGHT HAND PUNCHERS THAT EVER LIVED !!!...
TED CARROLL '38
MAX
-SCHMELING-
THE CHALLENGER!
MAX BAER
JAMES J. BRADDOCK
PRIMO CARNERA
NATHAN MANN
LEE RAMAGE
KING LEVINSKY
AL ETTORE...
PAOLINO UZCUDUN
... JOE'S LEFT WAS TOO MUCH FOR THEM..!!
...THE LOUIS LEFT HOOK IS THE BEST SINCE DEMPSEY'S!
-JOE-
LOUIS
THE CHAMPION!

It All Comes Under Head

Carrying a load of wood is tough work but Max enjoys it. It strengthens his back and helps the shoulder development. There are many pounds in that load.

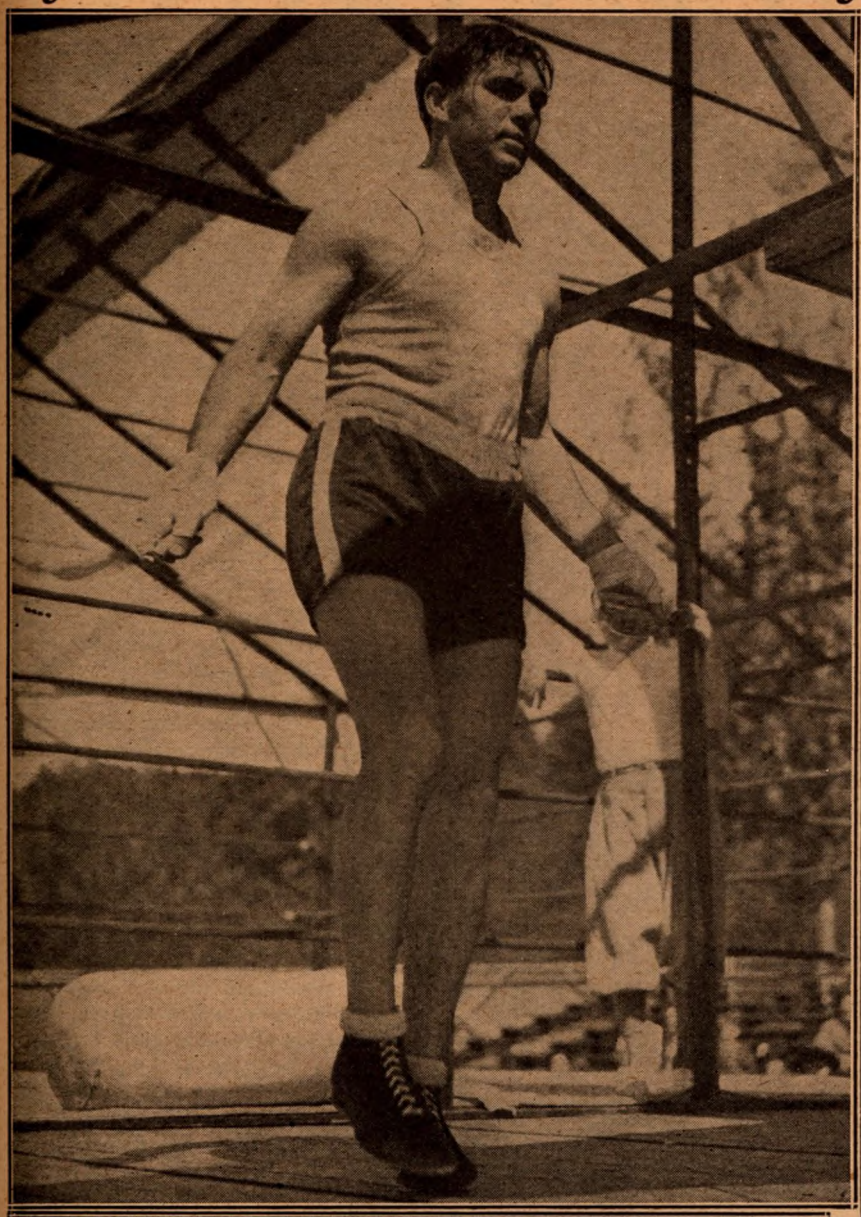


No, Max is not learning to stand on his head. Nothing better for reducing abdominal region.



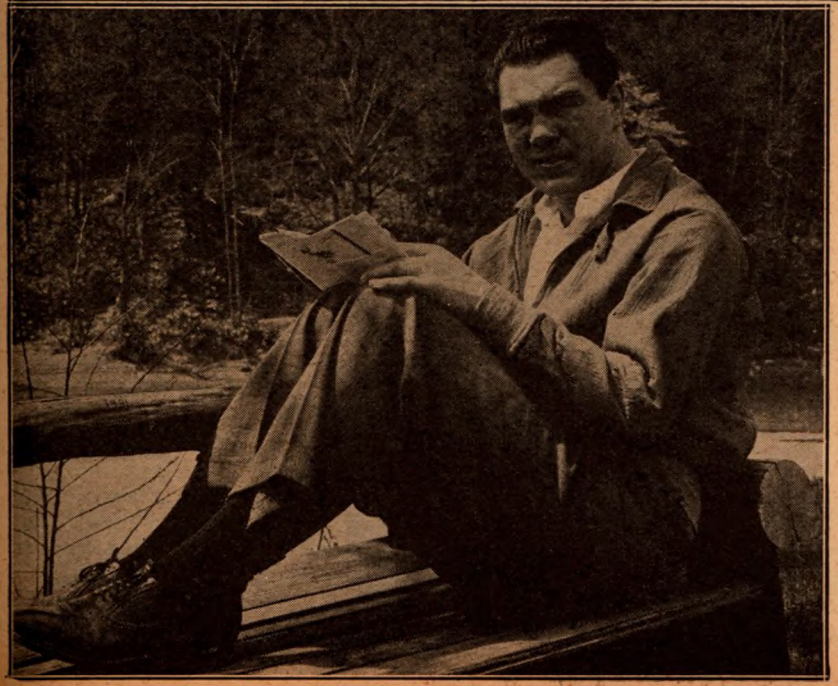
An interlude in his regimen of boxing. Here Max is taking a minute's respite after a round of fast milling with his sparring mate. Max Machon, faithful trainer, is holding the bottle.

of "TRAINING" for MAX



The Uhlan doing his road work. He runs and walks about 10 miles a day over mountain roads.

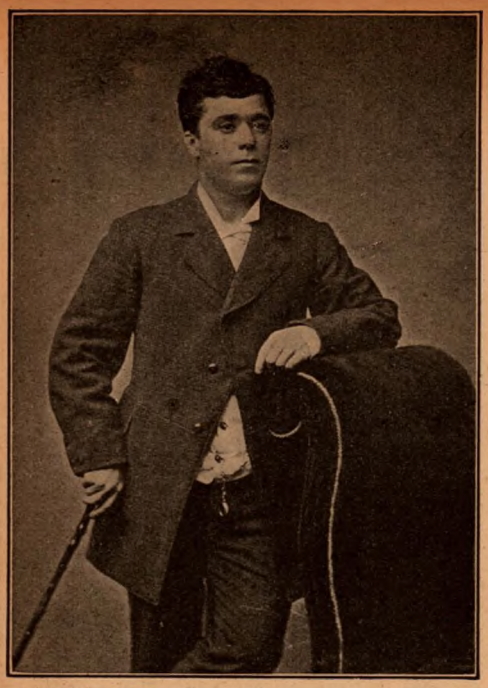
Upper Left—Try this and find out what it does for your legs.



The photographs on these pages show how a fighter gets into trim for a battle of such gigantic proportions as the Schmeling-Louis affair. Six weeks of intensive work at a training camp, far from the white lights of the big city—that's the usual procedure.

But it's not all work. There is also plenty of play and the necessary amount of relaxation as will be seen by a study of these photographs.

Even in serious training one must have hours of relaxation.



VETERAN

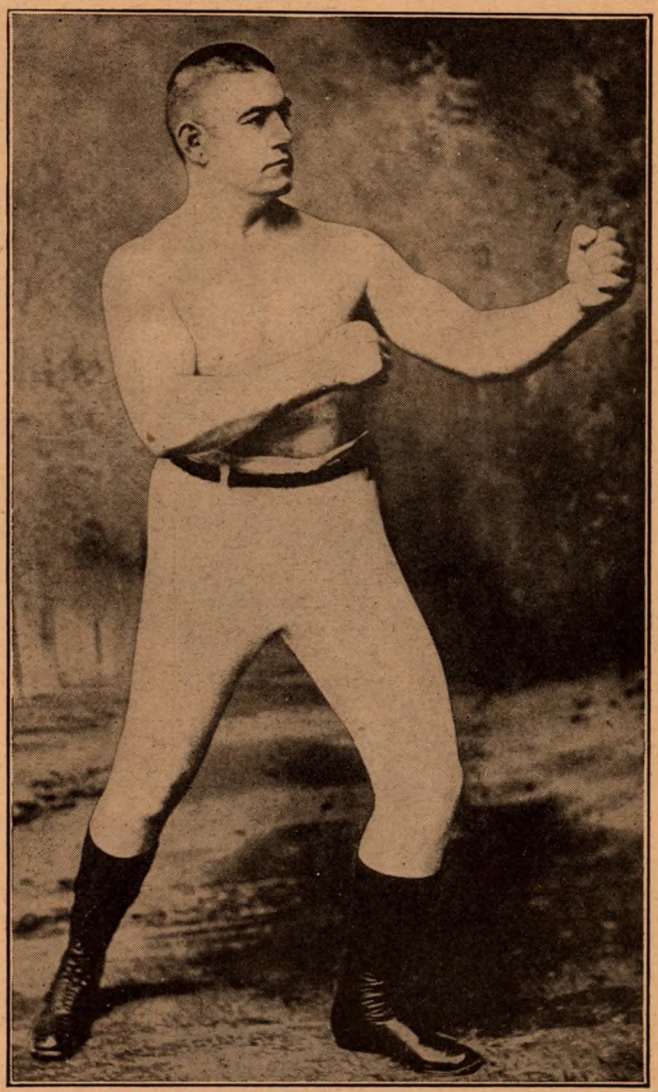
Oldest Sports Writer in the World, A. D. Phillips, celebrates His Eighty-Sixth Birthday in New England, the Cradle of Boxing, and Recalls the Adventurous Days of the Skin-Tight and Bare-Knuckle Fights — Gives Thrilling Account of His Trip to Sullivan-Ryan Battle in 1882

John L. Sullivan as he looked at the time when he started his ring career.

LAST THANKSGIVING DAY I celebrated my eighty-sixth birthday, and my son-in-law, the Editor and Publisher of this magazine, asked me to accompany him that day on a trip to Northampton to spend the holiday with him. New England, the place of my birth, was the scene of many a happy adventure of mine in the days when boxing was carried on far different from what it is now in its legalized form and the thought of spending four days in a country that I knew so well in my childhood days appealed to me very much.

It was in the State of Massachusetts that I saw many thrilling encounters in fisticuffs, the bare-knuckle and skin-tight gloves kind of milling and it was in that state that I first met the mighty John L. Sullivan and travelled with him on many occasions thereafter. It was a chance for me to revive old memories, to see some of the famous, historic ground upon which some of America's greatest battles were fought and I was pleased to get this opportunity to cover the ground of my youth.

There weren't many fistic contests fought in Northampton in the early days of American pugilism nor since, but within hailing distance of that historic city, American fisticuffs was practically born. Boston, the cradle of boxing in America, rates on a par with New York as the center of pugilism in the pre-Civil War days and the quarter of a century following and it was during the period from 1870 to 1900 that I was furnished with many a thrilling experience in seeing and reporting bouts of importance.



The great "John L." in his prime.

Wine has indeed grown old and cobwebs have gathered on the bottles since I saw my first fight back in 1866 and I've been going to them ever since. There aren't many championship fights or fights of any importance that I've missed, as the sports writers of New York can tell you, for I'd rather see a good scrap than eat, and many a good one I've witnessed.

In the dance halls and the variety theatres, in the back rooms of filthy saloons, in cellars that swarmed with huge rats, on the river barges, in the barns of New England—every place where a bout could be staged, you can bet your boots that I've been present. Memories revived! Yes, what happy recollections of the days when one had to possess real sporting blood to attend a fight!

* * *

HARRY HILL's in East Houston Street; Owney Geoghegan's, where the colors of Heenan and Sayers decorated the walls; Bill McGlory's on Hester Street—these and other dives just as famous were frequented by me in my New York visits, but the sporting hangouts in the Old Bay State and Connecticut were my favorites.

You all recall the story of Tom Brown and Slogger Williams, who were students at Rugby when that was one of the famous schools in England. In the story of Tom Brown's schooldays, we are told that when Tom and Slogger engaged in a fistic melee, the Rector, a famous clergyman of England, was appealed to. He was asked to discipline the boys and he replied:

"Boys will quarrel when they become angry and when they quarrel, they often settle the argument by fighting. Fighting with the fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their disputes, so I'm not surprised at what Slogger Williams and Tom Brown have done."

That spirit of fighting it out with the fists has ever been the

REMINISCES

By A. D. PHILLIPS

A scene in the historic battle at Mississippi City where Sully dethroned Paddy Ryan to win the American heavyweight title.

English way of deciding an issue and we in this country inherited that sporting element from our British forefathers. I recall seeing just such encounters within a stone's throw of Harvard in Cambridge, and many a time I watched the freshmen and sophomores at Yale battle it out with the fists during a flag rush. It's in the blood, boys, and when it's all over, the spirit of true sportsmanship prevails. The fight is forgotten and the handshake takes its place.

* * *

ONE of the first fights I saw in the Bay State took place in a 24-foot ring in the basement of a house that was less than four squares from Harvard and when the battle had lasted for more than two hours, fighters and spectators alike were forced to flee when the police raided the "club." Boston was the liveliest spot in America at the time for fistic encounters. Small wonder then that from that center, close by, in the city of Roxbury, came one of the greatest pugilists of all time, one who in my estimation did more for boxing than any man in the history of the sport, not excepting Jack Dempsey, our present idol.

I refer, of course, to my friend, "my idol," as Joe Humphreys so often called him, JOHN L. SULLIVAN. If you were an old fight writer as I am—still going strong at 86—one who has been going to battles since Jem Mace fought Tom Allen for the championship, then you often would be called upon, as I am, to answer the query:

"Who was the greatest fighter of all time?"

It's a silly question because of existing conditions then and now, yet, though I've seen Jack Dempsey at his best, Jack Johnson in his leading battles, Jim Jeffries in his heyday, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett and Peter Jackson among others, I would not hesitate to say that I rate "John L." as one of the greatest, one of the hardest and most punishing hitters of all time. Perhaps not the greatest, but close to it despite the scoffing of those who so often remark:

"Well, look at his record. Who did he beat!"

Sullivan was a national character, the leader in the sunlight wherever he went, the first page story always to the sports writer, the companion of kings and dudes, common folk and just the ordinary riff-raff, the esteemed friend of presidents and kings of the business realm, the pal of great actors and others in professional life, but never too lofty to stop and chat with a mere newsboy or a down-and-outer who needed a friend.

There was something strange yet attractive about the Boston Strong Boy, outside of the fact of his standing as a pugilist. He was the Admiral Crichton of his day. As a host he was open hearted and generous—a ready wit—and as a racenteur, he could hold his own with the best.

During all the years we had known each other, I never knew him to turn down a "touch" from a needy one. During his strange and eventful career, a career which I saw launched and saw ended, he always was the same generous "John L."

* * *

"YOU can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"Neither can you make a sow's ear out of a silk purse."

You can apply either of those old sayings if you wish, to the life of the Boston Strong Boy.

Painted by many who did not know him as a tough and rowdy, Sullivan was brought up in the public schools of Boston and his first view of sport was when he played ball on the Boston Common. At fourteen John's father apprenticed him to a tinsmith but he despised the work and often he stole away from

the shop to play ball with his boy friends on the Common. For doing this too often, he was reprimanded one day by the foreman of the tin shop and then came John's first fight with the foreman going through the shop window head first, a victory that cost John his first and only real job.

Sullivan was fifteen in 1873, when he was playing truant on the Boston Common and that Harry Wright, then considered the king of baseball managers, got a view of him. Wright had even then a reputation for digging up and developing wonderful players. He had brought several players to the game who were unknown until he discovered them and who later became famous. This boy Sullivan at fifteen looked as good to Wright at this particular time as any of his earlier and famous discoveries.

The wonderful, clean cut, quick moving and muscular figure of this young Sullivan attracted the attention of the veteran manager and at first view he offered him a salary of $1,500 a year to play on the Boston Reds—a lot of money in that far day.

Sully laughed at the proposition. He had been boxing on the quiet in the clubs around Boston, beating all who faced him and then he liked boxing better than he did baseball.

* * *

SEVEN YEARS from that time, Sullivan was heavyweight champion of the world.

They were the best seven years, too, of John's life. In that period he had seldom been out of Boston but the going had been hard and he had led a clean and temperate life and given nearly all the money he had earned to his good old mother, who up to this time had kept her boy on the straight and narrow path, far from the road traveled too often by the young and ambitious pugilist.

It was on February 7, 1882, that I got my first view of the wonderful Boston boy in fistic action. It was down in Dixie where he was to try to take the world's championship from Paddy Ryan, who had won it from Joe Goss. Two years before I had seen Goss whip Tom Allen who had whipped Mike McCoole, and I thought him great until I saw Ryan whip Goss and then I looked on the Trojan as something of a world beater.

But when I viewed Sullivan as he appeared that day at Mississippi City, I changed my opinion of the entire order of things. There, perhaps was the most wonderful specimen of humanity the sun ever shone on. Here was a man with the face, head and eyes of a real gladiator. At least so he appeared to me.

Built like a top, with fine stout legs, and the most wonderful chest, arms and shoulders I have ever seen, Sullivan was the acme of physical power and perfect skill and strength for that fight. It was his wonderful skill and strength, combined with his speed and weight, that would have made him more than a match for any of the champions that have come since his passing.

As a boxer he was not only clever and fast, but he was ambidextrous. He could strike a fearful blow with either hand. But best of all, here was a 24-year-old lad who up to the moment he had entered the ring had never touched strong drink, nor used tobacco in any form.

Instead of being a tough and rowdy as he had been pictured by many, he had grown up in the public schools of Boston and in the home of his beloved mother, he had been taught to respect all the amenities of life. He was a fine, well spoken boy, a natural born athlete whose wonderful strength and power he had come by honestly and which he had developed in his own powerful and aggressive way so as to make of himself the perfect athlete, a thing to delight the eye and to make all men wonder. Unfortunately, his mode of living changed as he gained the public spotlight and the "John L." whom I knew as a fine young man, turned into a gruff, rough, booze demon as the years rolled on.

* * *

IT is fifty-six years since I saw "John L." fight Ryan. I never before or since have seen a fighter to compare with Sully as he looked and fought that day. The nearest perhaps was Jack Dempsey as he looked that afternoon when he battered Jess Willard to pulp at Toledo.

There comes a time when all pugilists reach the top crest of their power. Sully was 24 when he won the championship from Ryan and Dempsey was 24 when he defeated Willard. Each at that age had reached a condition they could never hope to reach again. I say this particularly of Sullivan for my next view of him was one of bitter disappointment.

Perhaps the best part of this story of a great fighter is the description of the scenes and incidents that followed his famous battle with Ryan.

When the time arrived for the sports of the North and Mid-West to start on the journey for the scene of battle, we learned that the transportation facilities were not of the best and that great difficulty would be encountered in arranging for the journey. We learned that a special train was to leave St. Louis with several notables and that if we could be picked up by that train, everything would be satisfactorily taken care of. How to get to St. Louis was as big a problem and when we found that we couldn't make it that way, we went to Memphis, Tenn., where we waited for the arrival of the St. Louis con-

The colors of Ryan which he hung in his corner in the Mississippi City fight.

tingent of sportsmen and we joined that party. It was on a cold winter night that we set out on our journey.

When we reached Memphis, there were a number of Mid-Western and New England sports writers on hand and the relative merits of the challenger and champion became a widely discussed topic. It was frightfully cold on the journey south, yet when we landed in New Orleans a few days later, sunshine and flowers in bloom greeted us. We hadn't the fainest idea where the fight would take place because of the attitude of the authorities toward such an affair, and we just decided to await instructions.

On the night before, word went the rounds that the battle was to be fought near Pass Christian, Mississippi, out on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, and it seemed the right tip when the fight crowd moved toward the station of that line and boarded the long train they found in waiting.

On the train we were told that the fighters and their managers had given the Governor of Louisiana their word of honor that the fight would not take place within the borders of his State.

At Pass Christian, the fight train came to a sudden halt with militia surrounding it and their commander making a speech in which he declared the fight should not take place there nor at Bay, St. Louis, a little farther on. He hinted that he had soldiers enough to take care of us that far. What might happen a little later he did not seem to care much about.

* * *

WITH standing orders, perhaps, our engineer threw on a full head of steam and we sailed through and past cordons of soldiers that lined the railway tracks in the small towns and cheered us as we flew by to show they were with us in spirit.

Just seventy miles out from New Orleans we hit Mississippi City, then a little town on the border of the Gulf of Mexico, in Mississippi, where on a pretty piece of turf in front of the Barnes Hotel, then the leading hostelry of the town, the 24-fot ring in which Sully and Ryan were to battle stood out in full view in all its virgin strength and newness.

A great cry went up from the crowd that swarmed off the long train in droves as it now realized that this was really the place. Then a moment later, hundreds stood in silence and gazed in wonder and awe at the wonderful scene.

The sun coming up out of a clear sky gave a golden tinge to the gray water of the Gulf of Mexico which lay near the ringside and a wonderful color to the beautiful foliage prominent and plenty in every direction.

Near the ring, a great oak tree that seemed to have been planted there for this special occasion was loaded down with young and old who had come early to get a view of something they felt deep down in their hearts would be worth seeing at even risk of neck and limb.

The men in charge had sure enough picked a beautiful and romantic spot for the "fight of the century" and the hand of nature seemed to be at work with them.

It was that time in spring when the far south is at her best. The flowers were in full bloom, roses, violets and forget-me-nots vieing with each other in their beauty and fragrance. The feathered tribe even were joyous and from the nearby woods the mocking birds, awakened by the noise of the Fancy, were singing their lullabies of welcome.

Jesse James, the notorious bandit, who was a spectator at the fight between Sullivan and Ryan. Shortly after, he was killed.

The tout ensemble of the stage setting was perfection itself and its managers deserved the patronage which came to view the program they had prepared for it.

* * *

THIS 1882 year was the dividing line in American life in the new and old order of things. The great sports of baseball, billiards and boxing were just beginning to come into the tremendous and widespread popularity that came to them later.

Horse racing was just beginning to come into its own but bear baiting, dog and cock fighting and the other cruel so-called sports of the more ancient days were being wiped out in even the widest open and lawless communities.

Billy Madden, the Boston Strong Boy's chief second.

The so-called common people in opposition to the old conservatives were coming into their own and the liberals in many places were standing out and holding in favor of a broader and more generous spirit in the treatment of all manly sports. But even with these liberals, fighting with the bare fists was looked on as one of the cruel sports whose days were numbered and soon to end.

That was the year the first American Association came into the baseball field with the Sunday game as the chief plank in its platform, an opening wedge in the ultra conservative ranks, denounced at first, but which proved in the end the savior of our national pastime.

It was the year that Horace Greeley, the great editor of the New York *Tribune*, had pulled up the British word, "The Fancy," and used it frequently. The name was intended to cover all who attended the bare fist prize fights. This included among others the business and professional men who went to them for recreation and adventure, the leaders in the racing, billiard, baseball and other sports of that day who followed all the great battles and who were at that time most conspicuous at the ringside. It also included the rowdies and toughs who derived the best part of their living at election time, when the bare fist was trump at divers and sundry election booths and polling places.

* * *

INCLUDED among "the Fancy" were even bank and train robbers and local toughs and hangers-on of the resorts of the fighters who got to every fight some old way, even to riding the bumpers or the blind baggage and then crashing the gate.

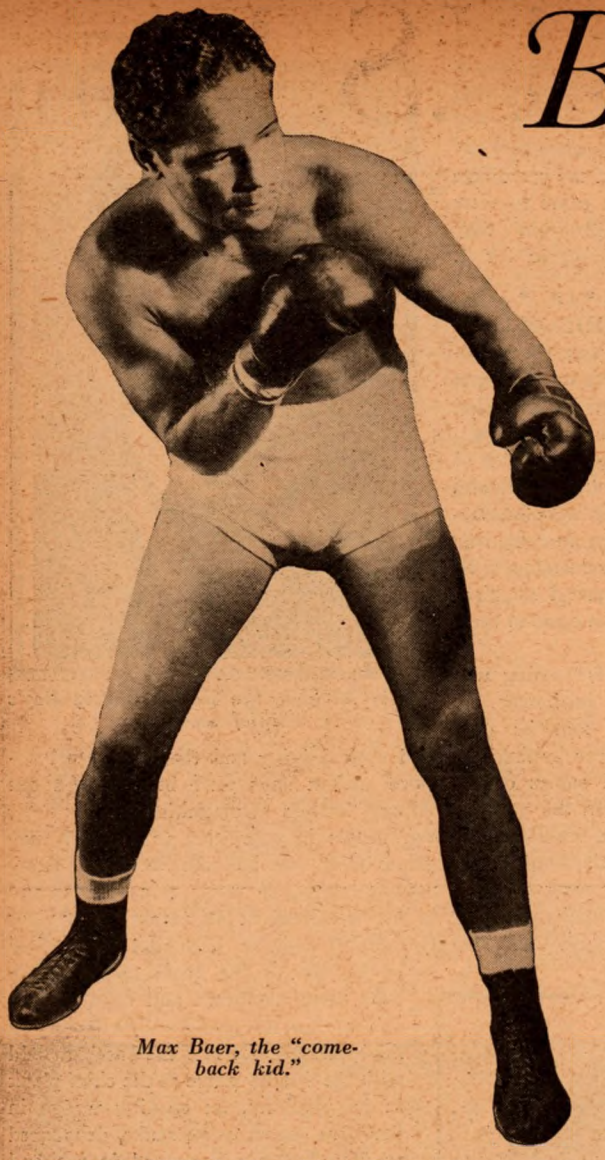
I call to mind two noted followers of the ring

(Continued on page 44)

BOXING'S Big Shots

Louis, Schmeling and Baer Hold Public Attention in Pugilism—They Alone Can Draw the Million Dollar Gate

By T. W. McNIEL



Max Baer, the "come-back kid."

FUNNY thing, this stuff we call "color." Especially when we apply it to those red-necked gentlemen who follow the leather-tossing trade for means of a livelihood. Its possession is the one item that enables a rank palooka to walk away from the ring wars when his days of usefulness are over, with a record of money-earning that would make a Wall Street tycoon turn green with envy. By the same token, lack of it keeps the genuine brilliant ringman bogged down in comparative obscurity.

Roughly speaking, I suppose "color" can be defined as possessing that knack of doing just the opposite of what is expected. And if you don't immediately grasp just what I'm firing at, permit me to introduce that gay Lothario, the happy papa, the comeback kid, Maxie Adlebert Baer. There, gentlemen, you have a shining example of what the boys love to term "color" in ringdom.

From the very day he began tinkering with the padded mitts, Maxie fairly oozed this important ingredient. Alternately, and with machine-gun rapidity, he ran the scale from the sublime to the ridiculous. There was the time he pounded Primo Carnera to a shapeless pulp. Then and there, we climbed on his bandwagon and shouted to the high heavens that here was the roughest, toughest, hell-bent-for-election scrapper to come along since the palmy days of John L. Sullivan. In fact, we were so enthused over the wild-and-wooly Livermore Larruper, that we would have welcomed a chance to lay a few bobs on the line that he could lick his weight in ill-tempered wildcats. Yes, sir, the guy had us ga-ga.

* * *

AND then he turned up one night against Jim Braddock, and proceeded to get the tar licked out of him. In a moment of anguish we would have subscribed to a plan to ride him out of town on a rail. Then when he gracefully "retired" to Joe Louis, and let Tommy Farr whale the daylights out of him over in London, we were thoroughly convinced that the once big bad Baer was effectively muzzled.

But the guy fooled us again. Coming out for a second set-to with Mrs. Farr's husky offspring, Maxie once more reverted to his snarling, snapping, caveman antics, and proceeded to bounce right back up into the picture he once dominated so completely. The guy runs the gamut of "color" in the ring. He'll stop brawling to "hike" up his trunks. He'll pat an opponent on the head when they bust him in the beezer. He'll take a tap on the face and reel groggily all over the place, and the next instant he'll soak up a sledge-hammer clout on the whiskers and laugh in the other guy's face.

There was a time when he broke down and admitted that he'd rather crawl into a den of rattlesnakes than to get back in there with Joe Louis in a leather duel. Now he dares and double-dares the dusky title-holder to make a pass at him. No, sir, you can't figure the guy out. If there has been anything consistent in his make-up, it is his glaring inconsistency.

* * *

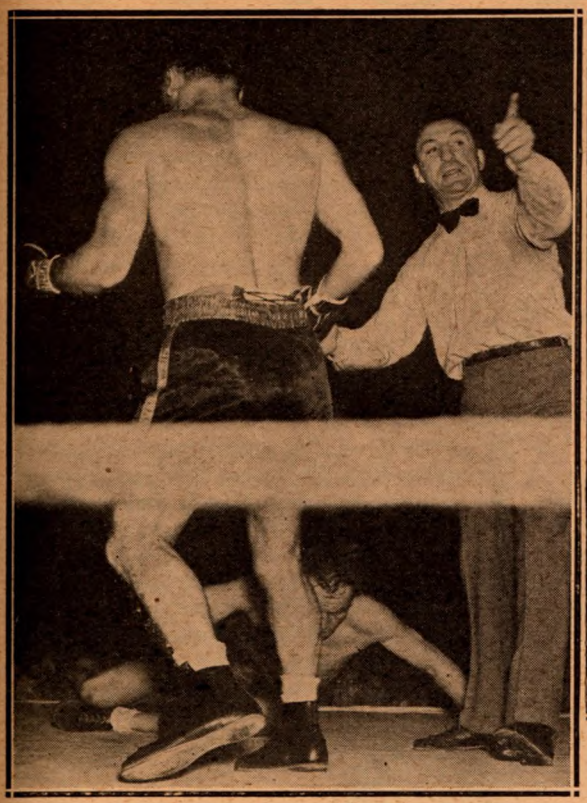
WE like to recall the night he belted Max Schmeling out of the picture with as fine a performance as has been witnessed in modern times. But when we recall this battle, memory takes us to an open-air arena at Reno, Nev., on the banks of the placid Washoe. And there, under a blazing mid-summer sun, with Jack Dempsey doing the officiating, we saw old Paolino Uzcudun outstumble him in a twenty-rounder that had half the populace snoozing comfortably before it was half over.

The guy has his weaknesses, plenty, so many in fact, that any other leather merchant in the business would have been hooted out of circulation long ago. But Maxie Adlebert is a shining example of proof that you can't keep a good man down. And one who makes most of his opportunities. If this isn't so, then show me another guy that could parlay a single decision over Tommy Farr into third place in heavyweight standings. Especially in view of the fact that he has been groveling around down in the doldrums since the night Joe Louis bopped him one on the beezer.

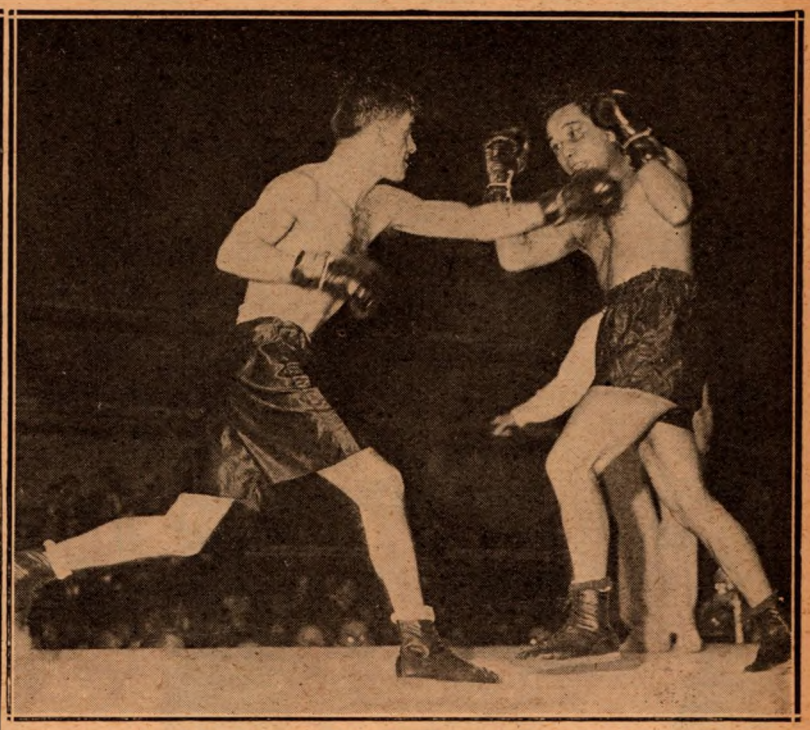
But throughout the ups and downs of the most turbulent career of modern ring times, he never dropped that thread of "color," that kept him standing out from the pack. And now, it has put him back on the fistic pedestal with two other guys that serve to comprise the most perplexing trio of all time.

Schmeling, several times defeated, but still a reckoning figure, thanks to the best right hand in the game; Louis, the most destructive puncher to come along in a generation, but possessor of fragile jaw-bone, and Max Baer, *(Continued on page 47)*

CAMERA SHOTS of U.S. FIGHTS

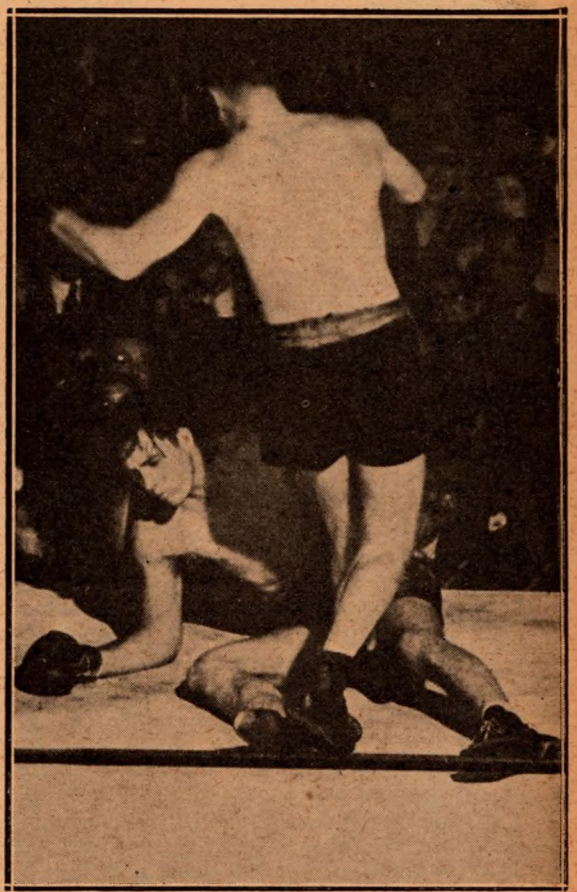


Referee Arthur Donovan stopping the fight between Nathan Mann and Hans Haverlick of Austria. The Austrian was floored eight times before Mann was declared the winner in the third round.



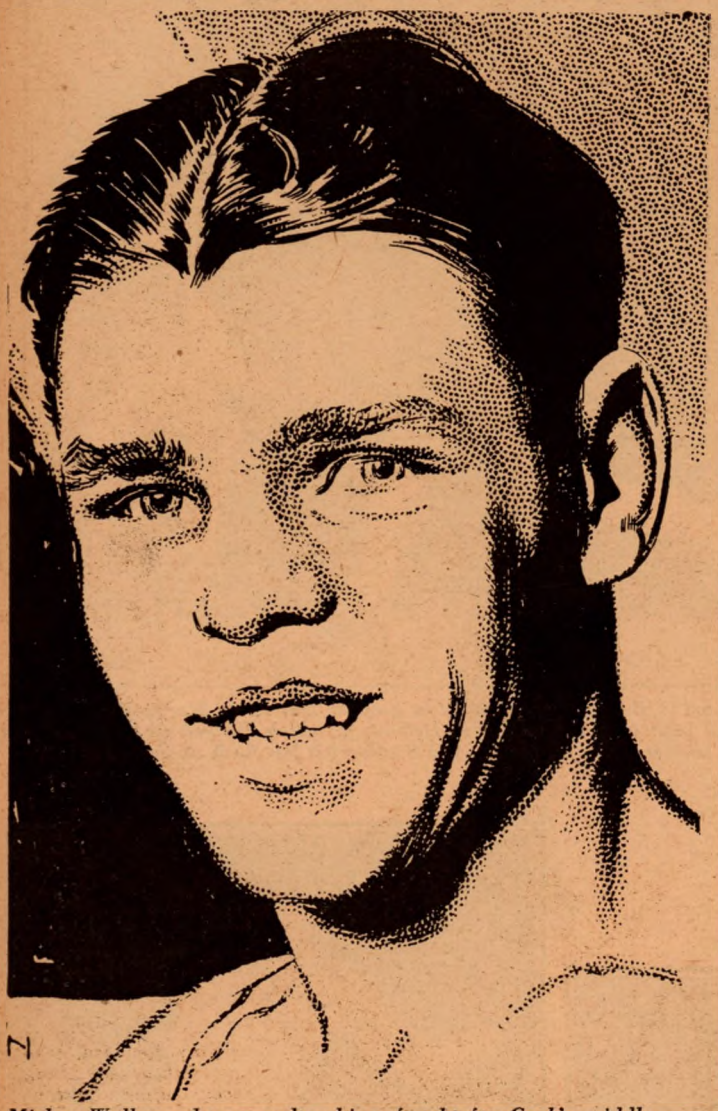
A scene in the fight between Sixto Escobar and K. O. Morgan in their ten-round bout over the weight in Detroit, in which Morgan was declared the winner. Here we see Morgan landing his left flush on Sixto's chin.

Frankie Wallace down and out in seventh round of fight with George Zangaras at New York Hippodrome. A right to the jaw ended the mill.



Chuck Crowell down in his fight with Gunnar Barlund in the Olympic at Los Angeles. Barlund won the ten-round contest and continued his climb in the upper ranks of the heavyweight contenders.

HANDICAP



Mickey Walker, who, as welter king, fought for Greb's middleweight title and later, as middleweight, fought for the light-heavyweight title.

THE task which Armstrong set for himself in tackling Barney Ross recalls other contests in which great champions of one division tackled the king of a higher one.

On a balmy summer's night in Quakertown, little Johnny Kilbane, the featherweight champion of the world, walked smilingly toward Benny Leonard, the lightweight king, whom critics often declared was a better fighter than Joe Gans, and then faltered!

Not in the first chukker did gallant John go down. As a matter of fact, he didn't sink to the floor at the finish at all. He was swaying on his feet, numb, the world whirling around him in a fantastic maze, when his manager, Jimmy Dunn, clattered up the ring stairs in that Philadelphia ball park and "shied the wipe," as the old beef-brine boys used to say of tossing in the towel in acknowledgement of surrender.

Jimmy Dunn had become obsessed with the notion that Kilbane was great enough to ascend the lightweight throne even if the imperial Leonard did block the way. Two titles! An ambitious gesture, yet an utterly miserable failure at the time Kilbane would have had you believe he was capable of gleaning another crown in conjunction with the one he possessed.

When little Henry Armstrong sought and accepted a flier at Barney Ross' WELTERWEIGHT title, he sat the pop-eyed boxing world back, their mouths open a yard wide, in abject astonishment.

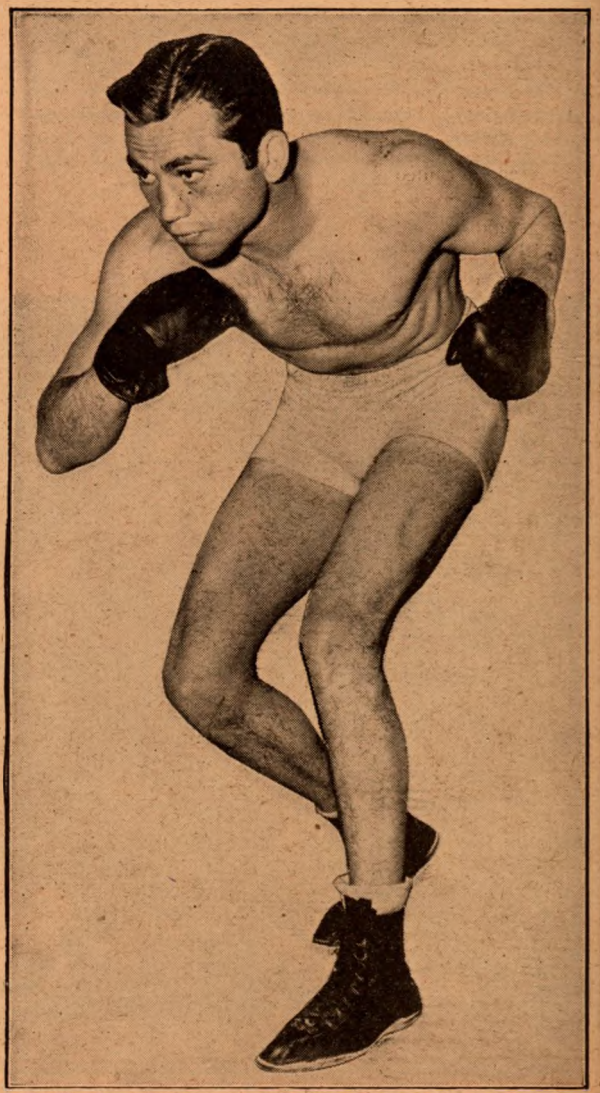
For one thing, Henry was going Kilbane one better. Hank was timber-topping the lightweight champion entirely to land on the welterweight champion's doorstep. If Kilbane was bravely ambitious, what about little Hank, who was coming up out of his featherweight championship berth to try conclusions with a real smart title-holder, TWO DIVISIONS ABOVE HIM!

* * *

NEVER but once before in the history of pugilism, so far as I can remember, has any such swashbuckling adventure ever been attempted. Stanley Ketchel, a middle champion, tried it against Jack Johnson, the heavy king.

It was in perfect tune with what Armstrong has been doing as a featherweight. He took them large, wide and handsome, no matter what their heft or their reputation, and his knockout string certainly had been something about which to write home.

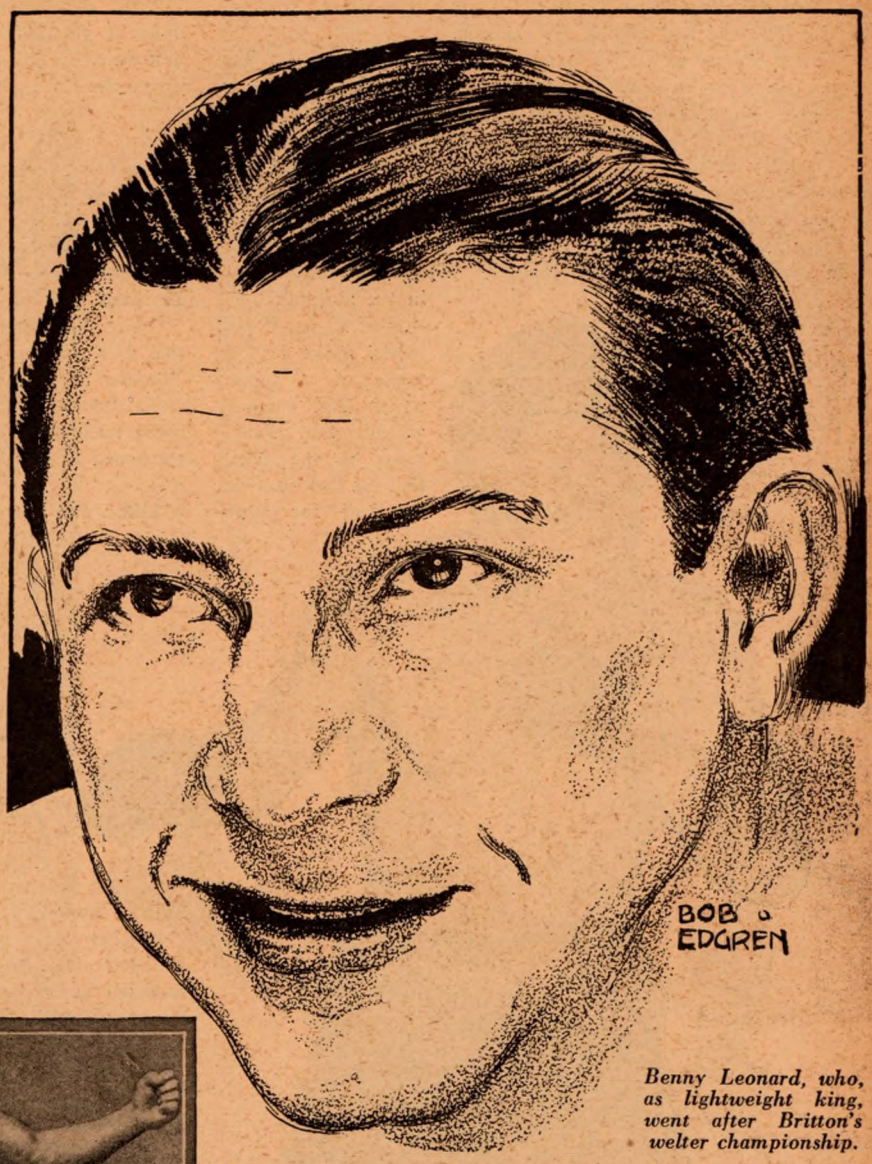
It was a daring challenge, this, unbelievable in its pugnaciousness. Not that little Hank is a boisterer. Lands, he's the mildest sort of a kid, never given to blustering or bragging. As a matter of fact, when I sought him out to have a



Barney Ross, whose welter title was at stake when he faced the featherweight king.

MATCHES

By HYPE IGOE



Benny Leonard, who, as lightweight king, went after Britton's welter championship.

little chin-fest that New York *Evening Journal* readers might know something of this little mahogany-hued terror, I had the darnedest time trying to force Hank to admit that he was even fair-to-middling in his chosen profession.

It took a lot of gentle coaxing, offside playing with questions and answers, so to speak, before he would unlimber at all. His brother, Harry, is the historian of the family tree, and a right good chronicler he is when he is setting down facts and figures about little Henry.

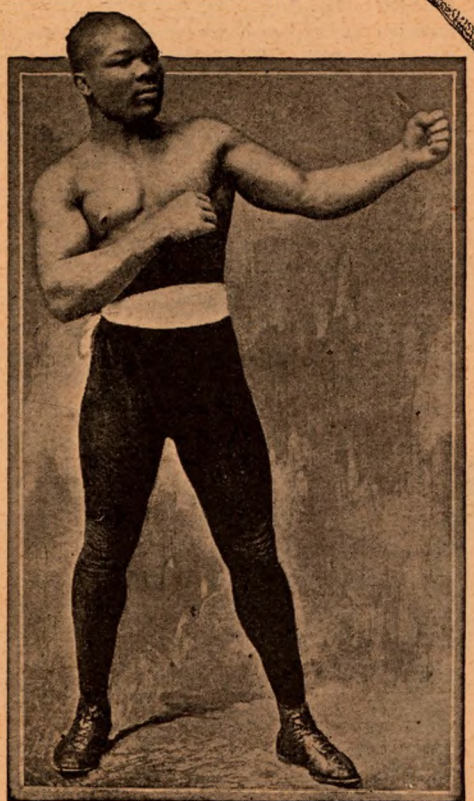
I repeat, when Hank sought this match with Ross, Armstrong set the boxing fraternity by the ears. The man most concerned over Henry's contemplated and seemingly foolhardy vault into the welterweight circle was Lou Ambers, the lightweight champion. Why pass him up, Ambers said.

Well, to be quite frank about it, Hank didn't give Lou the go-by at all. Many attempts to make an Armstrong and Ambers match failed because Al Weill, Lou's manager and at the time the matchmaker for the 20th Century Sporting Club, tried to stall along with refusals until the open air season loomed up with its greater drawing possibilities.

Mike Jacobs pulled a fast one on Weill, so fast, indeed, that the rotund manager of the 135-pound king quit his post as the man who pairs them for the top promoter and the top club, and went back to the business of attending to the future of the lightweight champion.

While he was ensconced in the matchmaking room, Weill turned over the business of directing Ambers to Charley Goldman, Ambers' trainer. Weill moved heaven and earth in an effort to block the Armstrong and Ross match.

They pleaded with politicians, yet Bill Brown and General Phelan voted the match okay, and that's why Armstrong was enabled to venture forth as a vest-pocket giant killer. It was figured at the time that the match was made that Henry would have to spot Ross at least eight pounds, the sharpers predicting that Ross would come in at 142 and Hank at the 134-pound mark.



Joe Walcott, who fought men many pounds heavier.

* * *

HANDICAP matches from time to time have furnished Fistiana with some of its most thrilling spectacles. Always the larger man did not win. There were instances when the little fellow of the party became the raging lion of the encounter.

Notable among such conquests were the two amazing battles between Kid Lavigne and Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon. This writer did not see the first fray, that at Maspeth, L. I., in which Lavigne, shouldering a big weight burden, thrashed the famed Negro. It was a bloody affair, Lavigne shedding great quantities of life's stream when one of his ears was all but severed. Old-timers often go back to a little cafe which adjoined the arena. There on the wall, as a memento, hangs the gory canvas which covered the ring when the great Kid and Joe fought it out.

Walcott wanted another chance at Lavigne. It was mutual. This time, however, Billy Lavigne, the Kid's brother, and Sam

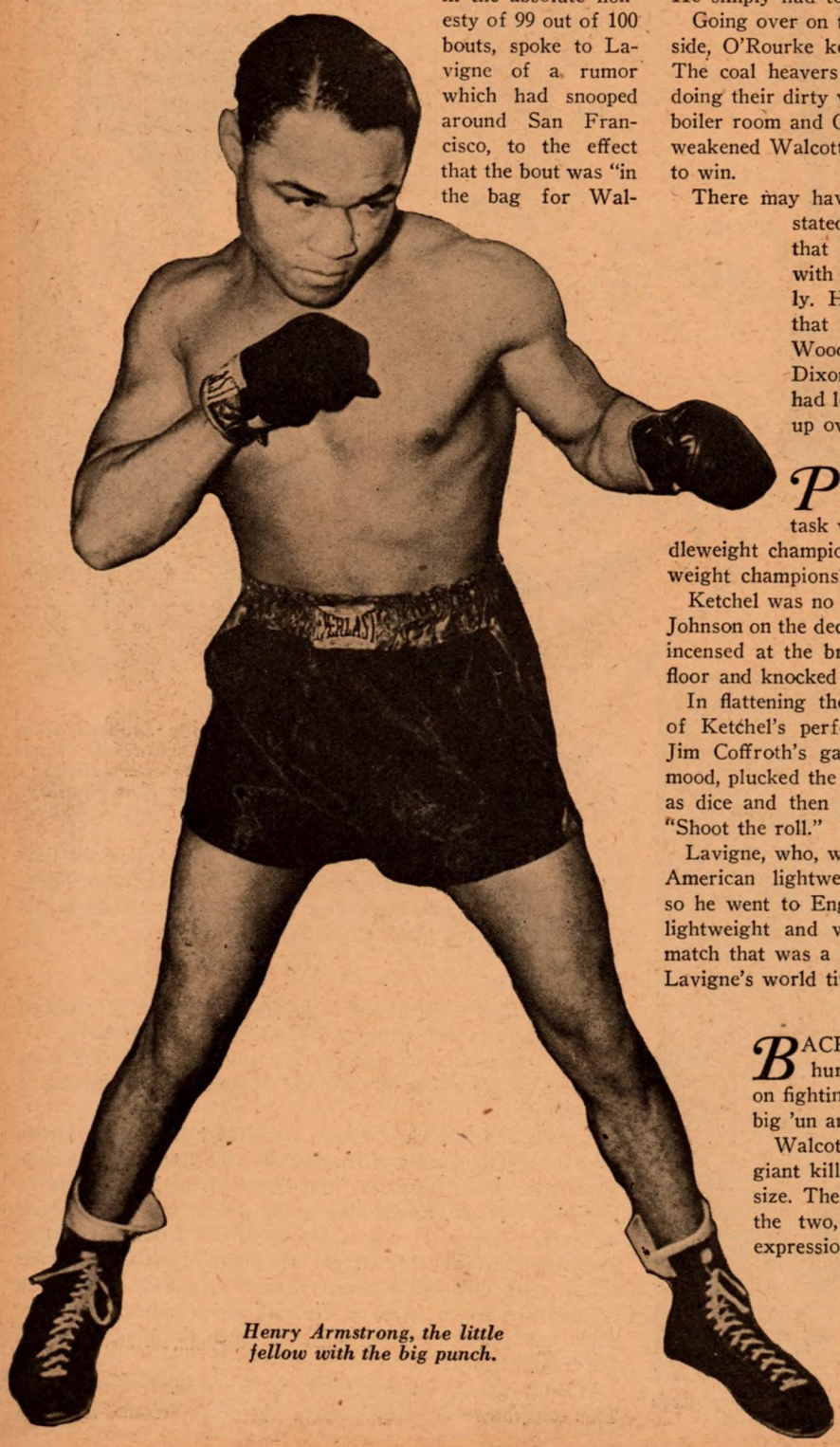
Fitzpatrick, his manager, insisted that Walcott make weight. Joe agreed to scale 138 pounds, the fight to take place in San Francisco. I was at the ringside, seated beside the immortal TAD, who was a great admirer of Lavigne. Tad had seen him fight Joe Soto thirty rounds in a little club in the same city on November 20, 1891, the Kid getting the decision.

Walcott trained at Croll's Gardens in Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco, while Lavigne took up his quarters at Blanken's Road House, a famous training camp in those days.

Led by the famous Bill Naughton, dean of boxing writers in this country at the time, I visited Lavigne's camp. There was great bitterness between the Kid and Joe. The same condition existed between Tom O'Rourke, Walcott's manager, and Fitzpatrick, who piloted Lavigne.

In some round about way, Naughton, always a great believer in the absolute honesty of 99 out of 100 bouts, spoke to Lavigne of a rumor which had snooped around San Francisco, to the effect that the bout was "in the bag for Walcott." Lavigne bristled. I'll never forget his action as he made reply to Naughton's information. Reaching up into his mouth, Lavigne removed a troublesome front bridge and, with tears running down his cheeks, said:

"Bill, you know me better than to believe that I'd ever lay down to Joe Walcott. I'm out to whip him again, as I did the first time. I'll whip him as sure as you're standing there." Lavigne placed the false teeth in a little tin box and moved away.



Henry Armstrong, the little fellow with the big punch.

* * *

LAVIGNE made good. He gave Walcott a terrific battering, and Tom O'Rourke had to toss in the sponge in the twelfth round. Walcott had been driven desperately to make the weight. O'Rourke took him out on the road, Tom driving a buckboard, with Joe's wrists strapped to the back of the cart. He simply had to keep up the pace O'Rourke selected for him.

Going over on the boat from Alameda to weigh in at the ringside, O'Rourke kept Walcott shoveling coal down below decks. The coal heavers got a great kick out of seeing a star fighter doing their dirty work. Joe lost a few pounds in the heat of that boiler room and O'Rourke saved his weight forfeit, but probably weakened Walcott so much that the Demon didn't have a chance to win.

There may have been another side of it. At least, Tom so stated one day, years later. Tom practically admitted that he tossed in the sponge in order to get even with Frisco gamblers who had backed Walcott heavily. His reason for wanting revenge was the fact that the gamblers there had seen to it that Solly Woods of that city got the decision over George Dixon at the end of twenty rounds in 1897. O'Rourke had lost a chunk on Dixon, and Tom still was burned up over losing.

* * *

PERHAPS the most brazen attempt on the part of a little fellow to take a larger opponent to task was that of Stanley Ketchel when, as the middleweight champion, at 152 pounds, he tried to annex the heavyweight championship lorded over by big Jack Johnson.

Ketchel was no match for the giant Negro, though he did spill Johnson on the deck. That was a fatal mistake. Johnson, becoming incensed at the brash young Michigan Assassin, got up off the floor and knocked Ketchel cold.

In flattening the brave youngster, Johnson knocked out four of Ketchel's perfect upper front teeth. Ketchel, walking into Jim Coffroth's gambling place a few hours later, in a jesting mood, plucked the four broken teeth from his pocket, shook them as dice and then rolled them across the green table, shouting: "Shoot the roll."

Lavigne, who, when he fought Walcott, was recognized as the American lightweight king, wanted international recognition, so he went to England and whipped big Dick Burge, who was lightweight and welterweight champion of that country, in a match that was a severe test for the Kid, and with that victory, Lavigne's world title no longer was in doubt.

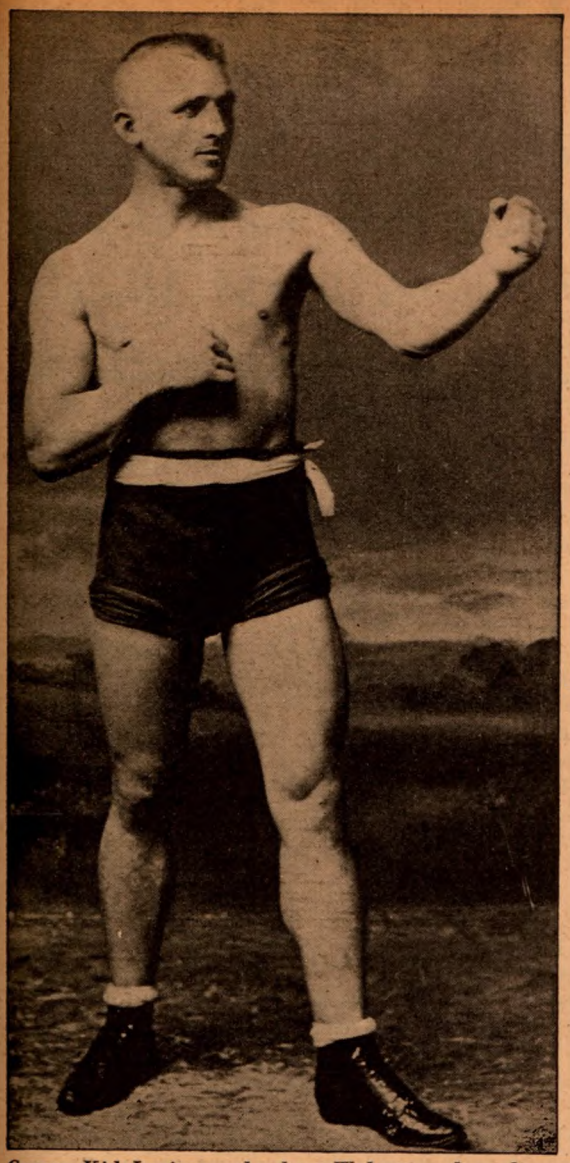
* * *

BACK in 1898, little Joe Choynski fought Ed Dunkhurst, one of the largest men who ever pulled on fighting gloves. It took Joe six rounds to stretch the big 'un and people were amazed at the performance.

Walcott perhaps was the most astounding of all the giant killers. He fought them all, no matter what their size. There always has been a question as to which of the two, Walcott or Bob Fitzsimmons, coined the expression:

"The larger they are, the harder they fall."

That was quite true with regards some of Joe's opponents as well as a few Fitz fought. Kid McCoy had his share of taking on fellows twice his size. There are many other stars of old who did likewise.



George Kid Lavigne, who beat Walcott, welter champion, but didn't get the crown, because Joe was compelled to scale below the class limit.

ONE night in San Francisco, Joe Gans, the light dude, tried to walk in under the welterweight crown worn by Walcott. They fought twenty rounds to a draw and it was a beautiful battle of wits to watch.

Walcott wasn't quite the boxer that Joe was. He depended on his punch and Gans made it his business to see that the Barbadoes Demon didn't do any free and easy clouting.

Terry McGovern's first defeat came in an over-the-weight match. He spotted Young Corbett several pounds and got knocked out for his generosity. That was one of the most famous of all ring upsets.

Abe Attell, as featherweight champion, was a nervy little cuss. He took on welterweights, one after another, and thought nothing of it. He was so infernally fast that the size of the other fellow never entered into the scheme of things. Abe looked upon heavier men as truck horses, and in most cases he was perfectly right. It was all the more remarkable when it is recalled that Abe, as champion, seldom weighed more than 118 pounds. The official weight at that time was 122, not 126 as now prevails.

* * *

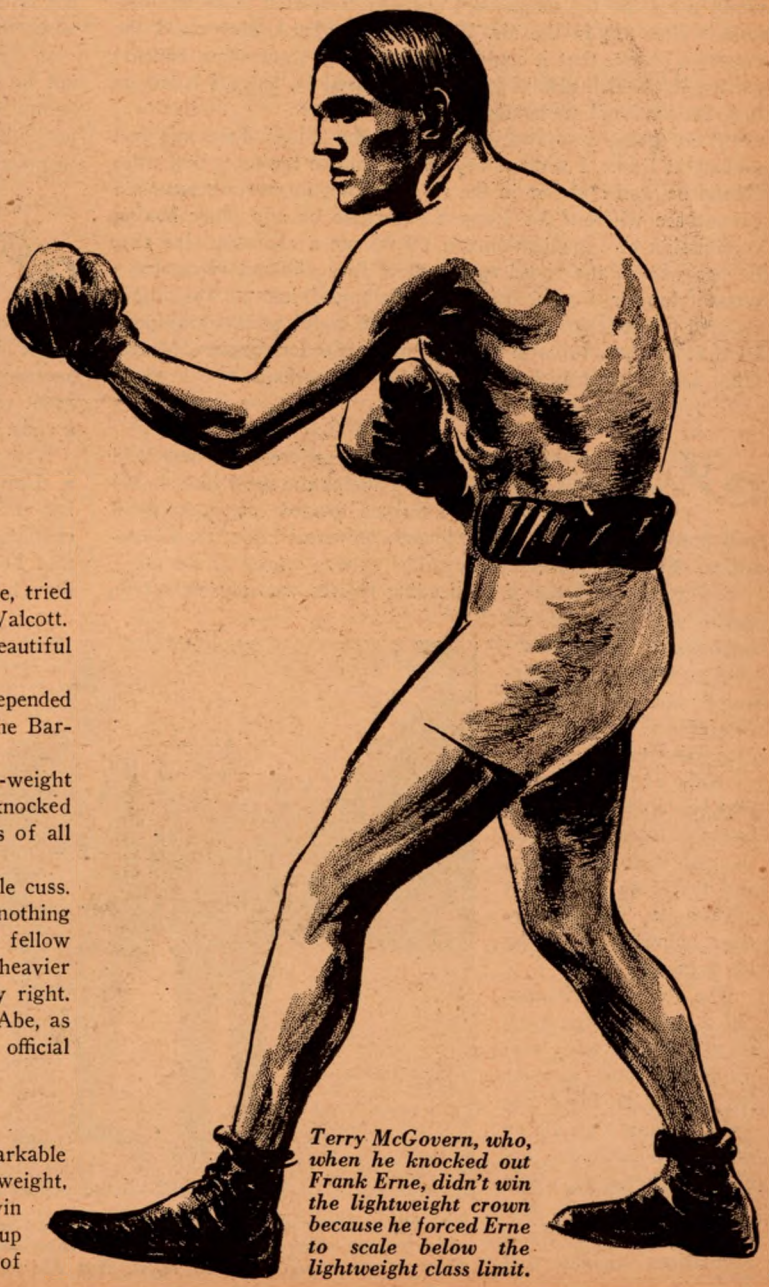
LITTLE TOMMY BURNS was one of the most remarkable of all the handicap men. He started as a middleweight, was hardly more than that when he defeated Marvin Hart for Jim Jeffries' vacated title, and made the world sit up with a start when he tackled big Jack Johnson in defense of his "title." When Jeffries returned to the ring, all claims were set aside. Jim fought as the "champion" in defense of his ring kingdom.

There was no doubt that Burns could fight. He was a true "champion" while he reigned. He toured the world and met the champions of every country, knocking them over as fast as they showed their heads.

When William Muldoon created the Muldoon trophy which stands in the lobby of Madison Square Garden, they listed, in bronze, the champions, right down the line from John L. Sullivan's time.

They were about to eliminate Burns, and this writer, then doing boxing on the old New York *Morning World,* protested the action of the committee so strongly that the name of Tommy Burns eventually found its place among the immortals listed on the splendid trophy. Sad to say, the trophy has been neglected and, if my memory serves me correctly, no champion's name has been placed on it since Jack Sharkey's moniker was added to the others.

The names of Schmeling, Carnera, Braddock and Louis have yet to be blocked on the plates which adorn the trophy. Perhaps if Colonel Kilpatrick reads this, he'll get some action from the committee, headed by Bernard Gimbel. *(Continued on page* 43)



Terry McGovern, who, when he knocked out Frank Erne, didn't win the lightweight crown because he forced Erne to scale below the lightweight class limit.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Max Schmeling's Final Tune Up Is Impressive
Rome Conference Should Help World Boxing
New York Drops Out of the World Alliance

THE international boxing convention in Rome was quite a success. Considering conditions, a big success. The call for the Congress, however, certainly came at a bad time. When nations cannot agree on questions and problems which have to do with the very lives of their people and the vitality of their very beings, how can we look for any concordat on things that have to do with a sport?

The convention opened with an added handicap. A call for that sort of meeting from a continental nation, at this time, could not hope for unqualified success. Suspicion, unbelief, disbelief—they are in the air. That being realized, how could the congress believe that it could achieve lasting, tremendous benefits for a sport which always has been featured by lack of harmony and international understanding?

Before going into consideration of the things done and left undone at Rome, I want to say that I hold to the tenet that titles should be won and lost in the ring and not in meeting rooms. I cannot see wherein the Rome Conference or any other boxing commission or organization can take from a champion the title he has won in the roped square. The fans will not recognize a commission or Conference-made champion, just as they have refused to recognize Steele as the world middleweight king until he defeats the man who whipped the retired champion, Marcel Thil, after the Frenchman attempted a comeback.

* * *

I DO feel, however, that such a conference as was held in Rome is a fine gesture. It helps the sport and should at least carry some influence toward cementing good will and getting boxing on a firmer, universal basis, than heretofore. We need more such meetings as was staged at Rome.

Unfortunately, some of the leading figures who made the trip, did so with absolutely no intention of voting favorably on any of the legislation attempted by the Conference. Such was the case of General Phelan of New York, who knew that he could not commit himself to any legislation of a foreign body, and therefore should not have gone. The Conference gained nothing by his presence.

The Rome Conference did a splendid job even though New York's representative quit it after his return to his home town. If only two of the regulations adopted are closely adhered to, world boxing will be a tremendous gainer. These regulations stipulate that all championship fights must have a limit of fifteen rounds and that a challenger who has whipped a champion according to the rules laid down for a titular fight, be universally recognized as new king of his division.

It is not asking too much for a champion to defend his crown over the fifteen round limit. In the Horton Law days in New York, twenty-five rounds was the minimum and in other parts of the country, finish fights were the rule. A title-holder who insists on a championship fight of ten rounds shows clearly that he is not in condition to carry on beyond such limit and therefore is unworthy of holding the crown.

In the matter of world champions, the king of a division should not be merely a commission-made or a federation-made title-holder. He should be one who has won his spurs either through an elimination following the retirement of the champion or by winning the crown in the ring against the holder of the title.

* * *

I AM opposed to the regulation adopted by the Rome Federation which stipulates that a champion who has not defended his title during six months against a challenger designated by the Federation's championship committee be shorn of his crown and an elimination be staged to find his successor. That leaves too much of a loophole for politics to upset world boxing. Let us see what might happen under such a code.

New York, which is the center of world boxing, arranges for a championship bout between the title-holder and a boxer who has proved his mettle, yet may not be regarded as a worthy challenger. France, England, Italy or some other country decides that Tom Jones, the challenger, is unfit to fight for the title, and though the bout is recognized as for the crown in the place where the fight is staged, because the champion failed to tackle one of a group named by the Federation's committee, he is informed that his title is vacant.

Such action would border on the ridiculous and would not be recognized by those who pay the freight—the fight fans. Take Joe Louis, for example. He defended his title against Tommy Farr, a worthy opponent, then tackled Nathan Mann, another worthy challenger, and followed with the Thomas fight. The last named was never a real challenger and couldn't be regarded as such, yet under the new rules of the Rome body,

The Ring Editor discusses boxing with Max Schmeling and his faithful and able trainer, Max Machon, during a long walk in the hills surrounding Herr Max's camp. Left to right, Nat Fleischer, Schmeling and Machon.

should Louis not defend his title during the six months following the Thomas fight, he would be deprived of the crown because, in the opinion of the Federation, his last "real" championship fight was against Mann.

* * *

THEN again, consider how many politically-named challengers there would be. For every country in the Federation, there would be at least one native son in almost every division and I daresay that we would soon have as many "champions" in boxing as there are in wrestling. It's a bad regulation, gentlemen, and my advice, from long observation and study, is to drop it. It will burn your hands.

A champion owes his popularity to the public. He can retain that only by proving his worth. One who shuns a real challenger designated by the public followers of the sport is the sole loser. A champion is in the game nowadays for the commercial benefits derived and he knows full well that, unless he fights a worthy opponent, he'll appear before an empty stadium. That's why he'll not require a push from the Federation in selecting an opponent.

If the countries that have bound themselves together through the Rome conclave will stick by their guns in tossing aside and refusing to recognize the individually-made champions, we should at least have a universally acknowledged list in the future. But will they? I doubt it.

The I. B. U. will find that a favorite promoter in its locality is doing poorly and a champion is required to add interest to the game. Thus, overnight, regardless of its affiliations, a new title-holder is born. Jeff Dickson suddenly discovers that he has no worthy talent with which to carry on. He goes to the French Federation and asks that Al Brown be designated world bantamweight champion, though, as a smart promoter, he knows that Sixto Escobar is the title-holder.

What happens? The Federation acquiesces and gives him a champion to work with. Belgium finds that it has just one fighter of note. His name might be Pierre Charles. Why not get some publicity for Belgium, say those in charge of boxing?

"Certainly," is the reply. "Whoever heard of Joe Louis! We have the world champion heavyweight in Belgium," they say, and Charles is designated. Then, just to keep harmony in the ranks, the I. B. U. stands by and accepts that edict!

* * *

THOSE are just a few samples of what has been going on in boxing in Europe, and will continue to be carried on, despite the Rome Conference, if I guess correctly, and that's why the New York Commission, which rules over the world center of boxing, found it necessary to prevent General Phelan from acting on the championship committee and from having any alliance with the Rome Conference.

New York's commission is ruled by state legislative law. It cannot designate any part of its functions to any foreign body but can, as it many times in the past has, have a working agreement. But what good is a working agreement with a foreign organization or a commission in our own territory when such agreements are voided to suit the whims and the purposes of a commissioner? One cannot blame the New York body for washing its hands from affiliations after what happened in the past.

* * *

TAKE the Braddock case. Illinois and New York had a working agreement. Jimmy Braddock had twice signed to fight Max Schmeling. He had given his word that he would defend his title against the German, then, through a subterfuge, ran out of the match. New York's commissioners did what they could to protect Schmeling's interests. They suspended Braddock and ordered him not to fight Joe Louis. You all know what happened.

Joe Triner, chairman of the Illinois commission, was just waiting for such a move. The agreement which he had with New York was just a mere scrap of paper, like the German treaties prior to the World War. He welcomed Braddock with open arms. Illinois would gain the benefits that accrue from a world heavyweight title bout. The hotels would reap a harvest. The state would get its reward in a huge tax. The Illinois commission would get into the spotlight.

Yes, all that did happen. To hell with the agreement with New York, is what Joe Triner and his colleagues said in substance, and New York was left holding the bag.

What happened then had happened time and again, especially where Illinois, California and Pennsylvania have been concerned. Therefore, New York has decided to carry on in its own way—a darn good way, if you ask me.

Though I differ at times with what the New York Commission may do, there is no getting away from the fact that it is by far the best ruling body of boxing. The law prevents it from working under any rules except those of its own make, and therefore, instead of having General Phelan on the championship committee, an outsider who knows the game thoroughly and can speak with authority on championship claims should be designated to act by the foreign organization.

* * *

THERE is one point in which I was most interested—the no-foul rule. I think that when the representative of the British Board dodged the issue and the ambassadors of the other countries decided likewise not to be put on the spot, they hurt the one great chance to make boxing stronger than ever, world wide.

New York has proved that the no-foul rule is a worthwhile one. The wearing of a non-foul cup is what should have been forced upon all boxers in every country. It should be a universal rule to compel all fighters to protect themselves with a Taylor non-foul proof cup.

The non-foul rule has worked marvels in America. It is enforced in every state where boxing is carried on, and it is my opinion that the Rome Conference flubbed its leading problem by not adopting wholeheartedly the motion of Ed Foster of the National Boxing Association to make the wearing of a foul-proof cup mandatory and to adopt universally New York's rule.

As a substitute, the motion with variations was adopted. The Rome Conference agreed to recognize the no-foul code for countries where it is part of the rules, but left it to the discretion of others to carry on as they saw fit. Thus, the British representative declared that the British Board of Boxing Control would recommend the use of the "no-foul" cup, like our efficient Taylor Cup, and the no-foul rule in bouts in which the contestants mutually agree upon same.

Such action defeats the purpose of the rule. The adoption of the code in all countries would, I'm sure, help boxing as it has helped it in America.

To Edward Foster, secretary of the National Boxing Association, a livewire student of the sport, boxing owes much for the big part he played in clarifying the world situation. It was Foster who introduced the motion for the fifteen-round championship fights, the no-foul rule and the agreement to recognize the champions now listed in the States as the world title-holders.

There was much good in what was carried on at Rome, but there are several poor features, also. Between them, a happy medium should be struck.

* * *

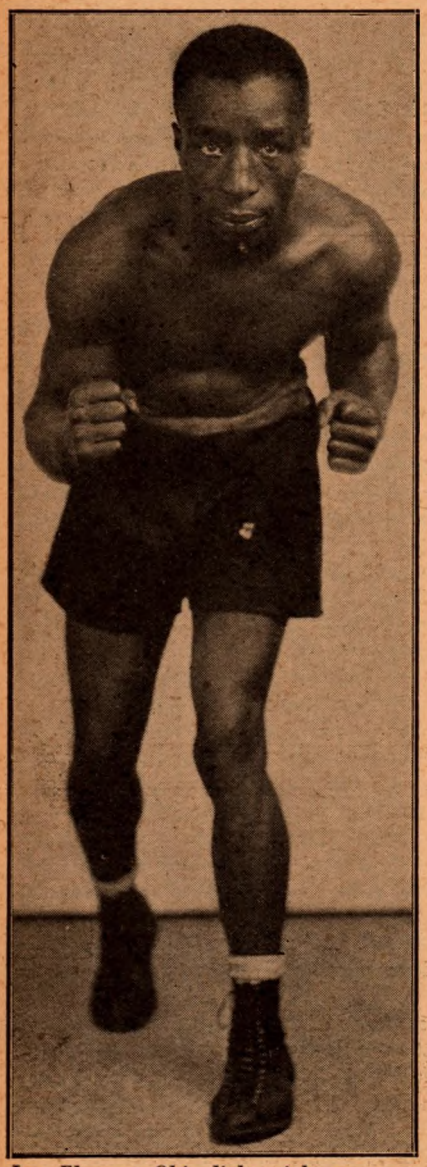
MAX SCHMELING concluded his tune up fights for Joe Louis with a knockout of Steve Dudas of New Jersey in the fifth round of their scheduled fifteen-round contest at Hamburg, Germany. With a barrage of lefts and rights to the body, the challenger for Louis' crown dropped his opponent seven times, and a towel tossed into the ring by Billy McCarney, manager of the American, brought a halt to the carnage. Four of the knockdowns came in the fifth round.

The bout, according to Americans who saw it, showed Herr Max at his best. His timing was down to that perfection which made him so formidable when he first came to America, and later when he fought his way to the top of the fistic ladder. His hitting was most powerful, if the word of Dudas counts for anything, and he certainly should know since he took the wallops.

The three fights Schmeling had in five months, contests that prepared him for the fight he is to have this month with the Brown Bomber, have put the German *(Continued on page 47)*

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN



Leo Flowers, Ohio lightweight prospect.

JULY Fourth marked a gala occasion for boxing in Scotland when Benny Lynch, native son and flyweight champion of the world, placed his crown at stake against the sharp-shooting fists of Jackie Jurich, American champion, from San Jose, California, under the promotion of George Dingley.

The Scots have always had a fond spot in their hearts for the little mitt-slingers, and as Lynch is their idol, they turned out in force for the fight.

The Irish likewise go in strong for the little boys and they have a favorite in Jim McStravick, the lad on whom the Irish will bet their last dollar that he is the best boy at his weight in the world.

The Irish had hoped that it would be Scotland versus Erin in the next world flyweight championship fight. They were sadly disappointed when word came from Glasgow that Jurich, not McStravick, had been selected. A natural flyweight who is recognized by the British Board of Boxing Control as the leading contender for Lynch's crown, McStravick pulled every string imaginable to get Promoter Dingley's consent for him to meet Benny, but without result. In Ireland, they cannot understand why it was necessary to send seven thousand miles away for an opponent for Lynch when such a sterling gladiator as Jim McStravick was right in their backyard! There can be no doubt that Jim is a worthy opponent for anyone his weight.

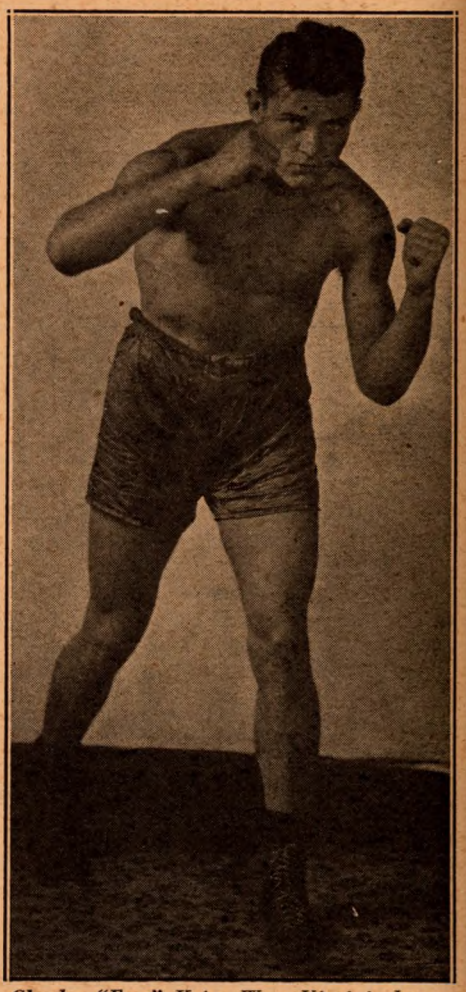
As the record stands at this writing, Irish Jim numbers among his victims some of the best flyweights and bantams abroad. Among those defeated by him are Al Sharpe, Peter Miller, Mickey O'Neill, Dave Kellar, Phil Milligan (English Northern Area champion), and Pat Palmer (English Southern Area flyweight champion). Milligan and Palmer hold victories over Jim Warnock, who has steadfastly refused to meet McStravick in ring competition. Overtures have also been made to Small Montana for a fight with Jim, but the former American champion has turned deaf ears to the proposed match.

So Jim McStravick, who has whipped every challenger worth while in Europe, must content himself with the rating of the leading challenger by the B. B. B. C. until the flyweight king gives him the recognition he deserves.

* * *

RAY McINTYRE holds the unique distinction of whipping Len Wadsworth, the Canadian middleweight champion, at the weight limit, and yet not becoming the 160-pound title-holder.

In their recent bout of 6 rounds, which was supposed to be a non-title affair, both battlers scaled in at 159 pounds, one under the limit, but because of a pre-fight agreement, McIntyre didn't claim the title after his victory. The general opinion of Canadian fight experts is that the colored boy from Woodstock, New Brunswick, has but to get the champion into the ring with the title at stake in order to gain the championship.



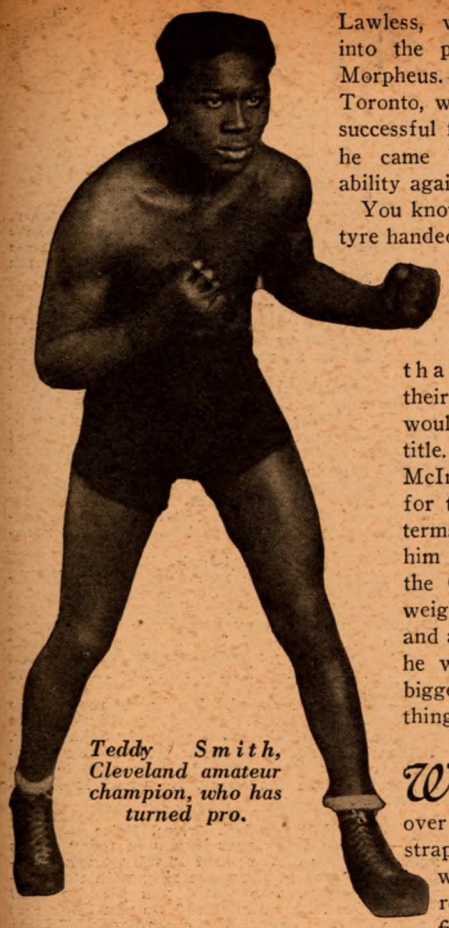
Charley "Esso" Krist, West Virginia heavyweight.

McIntyre comes from fighting stock. He is a nephew of the veteran Porter McIntyre of St. John, who brought boxing fame to that city. A young man who has just reached his twentieth birthday, McIntyre combines boxing skill with a good punch to make him look like a fine prospect, one of whom we'll be hearing.

He is being managed by Earl Nelson, who himself was a fine baseball pitcher. As an amateur under Earl's wing, McIntyre did most of his fighting in Montreal rings. In 1936, Ray just missed going to the Olympics when he lost a close decision to a fighter whose name escapes me. It was after that fight that the Woodstock lad decided he had had enough of glory and was ready for the money ranks.

He turned pro in a rather peculiar manner. Sitting one night in the gallery of a boxing club, he watched two Portland pugs, Gabby Paulin and Ponzi Cochrane, waltz a few rounds before the St. John Boxing Commission stepped in to declare the bout a "no contest." Paulin, who had been trying at least to give the people a run for their money, said it would be all right with him to fight anybody in the audience. McIntyre stepped forward and that was the end of Paulin. He was given a terrific beating and was knocked out.

The rest was easy. Ray became an overnight card. He stopped Merlyn Gauthier, Leo Kelly, and then came a fellow named



Teddy Smith, Cleveland amateur champion, who has turned pro.

Lawless, who was blasted into the peaceful arms of Morpheus. He travelled to Toronto, where he did some successful fighting, and then he came back to try his ability against Wadsworth.

You know the rest. McIntyre handed the champion an unmerciful whipping. In their pre-fight agreement it was stipulated that, regardless of their weight, the fight would not be for the title. At present, Ray McIntyre is waiting for the completion of terms that will send him into the ring for the Canadian middleweight championship, and after he wins that, he will be ready for bigger and better things.

* * *

WEST VIRGINIA is all excited over a powerfully built, strapping young man who has just reached his twenty-first birthday, and who tips the scales at a 211-pound figure. His name is Charley "Esso" Krist. He is 6 feet 2½ inches in height and is being managed by Bobby Grant, who sees in his young charge a potential heavyweight hope who may make the grade. Indeed, Charley has the build of a fistic find. We don't know what the "Esso" stands for, but if he has any fistic ability at all in his makeup, he should eventually blossom out into formidable opposition.

He has to date had twenty-nine bouts in the Simon-pure ranks and his record speaks volumes. Of these, twenty-six opponents have bit the resin dust, and three have been decisively whipped. In knocking out his men, he has shown terrific hitting power. He shows promise of developing into quite a finisher. A good fighter can sense that his opponent is ready for the coup de grace, and he goes about his job of destruction in a cool and deliberate manner.

After cleaning house of all the heavyweights around his section who had been competing as amateurs, Charley turned professional. To date he has had but three bouts, and has won two and drew in the third.

He whipped Casey Rhodes in six rounds, boxed a draw with Carl Monteboro in the same number of rounds, and then whipped Smokey Maggard over the ten-round route. The fact that he has been able to fight a ten-round bout although he has only had three professional fights, shows that he is a capable performer. He has been inactive lately due to an injury to his hand.

* * *

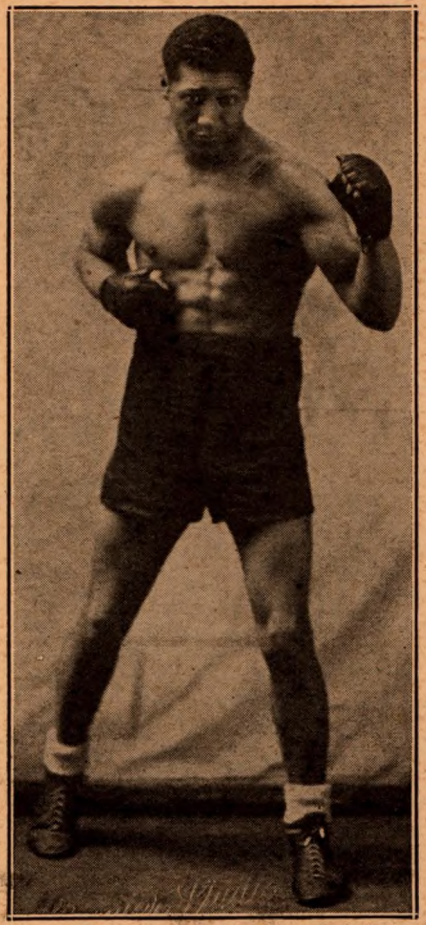
A YOUNG man who is regarded as the best prospect in the lightweight ranks in Cincinnati, Ohio, is Leo Flowers, a lad fighting out of the stable that is managed by Don Curley and Bob Bonner. Just twenty-two years of age, Larruping Leo is already engaging in semi-final and main events around his home town, with the chances that he will soon be heading East to do battle with some of the boys of this locality.

A rangy boy with a good left hand and a fair punch, Flowers has already engaged in forty-eight battles, winning all but two. He would like to get his conquerors into the ring with him in order to avenge the defeats, but evidently that will be harder to do than to say. They want no more part of him, being content to rest upon the fact that they have beaten him once.

He gained his fighting experience in rough and tumble scrapping on the street corners. A frail looking boy, all the other fellows of the neighborhood would pick on him just for the fun of it, and a day didn't go by that wouldn't find him in a fist fight. He soon started to go to the gymnasium in order to polish up on his fistic ability, and decided that if he had to do any fighting, there was nothing like getting paid for it.

There was none of the amateur boxing with him. He had had enough of battles for honor and glory on the street corners of Cincinnati and as soon as he felt that he was ready, he turned to the professional side. He has been an active campaigner in his home locality, where he is popular.

Jimmy McStravick, Irish flyweight champion.



Ray McIntire, star middleweight from Canada.

ANOTHER Ohio lad, from Cleveland, jumps into the picture as a fighter of possibilities. His name is Teddy Smith. We may hear more of this boy as time marches on. A fighter who has had ninety amateur contests, Smith has scored in eighty-three of those battles, many of them by the knockout route. He has lost seven decisions, but considering the fact that he has met some of the best amateurs in the state, he boasts of a remarkable record.

He turned professional a little more than a year ago, and placed himself under the management of F. P. Satterfield, who has been coaching him ably and has maneuvered him into some nice spots. At this writing, Teddy has engaged in twenty-two fights and has won twenty of these in handy fashion. He lost two close decisions.

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Arthur Koponen, New York City.

Q.—Where does Gunnar Barlund train? What is his home address? How many fights did he have in America? I am 13 years of age, weigh 120 pounds and am five feet six inches tall. Will I ever be a heavyweight?

A.—Stillman's Gymnasium. He can be reached through his manager, Paul Damski, Forrest Hotel, New York City. Twelve fights to date. You may develop into a 160 pounder and reach a height of five feet 11 inches.

Ring Reader, Cape Town, South Africa

Q.—Is Fred Apostoli recognized as the middleweight champion since he beat Steele in an overweight match? Do you think that Pedro Montanez and Indian Quintana are likely to become champions in their respective divisions? If Armstrong beats Ambers and Ross will be he considered the best featherweight of all time? I think Louis will defeat Schmeling. Do you agree with me? I am five feet 4½ inches, weigh 125 pounds and am sixteen years of age? What will my height and weight be when I reach maturity?

A.—He is by me but Eddie Borden and others disagree. They contend that Thil was not the world champion when Apostoli beat him, Borden insists that Steele is the champion but I can't see his line of reasoning. Unlikely. Yes, by all means. No. Five feet 8 inches and weight about 145 pounds.

John Akers, Wildwood, Canada

Q.—Have you any record of a fight between Tommy Burns and Fred Fuller? Was there ever a fighter of that name?

A.—There is no record of Burns meeting anyone by that name. The name of Fred Fuller is unknown in our files. Perhaps you mean Fred Fulton.

Bernie Massie, Plainsville, Ind.

Q.—How old are Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey now? How long was Tunney a professional boxer before he won the heavyweight title? What is Tunney doing now?

A.—Tunney is 40 and Dempsey 43 years of age. Seven years. Travelling around the country in connection with some of his business enterprises—the National Distillers.

Anthony Chase, Tampico, Mexico

Q.—I am 17 years of age, weigh 159 pounds and am 5 feet, 11 inches in height. What will my measurements be when I am 21 years of age? What would you think of Johnny McGrory's chances against Henry Armstrong if they should happen to meet? Are amateur boxers bound to wear singlets when boxing?

A.—180 pounds and 6 feet, 1 inch in height. Very little right now. Yes.

Charles Oxford, Staten Island, N. Y.

Q.—I am 5 feet, 7 inches tall, 16 years of age, 33 inch chest normal, waist 28½ inches, calf 14 inches, thigh 20 inches, neck 13½ inches, wrist 6¼ inches. Do you think that these measurements are okay for a boy of my age? What can I do to develop stomach muscles? About how much do you think I will weigh at the age of 21? Should I start boxing amateur at this age or wait until I am older? About how tall do you think I will be at 21? Is 2 miles roadwork in the morning good for me?

A.—Your measurements are perfectly normal. Bending exercises—wood chopping. 150 pounds. Between 16 and 17. 5 feet, 10½ inches. Three times weekly at that rate is plenty.

Ring Reader, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Was Jimmy Braddock ever light-heavyweight champion? If so, from whom did he win and to whom did he lose the same championship? Are Joe Louis and Tony Galento matched to fight? How much chance do you concede Tony to win, if they meet? Where was Bob Fitzsimmons born? If it were possible for Henry Armstrong and Terry McGovern to fight, who do you think would be the victor?

A.—No. Braddock tried for the title against Tommy Loughran but was beaten on points. No. A puncher like Galento has a chance with anyone. Cornwall, England. Matter of opinion, but I would favor McGovern.

Ring Reader, Pioneer, Ohio.

Q.—How old are the following: K.O. Morgan, Ben Foord, Young Bob Fitzsimmons, Freddy Fiducia? What are Ralph Zannelli's chances of winning the welterweight title? If the following men were matched, who do you think would win: Barlund-Adamick? Galento-Foord? Al Gainer-Tiger Jack Fox? Art Oliver-Arturo Godoy? How old was Fitzsimmons when he lost the middleweight title? Has Billy Conn a good chance of winning the light-heavyweight title?

A.—Morgan 30. Foord 27. Fitzsimmons 37. Fiducia 24. Very slim. Barlund, Galento. Gainer has already beaten Fox. Godoy. Fitzsimmons never lost the middleweight title. He stepped out of that division. The last time he defended the middleweight title was against Dan Creedon in 1894 when he was 32 years of age. Fair.

Johnny Gambino, Cumberland, Md.

Q.—I would like to know how old K.O. Morgan is, where he was born and if he has a chance against Sixto Escobar? Has he ever been kayoed for the full count? Where could I get in touch with him?

A.—He was born in Stamford, Conn., and his correct name is Andrew Esposito. He is in his thirties but exact date unknown to me. He was technically stopped by Al Brown in 1930 in seven rounds. Would have a very good chance against Escobar. You can reach him through his manager, Harry Baxter, Fort Shelby Hotel, Detroit, Mich.

Robert Burns, Engehard, N. C.

Q.—Was Primo Carnera stopped, TKO'd or knocked out completely by Max Baer? In what round?

A.—The fight was stopped to save Carnera from a further beating, which is the same as a technical knockout—11 rounds.

Wat Bartholomew, Moorestown, N. J.

Q.—In the Question Box you said that any time a heavyweight champion enters the ring in competition, his title is at stake. Can't a heavyweight champion have a non-title bout? Who did Max Baer defeat to become the champion? I would like to know the addresses of Jim Londos, Dean Detton, Ernie Dusek, Bronko Nagurski, Everett Marshall and Bob Pastor? Is there any booklet that carries the addresses of wrestlers and boxers?

A.—He can engage in exhibitions with sparring mates but if he fights in a state where a decision is given, then he risks his crown there. Primo Carnera. Londos, Detton, Nagurski and Marshall can be reached by writing to Jack Pfeffer, Times Building, New York City. Dusek can be reached at the Lincoln Hotel, New York City. Bob Pastor in care of Jimmy Johnston, Paramount Bldg., New York City. The 1937 edition of the Everlast Record Book carries a list of all the prominent managers and the boys they manage and a list of promoters throughout the entire world.

Howard Rebstock, Seattle, Wash.

Q.—I am 12 years old and weigh 86 pounds and am 4 feet, 11 inches in height. Could you please tell me how much I will weigh and how tall I will be when I am 20 years of age? In your February issue why did you not have Joe Jaramillo rated ahead of Young Joe Louis? He beat him. Why is not Frankie Lembo rated in the lightweight class? He went to a draw here with Umio Gen. Do you think Al Hostak is overrated and do you think he will ever become middleweight champion?

A.—You are too young for me to make a guess. Because Louis had an all-around better record. Lembo did nothing last year to rate him but may improve in 1938. Hostak is one of the most promising middleweights in the country and may develop into a championship contender or a near champion.

Joey Robinson, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Please give me the reach and height of Primo Carnera? Where is he now? What chances has Jimmy Clark of Buffalo against the leading middleweights? Where is he now? What's the best exercise for a boxer? How many hours rest should he have after a tough fight? How many fights should a good boxer have a month? What is the law if a boxer or a wrestler changes managers without the first manager knowing of such? What're the chances of Lem Franklin, a Golden Gloves heavyweight? Also Milton Shivers, of Detroit? Who is Donald Young, trainer of Shivers? Was this his first fighter?

A.—84 inches—6 feet, 5¾ inches in height. Sequals, Italy. Clark is not ranked with the first rate middleweights. Living in Chicago. Get my book, "Training for Boxers." It contains every exercise needed for the development of a boxer. A boxer should go to bed after a tough fight or go to a Turkish bath. Some can box two and three times a week while others can stand one fight every three weeks. It all depends upon who the boxer is. If he is under contract, he cannot leave the first manager unless he gets a release. Just a preliminary boy right now. Shivers looked good for a time. Young is a capable trainer who has been in the game for years.

A Ring Reader.

Q.—Could you give me the addresses of Bob Pastor, Lou Ambers, Gunnar Barlund, Tony Canzoneri, Young Corbett, Al Ettore, Terry McGovern, Phila. Jack O'Brien, Jack Sharkey? I am 12½ years old, weigh 130 pounds and am 5 feet, 10 inches tall. Could I develop into a heavyweight?

A.—Pastor, c/o Jimmy Johnston, Paramount Bldg., New York City. Ambers, c/o Al Weill, New York Hippodrome, 43rd and 6th Ave., N. Y. C. Barlund, c/o Paul Damski, Forrest Hotel, N. Y. C. Canzoneri, 530 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C. Young Corbett, c/o Tony Palazolo, Whitcomb Hotel, San Francisco, Calif. Al Ettore, c/o Lew Tendler, Broad and Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pa. Terry McGovern is dead. Jack O'Brien, 1658 Broadway, N. Y. C. Jack Sharkey, 293 Washington St., Boston Mass. You have exceptionally big height and if you can increase your weight accordingly I think you will reach 6 feet, 3 inches and weigh about 190 pounds.

Charles King, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am 15 years old, 5 feet, 9½ inches tall and weigh 180 pounds. How tall will I be and my weight at 21 years of age? What are Billy Conn's chances in the light-heavyweight division? Do you think Henry Armstrong will get the lightweight and welterweight crowns for which he is trying? How old was Harry Greb when he died? Did he ever fight Gene Tunney? Who won?

A.—Six feet, 2 inches and weight about 210 when you are 21. Conn is a good looking prospect who may develop. A very good chance for Armstrong. 32 years of age. Five times. Tunney won twice, Greb once and two no-decision contests which were given to Tunney by the newspapers.

John Beck, Passaic, N. J.

Q.—What were the names of all the Polish-American world title-holders from heavyweights to flyweights? Is it true that the late Young Stribling and Johnny Buff, the ex-champion, were of Polish descent? If so, what were their real names? Your magazine always states that Bronko Nagurski is Polish and my friends have proof he is Russian?

A.—Stanley Ketchel, Teddy Yarosz, Babe Risko, Johnny Buff, and Jack Sharkey, are Lithuanian. Buff's correct name is John Lisky. William Lawrence Stribling was Young Stribling's correct name, and he was said to have Polish blood in his veins. Nagurski is Polish-American.

Robert Campbell, Greene, Maine

Q.—Do you think that boxers of today are as good as boxers of the past? If the world's champion boxer was in the same ring with the wrestling champion, who would you pick to win? What is Max Baer's address? Do you think that Baer will ever regain the championship? I am 14 years, 11 months old, 5 feet, 6½ inches tall and weigh 120 pounds. How tall will I be and what will my weight be when I am 22? What are Paul Junior's chances of getting the title? Who would you pick between Buddy Baer and Jimmy Adamick? Max Baer and Tommy Farr? Max Baer vs. Max Schmeling. How much would you charge for pictures about 6 by 3½ inches in size? Has Joe Louis slipped since he was beaten by Schmeling?

A.—It's a matter of opinion but I would favor the boxers of the past. The wrestler would have the better chance of winning in their respective styles. Box 134, Route 1, Fair Oaks, Calif. Has a fair chance. 5 feet, 10 inches and weight about 155 pounds. Very little. Baer. Maxie showed himself the better man against Farr. Baer over Schmeling. We sell photos 8 by 11 inches on heavy glossy paper suitable for framing. Send for catalogue. Louis looked impressive against Nathan Mann and his admirers think he is better than ever.

James Erikson, Hayward, Wisc.

Q.—Was Jack Dempsey considered a slugger? Pugilists are classed as sluggers, boxers, etc. Name some types. In the fight between Dempsey and Tunney (second fight) was Tunney knocked out?

A.—Dempsey bobbed and weaved and was also considered a slugger. There are sluggers, boxers, weavers, stand-up fighters, southpaws, clowns, combination boxer-fighter. Firpo was a slugger. Tunney a boxer. Lew Tendler was a southpaw. Freddy Steele is a combination boxer and fighter. If Dempsey had retired to a neutral corner when he was ordered, Tunney might have been knocked out, but that is a matter of opinion.

J. Moore, Newcastle, Australia

Q.—Do you think that 5 feet, 5 inches is too short for a welterweight? What is a good exercise to lengthen the reach? Is Barney Ross a boxer or a fighter? I am 17 years of age and my weight is 145 pounds. What will my weight be at 21?

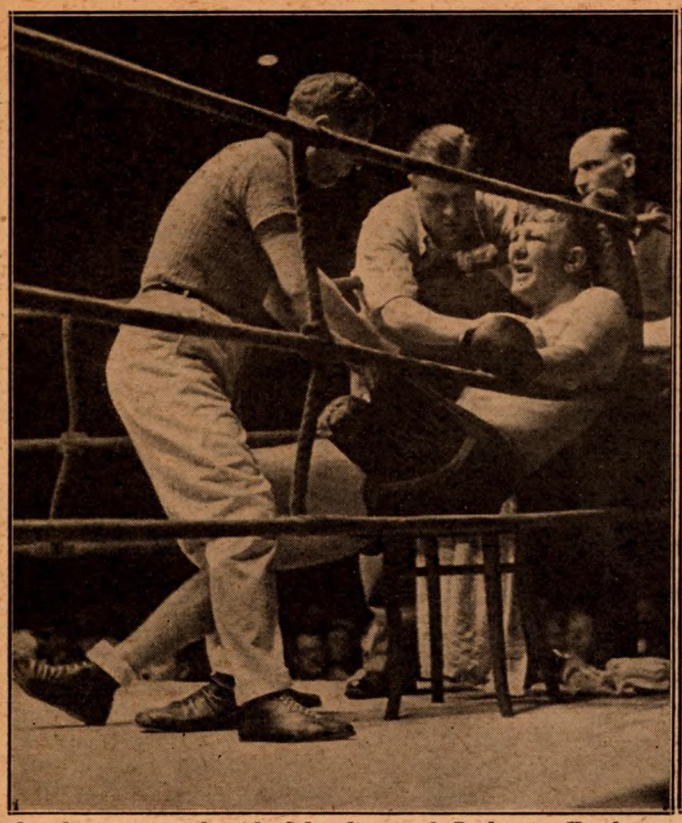
A.—Two inches taller is just about right. Stretching exercises will be beneficial. Ross is a combination boxer and fighter. From 160 to 165 pounds.

Betty Ruge, Fairhope, Ala.

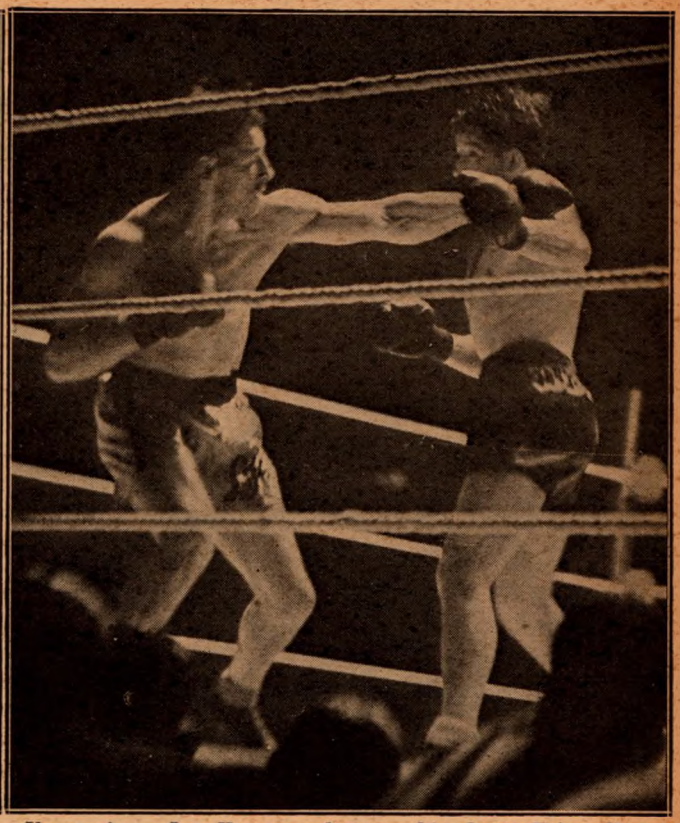
Q.—Do you think Max Baer will go far in his comeback? Who do you think is the best fighter of the following: Max Baer, Max Schmeling, Tommy Farr, Joe Louis? Do you think Farr will eventually win the championship of the world? Who would you pick as winner in fights between Max Baer vs. Max Schmeling? Farr vs. Nathan Mann? Schmeling vs. Farr?

A.—He looked very good in beating Tommy Farr. Louis, without question. Not very likely at this stage. Matter of opinion—your guess is as good as mine.

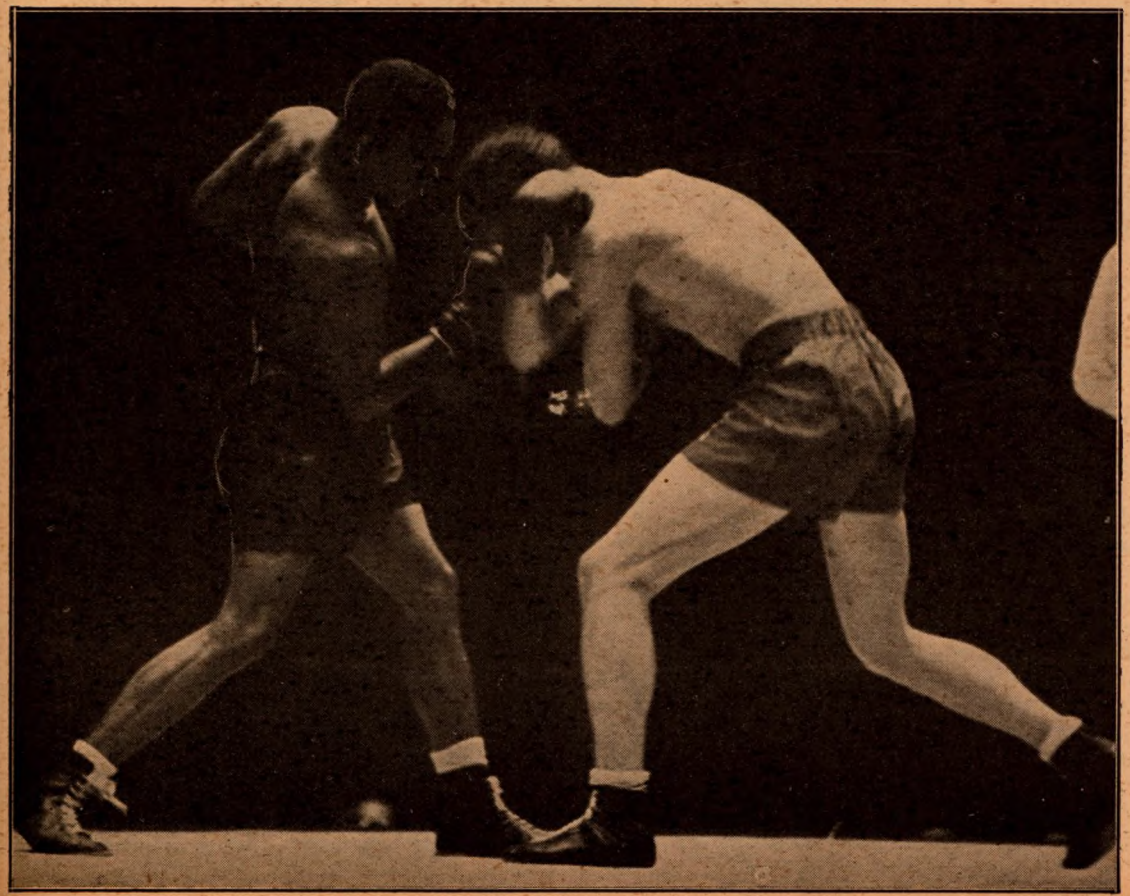
Foreign Bouts That Thrilled



On the same card with Schmeling and Dudas in Hamburg, Walter Neusel, former German heavyweight king, was pitted against Ben Foord, South African champion, in a twelve-round match. After repeated warnings, Foord was disqualified in the eighth round. Here we see Neusel sitting in his corner crying as he holds his hand over his groin.



You can't get Len Harvey to hang up his gloves. He's still at it in England. Here he is shown on the left as he misses a straight left jab aimed for Jock McAvoy's face at the Harringay Stadium. Harvey beat McAvoy and succeeded in winning the light-heavyweight championship of the British Empire. Len is both a puncher and a fighter. He ranks high in British boxing circles.



American ringmen have been fairing well in recent foreign invasions, among the victors being Frankie Covelli, Leo Kelly, Atilio Sabatino, Freddy Miller, Phil Zwick. Here we see Sabatino, Puerto Rican middleweight, crashing a right uppercut to Fred Henneberry's chin in the fourth round of their battle at Sydney, Australia. The Puerto Rican surprised the natives by being returned the victor at the end of ten rounds. Atilio is shown on the left.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By THE WRESTLING EDITOR

MAX KRAUSER, one of the best wrestlers who has come to these shores from Europe, will shortly be seen in action in Australia. Max, the Polish heavyweight king, who made a name for himself in British rings, has decided to pass up America in his tour and not take part in any matches in the United States until after his return from Australia. He hopes to compete in several lucrative bouts promised him in the Antipodes and in New Zealand.

Krauser, besides being a strong fellow, is a wrestler who resembles in action most of the stars of a few years back. He knows his holds and can take it and give when necessary. When he arrived in New York, Jack Pfeffer, Toots Mondt, Ray Fabiani and Paul Bowser were dickering for his services, but after considerable hesitation, Max decided it best not to sign with anyone until he hit Australia first.

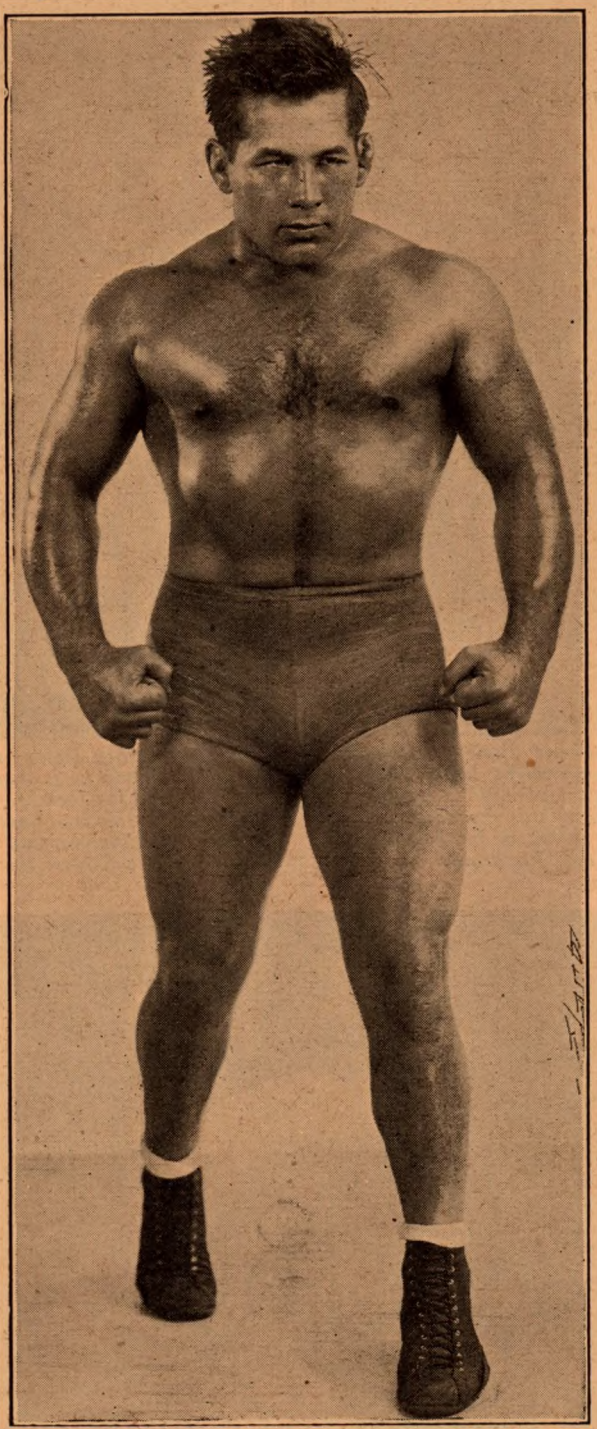
When Krauser gets into action, the fans of Australia and New Zealand will see a real matman, not a freak who depends on his whiskers and scowl. Science and strength are Max's assets.

* * *

ONE of the best cards in the East these days is Kimo Kudo, who recently defeated the highly-touted Jesse James. Kimo was billed to meet Jim Londos at the New York Hippodrome, but the match fell through at the last moment. Some reported that Jim had taken a runout because Kimo wouldn't play ball. As a substitute, James was put against Kudo, and to the astonishment of Messrs. Pfeffer and Fabiani, Jesse, who outweighed his man twenty-five pounds, was badly whipped.

A punishing wrist-lock put him out of business. It dislocated his wrist. There was quite some commotion following that defeat of the Pfeffer star, as it was fully expected the match would go the limit, with a draw as the verdict, but the Japanese, who won't play ball with any promoter or wrestler, went in and gave all he had and was roundly cheered for his efforts. He rates high and should be given more work against the cream of the talent. He has our support.

A few more Shikats and Kudos, who will "double-cross" the fixers of wrestling, will bring about a wrestling revival. We need 'em. Let's find 'em. More power to them. They are the ones who keep the fans on edge, and will bring them out in force.



Ernie Dusek, who did well in his California trip. He is a big drawing card.

A MATCH is in the making between Bronko Nagurski, the champion of the world, and Jim Londos for the Garden Bowl in Long Island City this summer. Londos has been used by the Pfeffer-Fabiani-Mondt combine with regularity to test his strength with the public, and to date it has been learned that he is just as popular now as ever.

The contention that Londos would run out of a match with Kudo seems improbable to me, considering the fact that the Greek is going as well now as when he was the world champion, and chances are that if he meets Nagurski, he'll be back where he was—at the top of the wrestling group.

Jim's science is something that few grapplers of the present field possess. He not only is cagy and slippery, but his masterly work and his ring stance are pretty to watch. A bout with Nagurski should draw well in New York. Let's have it. I think and hope that those who spread the Kudo-Londos report were all wet.

* * *

DESPITE the high class show that Stanislaus Zbyszko put on in Madison Square Garden, in which the cream of the talent from three rival groups competed, in addition to Bob Gregory, who was the added attraction, the affair lost money. Somehow wrestling doesn't seem to catch on at the Garden any more. It has been four years since a good-sized crowd has been in attendance there, but it is my firm belief that if the Garden decided to carry on and if good matches, regardless of affiliation, were staged, it wouldn't take long before the arena would be the haven of the wrestling fans again.

Had the crowd known what good bouts were in store for them, they would have turned out in force for the Zbyszko card. He had the best array of talent on exhibition that has been seen in a New York arena in five years. Better luck next time, Stanley.

* * *

THE stage is being set for a banner wrestling season in New Zealand, where the fans know their mat sport and where they expect nothing but the best. And they get it. No phonys down there. A big delegation of American stars, among them Sammy Stein, a colorful grappler; Nagurski, the champion; Chief Little Wolf, Jim Londos, Joe Savoldi, Abe Coleman and Chief Little Beaver, contemplate appearing, in addition to several Europeans, among them Max Krauser.

I AM deeply grateful to my friends in South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and India, who, during the past month have sent me beautiful gifts for my world collection from RING readers. Particularly to Hans Van der Walt and Henry Irslinger for the magnificent, gorgeous leopard skin and ivory tusks they sent from Durban; the boxing books sent by Bob Hanlon, Australia; stamps forwarded by Abdul Bhuda of Bombay, India; the Kaffir statuette gift from Mr. Carter of Johannesburg; the splendid collection of Turkish stamps from Istanubal Yessef, and the Kaffir shield from Chief Komar of Uganda. We'll have a real museum soon for the benefit of RING readers from all over the world who visit us. The sun never sets on THE RING. That's obvious from our letters. When in New York, drop in and pay us a visit. You're always welcome.

* * *

FROM Johannesburg, South Africa, comes an interesting letter to THE RING Editor from George Penchoff, one of the best matmen in the world. George, whose record speaks for itself, takes issue with the contention of Hans Van der Walt and Earl McCready, declaring that he is both the Australian and the British Empire heavyweight king. He contends that he beat Billy Meeske in 1933 for the Australian crown and Douglas Clark for the British title.

Penchoff's claim may be a justifiable one, but I don't know enough about the championships in foreign lands to argue the case. Lofty Blomfield insists that he is the Australian title-holder, and McCready, who is a Canadian by birth, says that he holds that crown. The best way to settle the argument would be for all claimants to get into the ring in an elimination.

Such an arrangement would be a great boom for the sport in South Africa or New Zealand and I don't think there would be much difficulty to get McCready and Blomfield into such an affair if staged in New Zealand or Australia. Penchoff is a fine wrestler. We have had many good reports about his prowess, especially from England. He should go a long way toward the top, and would be a great attraction if imported to the United States.

George Penchoff, claimant to Australian and British Empire titles.

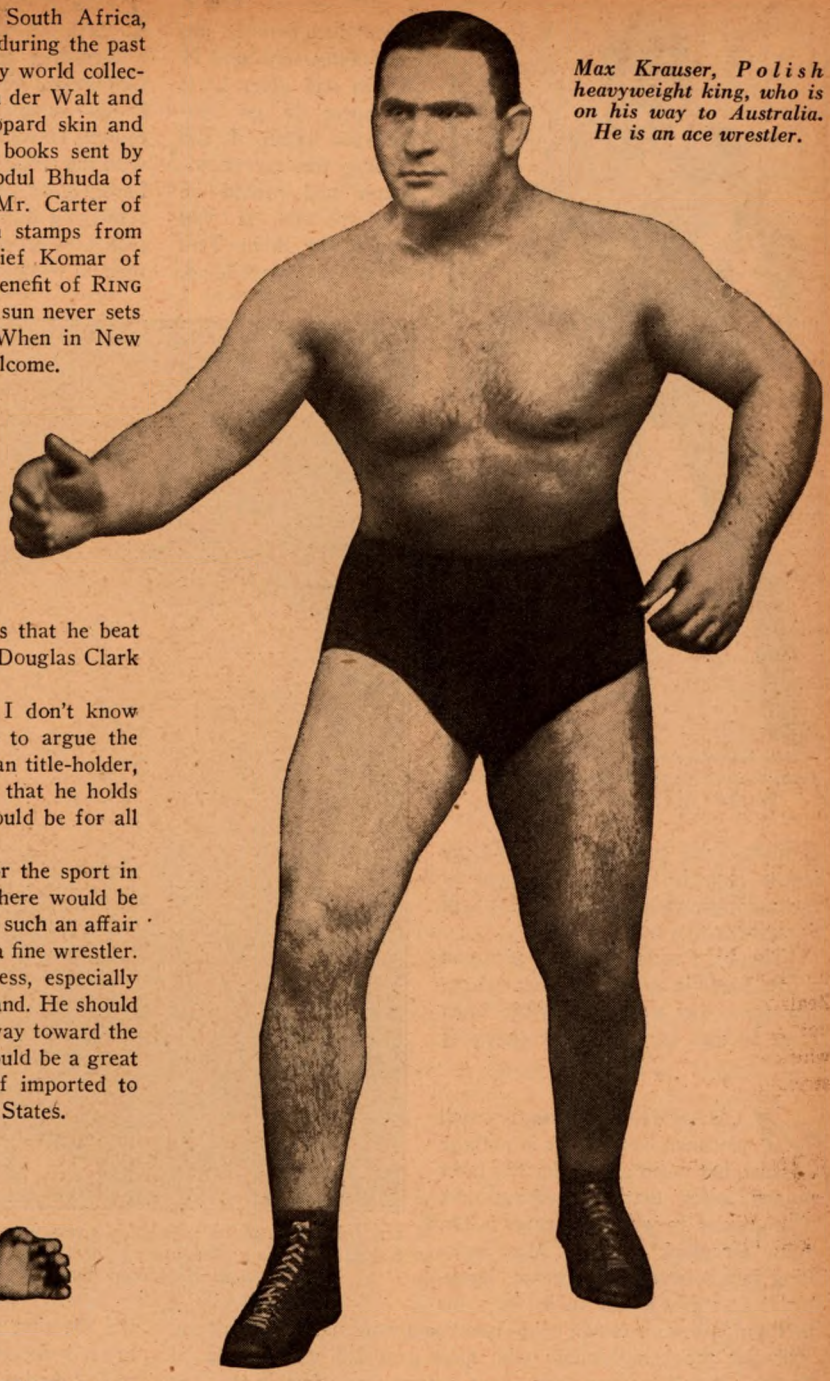
PENCHOFF writes as follows:

"I am writing you these few lines as the official heavyweight champion of Australia.

"I see in THE RING Magazine that there are others who claim the championship, but I won it from Billy Meeske in 1933 and have retained it ever since. I also see that Van der Walt and McCready claim the British Empire championship, but I defeated the British Empire champion, Douglas Clark, in Australia in 1936, and have claimed the championship ever since. I don't know that Van der Walt or McCready have ever wrestled Douglas Clark, so I don't see how they can claim the Empire championship. But I will say that I am willing to defend either title any time, even on a cement floor, against anyone who wishes to question my ability. I had a very successful tour of the States and Canada in 1936, and I will say I think the Americans are the best sports in the world and I hope to return to America in the near future. After the States, I went back to Australia and shortly after that, Dan Koloff sent for me to go to France, and from there I continued on for a year's tour of England.

"I had close to 190 matches and was only beaten once—by Jim Londos. I also had two draws with Max Krauser, a great wrestler. I found most of the English boys tough, and I wrestled such men as Tony Baer, Jim Burnett, Harry Brooks, the Iron Duke, Jack Pye, Bob Legs Langevin, Carl Reginsky, Karoli Padro Peltonin, Bulldog Bellgarnin, Paul Shikat, Armstrong, the Mighty Palmer, Tony Mancelli, Paul Lortie, Lefebvre, Koriani, Mike O'Sullivan, and others too numerous to mention.

"I also wrestled Jim Londos at Baltimore, U. S. A., on October



Max Krauser, Polish heavyweight king, who is on his way to Australia. He is an ace wrestler.

Juan Lopez, a good showman, known as the "Mexican Wild Man."

If there is any charge, I am very willing to pay. Just send an account to the accompanying address and I will forward it to you."

[Thanks, Penchoff, glad to give you a lift. There is no charge. You can repay some day with a souvenir from some foreign land for our collection.]

* * *

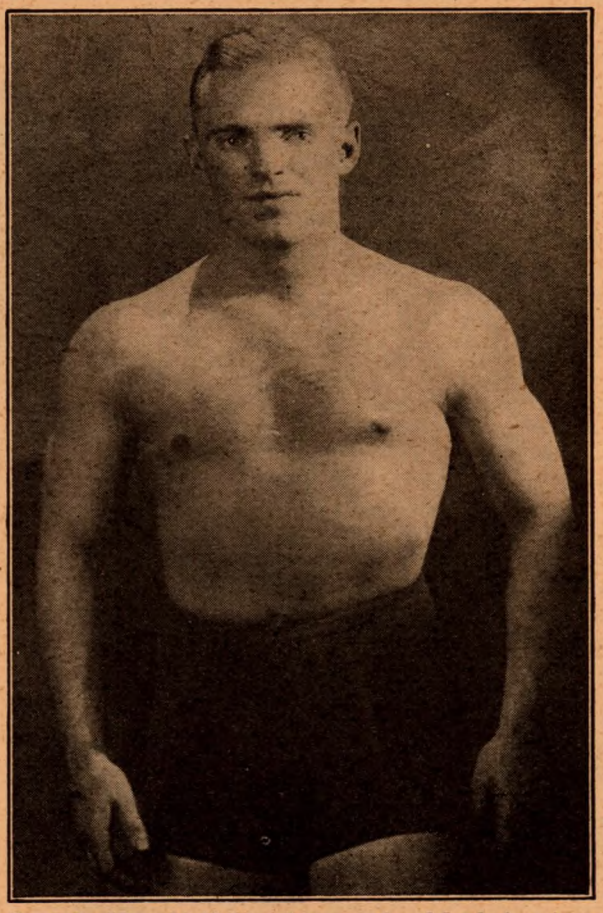
A CHARMING woman with platinum blonde hair is nothing unusual, but when a wrestler has light golden locks, that's something odd. The grunter to whom we refer is Dr. John "Dropkick" Murphy. Most wrestling fans believe that the name "Dropkick" was just stuck in between his first and last name to add color, but if you want the real lowdown, just ask the bone-benders who have grappled with the good doctor. They'll tell you they never saw so many feet in there at one time. How come? Dropkick works his feet like Barney Ross works his fists—quick as a flash. He kicks them in the face and then pins them.

Murphy is credited with introducing a new hold into the mat sport called the "Pretzel." He grabs his opponent's arms and places them underneath one of his rival's legs. The Doctor then ties his opponent's legs together and holds his man in a helpless position with the use of but one arm.

As soon as Murphy enters the ring for a bout, the fans yell "Tie 'em up, Doc," and so popular is the Doctor with the crowd that he gets the largest ovation of any matman in New York. Dropkick never starts any dirty work, but when the bad boys get rough with Murphy, his Irish blood boils and the villain is soon disposed of with a few well-placed shots on the chin to bring about the downfall of his opponent. Murphy is a credit to the sport. He is the most colorful wrestler in the game. He is always a treat.

It is amazing to see "Doc" release himself from holds that only a contortionist could get out of. In that respect he resembles Fritz Kley, who now is wrestling with success in Germany.

4, 1937, and we drew a tremendous house. I am now doing very well in Africa and after here, I expect to go into America again. I am sending you my photograph and would be very pleased if you would put it in THE RING. Also a write-up.



Dr. John "Dropkick" Murphy, sensational Irish-American wrestler. He is a pleasing performer, one of the cleverest seen in American rings in years.

EUROPEAN MAT CLIPPINGS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow:

Wrestling activities abroad seem this issue to center on the Continental circuit, while in England, just prior to an expected bumper summer season, things are moderately quiet. In the French capital, Harold Angus, the Doncaster mat genius, matched grips with the rising Parisian star, Roger Mollett, and the meeting had hardly gone twenty minutes when the arbitrator tapped Mollett, signifying that he was the winner and new welterweight champion of Europe. Some weeks later, Monsieur Raoul Paoli, Continental wrestling czar, showed Alphonse Zwahlen, Swiss middleweight, defending his European title against Jean Bianconi, French challenger. This joust went 35:02 minutes, with the reputed champion coming out on top.

* * *

Travelling to the Tower Circus, Blackpool, where William Bankier, grand old man of British grappling, governs the sport in a traditional manner, Carl von Wurden, Denmark, took the headliner, his rival, Sam Rabin, London Jewish matman, conceding the bout by retiring injured. Supporting this affair, Buster Hayes, Canada, forced Henry Wilkie into submission.

* * *

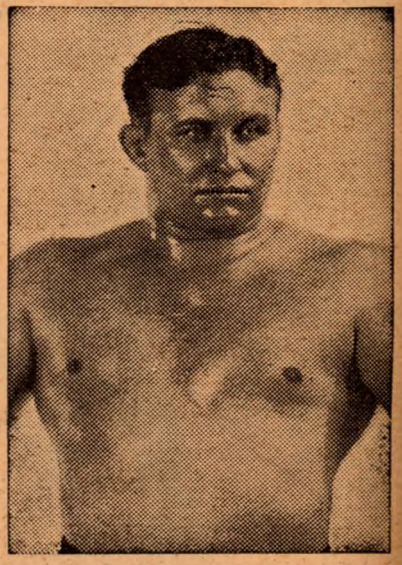
Steve Casey, regarded in some quarters of the globe as the heavyweight kingpin, may make a flying trip home within the next month or two. George "Dazzler" Clark, the Scottish sensation, has the same idea in mind.

* * *

At Lane's in London, long-limbed Jack Terry Van clashed with South African Maurice Letchford in what was rated the finest display of the last thirty days. This ended in a one-hour, no-fall draw and so close was the tilt that public demand forced Matchmaker Arthur Williams to rematch the pair and on this occasion, Terry Van used a piledriver slam, thus taking the lone fall.

* * *

Star favorite with spectators throughout England is the youthful Greek Apollo, Mike Demitre, the official light-heavyweight ruler of all Europe. His pleasing style, his ability and his personality, especially out of the ring, have made him a most worthy representative of his profession.



Pat Fraley, who can hold his own with the leaders in the heavyweight ranks.

Thoroughly razzed is rough Fritz "Red" Brokau, German bad boy, who is *devil supreme* amongst the welterweights on this side of the Atlantic. Despite his tactics, Brokau has scored over the best abroad.

* * *

PADDY and big Jim, brothers of Steve Casey, the County Kerry crusher, showed their wares to the patrons of Lane's London Club during the month that preceded. Big Jim Casey, scaling 210 pounds, utilized his brawn and a series of Irish whip wristlocks to humble game Harry Brooks, Huddersfield, in 24 minutes and 31 seconds, Brooks retiring with an injured shoulder. Paddy, the more agile of the pair, met that dour Scotchman, Jim Anderson, and won by the odd fall.

* * *

JUST FADS AND FANCIES—Whipper Billy Watson, the polished Canadian whip artist, keeps in fighting trim by playing, whenever possible, a daily round of golf . . . . Rod Fenton, bewhiskered terror, is a handball addict . . . . Bengal Engblom, the farmer boy from Finland, reads articles on psychology . . . . Herbie Parks, pink-skinned Canadian light-heavy, claims that Johannes Van der Walt refused to lock grips with him while Parks was touring South Africa.

They look alike: Johnny Dallas and Aussie Tommy Nilan, Stanley Roberts and Gorilla Jones, Earl McCready and tough Jim Burnett . . . . Jackie Dale, bouncing London middleweight, is a crack swimmer, as is Billy Kohnke, a newcomer . . . . Gil Knutson, blond Norwegian, who is going great guns in this sector, is a swell cook . . . . Armaund Courville, a recent arrival, has captivated both the promoters and the spectators with his colorful style.

Mark the best Jewish wrestler we have seen in many a day—Krasher Al Korman, elbow-hitting junior heavyweight, who has an impressive foreign win list . . . . Pat (Buddy) Flannagan, handsome Irish-Canadian, homeward bound with the charming Missus, may contest Bob Gregory upon American soil. Patsy already boasts of a victory over the Englishman, and hopes to make it a double.

* * *

ONE of the strangest matches on record took place at the Beresford Hall, London, when, to settle a personal grudge, Whipper Billy Watson threw out a challenge to Matchmaker Arthur (Taffy) Williams, demanding that he meet him in ring combat. Williams accepted, but his long absence from the mat proved a disadvantage and the Canadian won with elbow smashes and headlocks. In the semi-final, Hec Trudeau was the victor when Ala Badi, his opponent, essayed a flying tackle, missed Trudeau and went sailing through the ropes.

* * *

Jack Atherton, the lad from Lancashire, claims having done battle with the foremost middle- and light-heavyweights to visit Merrie England. He is well-versed in the Lancashire style and once held an outstanding amateur record in this ancient mode of gripping. Besides wrestling on the side, Atherton is associated in the promotion of the sport in Preston, Bolton, Warrington and other North Country centers where the grip game is highly appreciated.

* * *

At the Ardwick Stadium, Manchester, chubby Chicago Johnny Dallas kept his unbroken winning streak intact by trimming Vich Hessele, Austrian junior heavy, two falls to one. A supporting encounter saw Bengal Engblom, European middleweight title chaser, whip brilliant Bob Gardener, the talented Scottish title-holder.

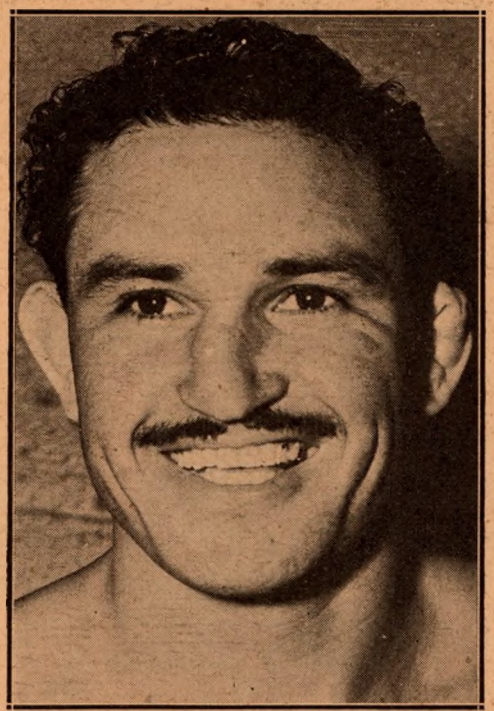
* * *

GURFEW CHATTER—Travelling home from South Africa, Dory Detton, Salt Lake City's favorite son, broke his journey by spending a few weeks in England. Pity his stay was so short, for Dory, like his brother Dean, is a clever craftsman and a mighty fine fellow . . . . Hugh McIntosh and Dutch Mantell, promotin' way down there in Texas, should be volubly proud of Jack Terry Van, for it was under their guidance that this Belgium-born middleweight, now a contender for the European crown, gained his earliest wrestling knowledge . . . . Max Krauser is in America, where he is challenging all for a sizable sidestake . . . . He will soon sail for Australia . . . . Benny Sherman, the Portland, Oregon, globe-trotter, left South African territory and is now reputed to be barnstorming through Palestine . . . . Harold Lane, that prince of good fellows, has been recuperating from a serious illness and hence missing from the ringside of his popular London wrestling promotions . . . . Jumping Joe Savoldi, holidaying in Rome before returning to the U. S. A., says that he will be back in these parts some time next season . . . . Bobby Gregory, British surf-board specialist, whose American triumphs have included the names of Lester Ryan, Sailor Jack Curley, Fred Bruno, Speedy Stacey Hall, Henry Larrasate and Tony Colesano, figures that Crusher Casey, champion under the Paul Bowser banner, could take the measure of big Earl McCready . . . . Often wondered how McCready would fare against our European world's champion, Jack Sherry.

* * *

SPEAKING of Jack Sherry, it is expected here that he will be a most active matman this summer. Plans are on the way for him to take part in the international tournament which is now under way. There is no doubt that Sherry is an excellent wrestler, and were he given the chance in America that the British give him here, he would be the world champion. He knows every trick of the trade, and unlike the average fellow who has to be protected, Sherry can stand on his own at any time. The British will have a chance to see Jack against the best talent in Europe shortly, and it is safe to predict that when the smoke of battle is over, Jack Sherry will still be the European world champion.

* * *



El Pulpo, a bone-bender with a style all his own. He is in demand on Pacific Coast.

THE yearly food bill of any athlete, especially that of a wrestler, who just must have his "snack," is tremendous. Trying to figure out what the bone-benders eat in order to keep up their weight, is similar to making a perfect score in filling out the income tax blanks.

A grappler must eat more than the average athlete. He is wrestling about five times a week. The bone-bender loses approximately ten pounds every time he takes part in a fray. There must be some way for him to regain the poundage that was taken from him in his contests.

These pachyderms are no weaklings. They scale well over the 200-pound mark, with seldom any excess weight visible to the naked eye.

Contrary to belief that wrestlers will eat anything in sight, Rudy Dusek, the eldest member of the famous Riot Squad of Bone-Breakers, points out that the grappler is more careful in the type of food that enters his stomach than any other sports contestant. Rudy also wishes to set at rest the rumors that the matmen are gluttons. It just isn't so. *(Continued on page 46)*

GETTING ACQUAINTED

By NAT FRANK

Chief Chewacki, a tough hombre who is popular in this country.

THERE was a time when the name of Zbyszko was a tongue twister hard to wrestle with, but now it is simple as John or Smith to the average mat fan, who not only pronounces it with ease but even can spell it. Wrestling, without the names of the two famous brothers—Wladek and Stanislaus—being in some form or other associated with it wouldn't be complete, somehow they are part of it.

This story deals with the younger Zbyszko—Wladek—just returned at the call of Jack Pfefer after an absence of almost seven years. Wladek Zbyszko, Graeco-Roman champion of the world, is one of the most extraordinary and colorful wrestlers the game has known. Built like the rock of Gibraltar, he has withstood the rough usage of the mat against the world's most famous wrestlers without himself showing any wear and tear.

Today he is the same Wladek come back to take on the new crop of young stars which has been developed during his long absence. It would be conveying the wrong impression to say that Wladek is coming out of retirement. Very much the contrary, for during the past seven years he has been active in every corner of the world, he staked his title against champions in foreign lands without anyone being able to beat the master.

* * *

TO Wladek Zbyszko goes the credit for making many parts of the world wrestling conscious. No other matman has opened up more countries to wrestling than he has. He packed arenas in Algeria, Morocco, Tunisia; in fact, all through northern Africa where, prior to his arrival, wrestling was virtually unknown. We find him wrestling in Rabat, Oran, Casablanca, Fez and Sadi-Belabese, center of the French Foreign Legions, where his success was beyond belief. But his greatest efforts were in Spain before the present unpleasantness broke out. There he made the sport so popular that for a time he rivalled bull fight crowds on Sunday afternoons.

Wladek wrestled in Spain until he had to leave. He was among the last to heed the warning of government and move. He tells us that it was a common thing to have the plaudits of the crowd ring in his ears, but also the boom of guns, not too far off.

His success in Spain made the country wrestling-minded and it is largely due to him that the youth of Spain have taken up the sport and lined themselves alongside other nations to play their part in the ancient game. Because of Wladek Zbyszko's ability to capture the crowd's imagination, these young Spaniards have modelled themselves after the Polish champion and many of them are now in this country seeking fame and fortune on the mat.

From Spain, Wladek went to his native Poland to take part in the Polish national wrestling tournament, which he won. He received an ovation such as accorded only visiting diplomats or people of much prominence. Presented with a gold medal by the Minister of Physical Education on that occasion, it is one of his most valued trophies won in Europe.

* * *

WE next find Wladek in India, where he went to make a special study of the Gama school of wrestling—probably the most famous institution of its kind in the world. He visited Lahore, capital of the Punjab, where he had the honor of meeting the great Gama himself—now in his seventieth year, but still considered in India the master wrestler of the world. Wladek saw Gama in his famous school grooming young, promising pupils and dreaming of one day turning out a mighty matman who will be as famous as himself.

But Wladek did not tarry in India long. From there he departed for South Africa, where the sport is enjoying a big boom. He attracted large crowds and came out with many triumphs.

From South Africa, Wladek invaded South America, and his mat work in the republics south of the Equator is known to every mat fan. He was responsible for making Buenos Aires one of the greatest wrestling centers in the world—more than 20,000 fans attended one single match held in the open air, where Wladek was the chief attraction. In Brazil, Uruguay, Chile and Peru, Wladek continued his triumphant march, opening more and more arenas and spreading the gospel of wrestling to tens of thousands of mat fans.

Jack League, Texas wrestler, who has been performing with success in the East.

Wladek Zbyszko is highly educated. He attended the University of Warsaw, and for a time thought seriously of making the concert stage his career because of his exceptional gift for the violin. He was taught by famous masters, but his size and tremendous strength needed an outlet more rugged. A linguist of note—he speaks fluently ten languages—he has travelled every inch of the civilized world, speaking to people in their native tongue and understanding for himself the customs and ideas of the countries he visited.

Back in America, Wladek, under the banner of Pfefer, again is on the war path. He is still a great athlete and can trim most of the fellows who are masquerading as challengers for the catch-as-catch-can title. Zbyszko claims the

Wladek Zbyszko, who is making a comeback after a long layoff.

Chewacki even carries a seven-inch scar on his left leg, directly under his knee. This was caused when an enraged spectator stabbed him, following one of his usual rough-house brawls.

Even his arms are so marked up from stopping various missiles that he actually looks like a tattooed man. Yes, this mat ruffian has lost numerous molars in scuffles with angered fans and peace officers.

The Gypsy-Indian has brought several new wrinkles into the grip and get gripped game. His tactics have been the cause of countless uprisings in the various arenas.

* * *

OF Everette Kibbons of Tulsa, Okla., it can be truthfully said that he DID NOT SEE the light of day when he was born November 18, 1910. The reason for this is that Kibbons WAS BORN BLIND. When he was three years of age, a prominent European eye specialist, who was in this country at the time, performed a delicate operation on the infant, and it was then that the baby saw light for the first time.

Kibbons' eyesight is now perfect. He has made it a habit to be examined at least once yearly and always came off with a 100% average for vision. If that isn't a case for Bob Ripley, of "Believe It or Not" fame, or John Hix, of "Strange As It Seems" notoriety, then off hand we don't know what is.

When Kibbons became a young man, he aided his dad in the bakery business. The elder Kibbons practically had to force his son out of the bakeshop in order to gain a higher education. He enrolled at A. & M. and gained his sheepskin as a draughtsman. It was his job to draw and read blueprints, which is a strain on the eyes of any healthy individual, let alone on one who was born blind. But that operation gave Kibbons even stronger vision than one with normal eyesight and he kept at that job of drawing plans.

While at college he also took part in three major sports. He played football, wrestled and was on the track team. Anyone can tell you that it takes plenty of IT to become a member of the Oklahoma Aggies grid, mat and track squads, but Kibbons was undaunted and not only made the teams, but he also basked in the limelight in all three sports.

As a grappler he was unbeatable, so much so that in 1929 and 1930, he won the United States amateur light-heavyweight and heavyweight championships.

In 1931, he was prevailed upon to enter a professional wrestling career, and from that day to this, the name of Kibbons has been known to all followers of the sport. He has seen action in practically every ring in the universe. He wrestled in South America, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia.

Today, Kibbons is rated as one of the most popular stars in the game. He pursues the orthodox lines of grappling. This 6 feet 2 inch Oklahoman, who hits the scales at 215 pounds in perfect condition, is an expert in the uses of *(Continued on page 47)*

Everette Kibbons, a popular grappler from Oklahoma.

Graeco-Roman championship and he is prepared to defend it against all comers.

* * *

THERE probably isn't a wrestler as badly marked as is Chief Chewacki, the burly Oklahoma Indian - Gypsy. Chewacki collected numerous "tokens of appreciation" from fans and police in practically every section of the land. There is no doubt that this dark hued gripster is one of the roughest matmen in the business. He casts caution to the four winds and tries in every manner, mostly illegal, to down the adversary.

His brutal tactics have gained him the scorn of the patrons of this sensational sport. More often have they decided to take the law into their own hands in efforts to retaliate for the abuse and wrong he did to his foes.

Numerous clubs, blackjacks and pop bottles, either empty or loaded, have been "bounced" off Chewacki's bean when he became uncontrollable. Ugly scars adorn his head and face, and each "impression" will be carried by the 250-pound Redskin to his grave.

"KNOBBY" METHANY

By LEW PORTER

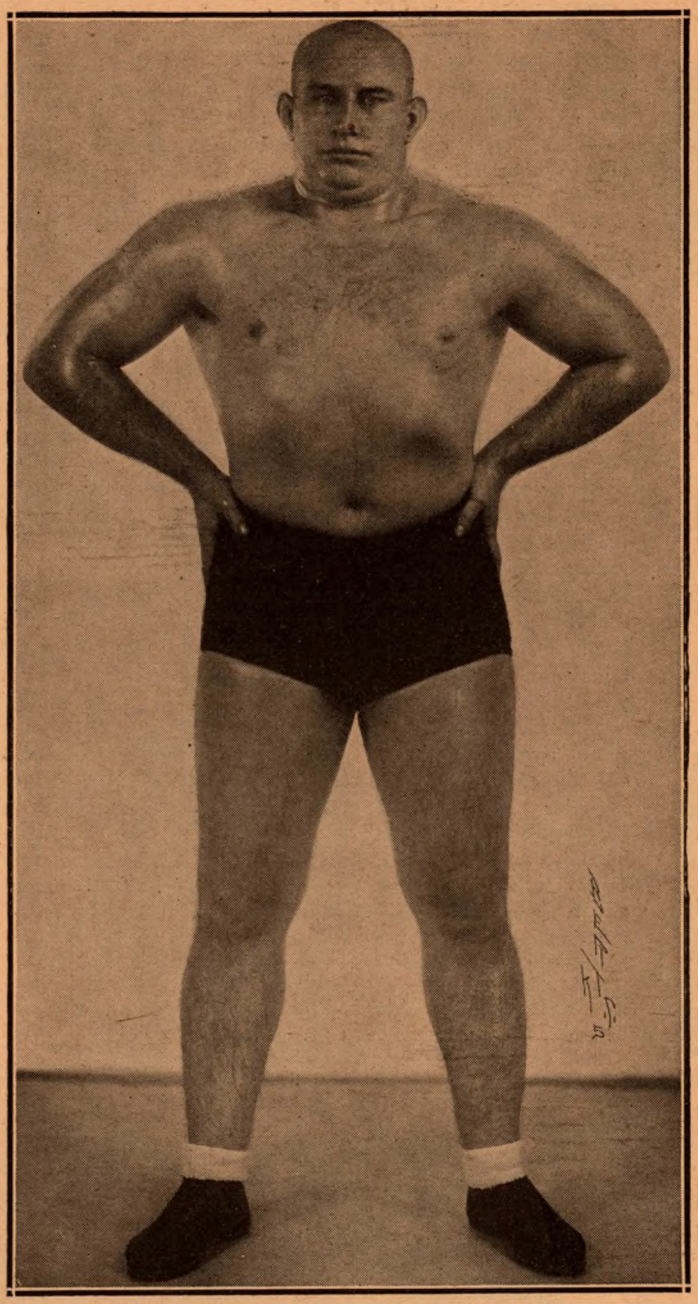
CALIFORNIA mat fans are in a quandary of late over the startling actions of Mr. Harold Othello Methany, a promising young cranium cruncher out of Ainsworth, Nebraska.

Methany is thirty-two years old, bald headed, bull-voiced, happily wed and balloon-shaped. In fact, he is almost over-stuffed.

He is strongly addicted to food in all forms and is at his smiling best when wadding his gullet to capacity. He is also very fond of thumping guys on the noggin, and does a very fine job of it every Tuesday night for Matchmaker Joe Malcewicz at Dreamland Auditorium in San Francisco.

Now, Mr. Malcewicz, who is brawny, gray-thatched and taciturn, is normally a man of refined and loving instincts. Ordinarily, he would think twice before squashing a mosquito on his own knob, and he will remain silent for hours to avoid interrupting even the most trivial conversation. The brutality of his own gladiators often brings tears to his honest eyes.

Nevertheless, it is this same gentlemanly Malcewicz who is driving naked-noggined Methany wild with blood lust. In fact, it is now common street gossip that Malcewicz can hardly sleep nights for thinking up new raw-meat ideas for Methany. As a result, Methany is now taking haymakers at strangers he passes on the street.



Knobby Methany, Nebraska colorful wrestler.

It is not the general belief that Malcewicz wants to see Methany hit the front pages for mayhem or murder, as that would deprive him of Methany's services on Tuesday evenings, and thus he would lose one of his star gate attractions. It is rumored, however, that Malcewicz does not mind watching Methany being carted to the clink now and then, as Mr. Methany's strident tones often give the Dreamland impresario a severe throbbing in the conk.

* * *

THE reason for Methany's overwhelming thirst for violence, we find, are his talks with the San Francisco mat czar. Malcewicz once informed the Nebraskan that all topnotch matsters are killers at heart—tough guys who, not content with smacking an opponent loop-legged, generally haul him up by the hair and smack him some more.

"It's the same in this business as it is in fighting," Malcewicz stated. "There's no room for the soft heart. The big jack is strictly for the meanies."

By way of illustration, Malcewicz recounted the gory deeds of the late "Farmer" Burns into a touching story of the Iowan's success on the pad and, impressed, Methany tore outside and put the slug on a couple of passers-by.

"I guess that pegs me as a meanie," Methany snarled, as with some pride, he briskly rubbed his knuckles and watched his victims hot-foot it down the street.

Malcewicz, however, emphatically states there is going to be no more of that sort of thing. The incident cost him a pretty penny since the gendarmes arrived on the scene soon after Methany's knuckle-dusting and, as it came to pass, Methany required considerable bailing out of jail.

Another time Malcewicz spoke with great gusto on the sanguine career of Joe Stecher and Methany right away rammed his fist in a bellboy's eye and then followed through by winging a house-dick on the whiskers. The cop retaliated by splitting a chair over Methany's glistening dome and then called the wagon.

The following morning it cost Methany $25 to get out of the jug and fifteen more for patchwork on his skull. All of which caused considerable suffering in the Nebraskan's household, as Methany is not a playboy with his kale.

* * *

A RAP on the pate, however, is nothing new to Methany. During the past year, his conk has stopped enough fruit and vegetables to stock a good-sized grocery store. One gander at Methany's shining cranium and the gallery gods crave throwing material. They usually come well prepared for business the second week.

Oranges, tomatoes and furniture are not the only things that have bounced off of the Methany noodle. A fan in Stockton recently niblicked him between the eyes with a bone-handled umbrella and our hero spent a long and bitter week-end behind drawn blinds with a pair of coal black shiners. Methany still has part of the bumbershoot. A sawbones pried it out of his skull the following day.

The Nebraskan has been hot on the trail of world's champion Bronko Nagurski for the past six months, but to no avail. Tony Stecher, the champ's manager, has turned a deaf ear to all pleas. He figures the odds are too great. Someone might recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade" to Methany just before the bell.

Handicap Matches

(Continued from page 29)

Bob Fitzsimmons was a bold adventurer. As the middleweight champion of the world he had never been defeated. He had outgrown the class and set out to torment Jim Corbett into a brawl for pay. No two men ever hated each other as these two did. Corbett, always haughty and prone to have things go his way or not at all, kept old Bob on the hot seat.

Finally Corbett, by way of revenge, threatened to turn over his title to Steve O'Donnell or Peter Maher. Jim just didn't want Ruby Robert to get a crack at it. The public sensed Jim's aversion to Fitz and set up a yowl about a showdown. Corbett gave in, and they met at Carson City, Nev., on March 17, 1897. Jim lost.

Fitz always claimed that he weighed a few pounds over the middleweight limit, a statement probably concocted to rile Jim. Lou Housman told Corbett years later that Fitz weighed 172. It was a bitter defeat for Corbett, especially when Fitz vowed he never would give Jim a chance to regain the title. He didn't, either.

* * *

THERE was one darling among the giant baiters. He was brilliant Charley Mitchell, middleweight champion of England. He was so proficient that he had to move to other countries for real opposition and John L. Sullivan and Jim Corbett became his mortal enemies.

The dashing Britisher fought Sullivan on the turf at Chantilly, France, the bout, a bare knuckle affair, ending in a draw in the thirty-ninth round. They fought with long spikes in their shoes and Mitchell enraged the Boston Strong Boy by continually gaffing him on the shins as he darted in and out like a game cock. Sullivan got hunk a few years later when he battered Charley so thoroughly that the police stopped the bout in the third round in Madison Square Garden.

Mitchell's next important bid for heavyweight championship honors, though still a middleweight, was against Jim Corbett at Jacksonville, Fla.

Charley lasted a little less than three rounds, but he gave proud Jim the first bloody nose of his whole career, an indignity which wrankled in Jim's breast to his dying day!

Mitchell had kept Corbett waiting in the ring for an entire hour. Corbett was fit to be tied. When Mitchell finally appeared, he looked across the ring, smiled, and then gave Jim a big wink! This only added to Corbett's wrath. He raced over to "Snapper" Garrison, the official timekeeper, and shouted:

"Snapper, you pull that bell as quickly as you can. I'll make mince meat of this fellow."

The bell rang and Corbett fairly ran at Mitchell. As Jim rushed in, Mitchell, grinning, said:

"What ho! Here so SOON?" With that, Mitchell side-stepped and then stuck out his left, blasting it full in the middle of Corbett's generous nose.

"It was the hardest punch ever I got in my life. I saw a million stars and blood running from my beak for the first time in my career. I was mad enough to kill the guy. It was a good thing for Mitchell that I had only gloves for tools. Boy, he had me sizzling," said Corbett in telling the story of the man who would a giant killing go.

Among those who held the championship in one division and then competed in the higher division in handicap matches were Mickey Walker, who, when welterweight king, took on Harry Greb, who held the middleweight title; Benny Leonard, while the lightweight ruler, took on Jack Britton for the welterweight title; Walker, while the leader of the middleweight class, fought Tommy Loughran, who held the light-heavyweight crown; Stanley Ketchel, ruler of the middleweight class, clashed with Jack Johnson for the heavyweight crown; Johnny Kilbane, holder of the featherweight title, took on Benny Leonard in a bout for the lightweight title.

So, after all, the task which Hank Armstrong set for himself might not have been so foolish as it seemed at its inception. It's been done—by experts!

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

By PATSY DONOVAN

NORMENT QUARLES of Richmond and Charlie Gomer of Baltimore hooked up in Baltimore in a 10-rounder to decide the mythical lightweight championship of the South. Quarles, by a fast finish, took the nod after one of the hardest fought battles seen in Baltimore in many a day. Both boys were well spent and many of the fans thought the Baltimorean entitled to a better fate. Ivan Nedomaski belted out Sammy Baccala in the third round of an eight-round semi-final.

George Abrams of Washington turned the tables on Jimmy Jones of Baltimore in their return bout at Washington. Jimmy, who had recently flattened Georgie, was out to make it two in a row but as the bout progressed Abrams gained confidence. Johnny Dube of New York acted as a last minute substitute against Ray Ingram and handed Ray an artistic lacing in the bargain. Dube showed plenty of glass and in fact stole the show.

Red Burman of Baltimore had an easy time with Charlie Massera of New York in 10 rounds at Baltimore. Red started slowly but as the bout progressed warmed up to his task and by the final bell had the game New York veteran in a bad way. Charley Thompson repeated an eight-round win over Vic Finazzo in the semi-final.

Steve Mamakos of Washington took the decision over Tony Ciaccio in a feature eight-rounder at Washington. Tony came in to substitute for Ivan Nedomaski when the latter begged off with a bad hand at the last minute. Ciaccio was not in the best of shape but gave a very good account of himself and many fans believed him the actual winner. Howard Scott of Washington won a hard fought battle over Jimmy Murray of New York in the first eight-rounder. Murray proved a tough customer, making the veteran Scott use all his knowledge of boxing to take the nod.

George Abrams of Washington won a slow eight-round decision over Jimmy O'Boyne of Boston, at Washington. The Boston boy proved a tartar for the first five rounds but seemed to soften up from Abrams' methodical body punching and in the latter rounds was content to hold and stay the distance. Lou Transperanti of Baltimore belted out Jerry LaBella of New York in the third round of the scheduled eight-round semi-final.

PICKUPS—Matchmaker Goldie Ahearn has closed the Turner Arena at Washington for the summer season to shortly get under way at the Griffith Stadium where he hopes to show at least two champions during the summer months. Baltimore has a real comer in Lou Transperanti.

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UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI

By KEN FERGUSON

BOXING fans all over the South were startled not long ago when they read that Ben Brown, southern middleweight champion, had been decisively defeated in 10 rounds by Bill Gore's Chinese light-heavyweight from New Orleans, Ralph Chong. A near capacity crowd watched open-mouthed at Captain Peeple's Miami Beach arena as the Chinaman who didn't "have a Chinaman's chance" hit Ben Brown with every punch in the book to capture eight rounds. Chong came in at 175 pounds with Brown tipping the Fairbanks at 165. Both fighters were a bit fat and obviously not in the best of condition. It was Brown's first start in well over a month.

Sportswriters and fans around Miami who had watched Brown annihilate some classy opposition during the Fall and Winter by virtue of an accurate, fast left jab, a jarring right cross and excellent footwork, were puzzled for an answer to his sudden lethargy. A difference in style was obviously not the correct solution because Brown had previously beaten Chong in Baltimore last summer. Perhaps it was the lengthy layoff or maybe the psychological reaction following the defeat by Gus Lesnevich. Or mayhap the presence in Chong's corner of one Bill Gore, Chong's new manager, as clever a handler as ever whispered in a pug's ear.

As a new king died, an old king was reborn. We refer to the comeback of Joe Knight, erstwhile light-heavyweight Leviathan whose southpaw slants went booming along championship corridors not so many years ago. In fact, one night in Miami they boomed so loudly in Maxie Rosenbloom's ears that Maxie very nearly forgot to clutch his shaky crown. That was the evening Knight went 15 rounds to a draw with Slapsie Maxie for the title. Today, Joe Knight, still a young man, is battling his way toward another title bout.

Yucatan Kid, Mexico's contribution to Miami's fight colony, whipped Ray Ingram of Washington without much trouble in Captain Peeple's initial show after taking over the Miami Beach arena. The squat, broad shouldered Kid is a promising lightweight who lifted eyebrows with wins over Norment Quarles and Tommy Speigal last winter.

Bobby Britton laced on the mittens for the first time in over a month when he encountered the veteran Stumpy Jacobs of Richmond, Va., in a 10-rounder at Weinberg Twins Armory Arena. Britton proved that the layoff improved his fighting considerably by punching Stumpy at will for an easy win. One thing is certain. His dad, your favorite world welterweight champion of years bygone, is working overtime with the kid to climb the heights.

Percy Watson kept his long victory string intact by beating Abe Schneider in the eight-round semi-final on the Britton-Jacobs card. This Watson is improving rapidly as witnessed by his win over Charley Jerome, a fighter who received a decision over Ben Brown's conqueror, Ralph Chong, in an exhibition tilt. Ben Hale, Watson's manager, may trek north with his two good boys, Watson and Jimmy LeCroix, during the summer. Both kids are sure-fire attractions in any man's league.

Captain W. H. Peeples, Jr., staged another great swatfest between aspiring young main eventers at Miami Beach with Joey Raymond, Tampa lightweight king, eking out a doubtful decision over Washington's Joey Green in 10 rounds, and Snag Trowbridge, war horse from West Palm Beach, awarded the nod over the new Mexican importation, Mario Ramon, in another disputed verdict. Both fights were old-fashioned brawls, so delightful to the gallery gods. Raymond's decision over Green should have been a draw. Snagger's decision was also roundly hooted by the bugs. Ramon, weighing 135 pounds, forced the fight all the way, opening a nasty cut over Trowbridge's right eye in the ninth. Snagger, however, powdered the Mexican with left hooks to the midriff consistently. It was another hairlinc verdict.

Percy Watson, like old man river, continued merrily along, whipping Chet Giddeon in eight rounds after spotting the Oklahoma puncher 12 pounds. Watson weighed 148½ pounds. Young Hayden outpointed Frankie McKenna in the six-round opener.

Johnny Higgins, Oakland, Iowa, middleweight, who fought up and down these United States more more than a decade, informs us he is through with the squared circle for good. Higgins at one time was recognized as state lightweight champion of Iowa, leaving the corn country to engage fighters like Tod Morgan, Tony Herrera, Goldie Hess and Carl (Red) Guggino. Johnny only recently returned from a lengthy stay in Belize, British Honduras, where he fought Sam Bill, Honduras champion, twice. Higgins has a legion of friends all over the country who wish him well. He may be reached at General Delivery, Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where he acts as bouncer for Harley Brady, popular Lauderdale night club proprietor and sportsman.

Fleischer Picks Louis

(Continued from page 8)

decision)—Charley White, referee.

*1919—July 4—Jack Dempsey knocked out Jess Willard in three rounds at Toledo, Ohio—Ollie Pecord, referee.

1920—September 6 — Jack Dempsey knocked out Billy Miske in three rounds at Benton Harbor, Mich.—Jack Dougherty, referee.

1920—December 14 — Jack Dempsey knocked out Bill Brennan in twelve rounds at New York—H. Haukaup, referee.

1921—July 2—Jack Dempsey knocked out Georges Carpentier of France in four rounds at Jersey City, N. J.—Harry Ertle, referee.

1923—July 4—Jack Dempsey won on points from Tom Gibbons of St. Paul, in fifteen rounds at Shelby, Mont.—Jack Dougherty, referee.

1923—September 14—Jack Dempsey knocked out Luis Firpo in two rounds at New York—Jack Gallagher, referee.

*1926—Gene Tunney won the title from Jack Dempsey on points, ten rounds, in Philadelphia—Pop Reilly, referee.

1927—Gene Tunney won from Jack Dempsey on points, ten rounds, in Chicago —Dave Barry, referee.

1928—Gene Tunney knocked out Tom Heeney, New York City, in eleventh round. Bout stopped. Ed Forbes, referee.

1928—Gene Tunney retired.

*1930—June 12—Max Schmeling won on a foul from Jack Sharkey in fourth round, New York City—Jim Crowley, referee. New champion recognized.

*1932—June 21—Jack Sharkey won on points from Max Schmeling in fifteen rounds, Long Island City Bowl—Gunboat Smith, referee.

*1933—June 29—Primo Carnera knocked out Jack Sharkey in six rounds, Long Island City Bowl, N. Y.—Arthur Donovan, referee.

1933—October 22—Primo Carnera won from Paulino Uzcudun, fifteen-round decision, in Rome—M. Nicod of Switzerland, referee.

1934—March 1—Primo Carnera won from Tommy Loughran, fifteen-round decision, in Miami—Leo Shea, referee.

*1934—June 14—Max Baer stopped Primo Carnera in eleven rounds, Long Island City Bowl, N. Y.—Arthur Donovan, referee.

*1935—June 13—James J. Braddock won the decision from Max Baer, 15 rounds, Long Island City Bowl, N. Y.—Arthur Donovan, referee.

*1937—June 22—Joe Louis knocked out Jimmy Braddock in eighth round, Comiskey Park, Chicago—Referee, Tommy Thomas.

*Title changed hands.

Schmeling vs. Louis

(Continued from page 16)

the two most dangerous right-handed belters Louis ever met, although earlier in his career, young Al Delaney landed a fearful right-hander on the Louis jaw before Joe caught up with, and stopped, him.

Nathan Mann is no cream puff puncher with his starboard mitt. He dropped Bob Pastor with it but Louis' left hook was just what the doctor ordered for Nathan, even though he did shake up Louis once or twice with good rights.

On the other hand, outside of Louis himself, Schmeling's record discloses the names of no left-hookers of any repute as knockout artists. Risko, Sharkey and old Paolino Uzcudun all had left hooks of better than average power, but none possessed anything in that line even approximating the dynamite laden convincer that Joe tosses at his opponents. Against all these men, Louis included, Max has been, to say the least, quite successful.

Sharkey received a decision over him but the Gabby Gob's stream of left jabs, rather than his sharp hook, were the payoff punches that night, while his knockout at the hands of Max Baer was brought about by the Livermore Larruper's free wheeling roundhouse rights.

Against Louis the first time, the German caught innumerable left jabs, but was nailed with few left hooks; in fact, a rib-crushing blow to the body in the seventh was the only portside punch of any importance Louis landed in the entire fight. Rated off his record, Schmeling seems to be a difficult target for a left hook.

* * *

THE same thing cannot be said of Louis with regard to his vulnerability to a right-hand punch. He has been nailed with great frequency by all manner of boxers with starboard wallops, although in every instance but the Schmeling debacle, his own tremendous punching powers have been his salvation. Looking at things from another angle, however, Louis has repeatedly demonstrated his ability to ruin an opponent with a single left. If the blow does not render his adversary completely *hors de combat,* it leaves him in such a reduced state of destruction that the actual quietus is only a matter of time.

Examining Schmeling's right in this respect, it is not disclosed as a punch of killing proportions. His most ardent admirers have never presented the German as a one-punch kayo artist of the Baer, Fitzsimmons or Langford type.

He is nearly always content to go along landing his accurately placed damaging rights for several rounds, with an effect somewhat similar to that of water dripping upon a stone, before completing the final subjection of a rival. His hitting in the past has been so accurate and monotonous that the desired effect has been produced as completely as in the case of a one-blow knockout expert.

The relative merits of the left hook and the right cross have been argued for decades. There have been few times in boxing history when the matter has come up for decision with so much at stake as there will be when the Uhlan and the Bomber meet this month.

Probably the future instruction and science of fisticuffs will hinge upon the supremacy of Schmeling's right or Louis' left. Certainly there have been few sporting events in the world's history that have gripped the imagination of the earth's population like this coming battle for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Veteran Reminisces

(Continued from page 23)

in that early day, "One-Eyed" Connolly of Chicago (the original gate-crasher), and Bob Farrell of St. Louis, who went to every battle without a penny in their pockets, rode in the best cushioned seats, ate and drank the best in the land, and when the fun started, were conspicuous by their presence in the front row and loquacious, more than any others, in predicting how the battle would terminate.

"John L." referred to these gate crashers as "pests" but he was always the first to stake them and to encourage them in their ways and means of obtaining the good things in life without working for them.

At all the great fights in those days, "the Fancy" was in its element and its toughest members, many of them with a price on their heads, were on those various battlegrounds immune from arrest or annoyance of any sort. Between the followers, good and bad, there appeared a free masonry and a gentleman's agreement, that on such occasions they should not only be immune for past or present crimes, but that each should share his last dollar with his less fortunate comrade and then some.

At this time there were men traveling far and wide who appeared beyond the pale of the law. Many of them were a terror to their communities and had reputations of being quick with the knife and the gun. Every great city had its rough and desperado who defied the existing authorities.

* * *

AT this time where prize fighting in all states was looked on as criminal and also felonious and where spectators were declared under the law as guilty as the principals, these outlaws were in their element and conspicuous always at the ringside at every important battle.

"The Fancy" was wonderfully represented at the Sullivan-Ryan fight. It stood out stronger and more numerous then than ever before or afterward. Standing out boldly and in wonderful prominence was Red O'Leary, then New York's greatest bank robber, a man of great stature and wonderful face, and near him Dan O'Leary, the champion pedestrian who had beaten the world at home and abroad at the walking game. One represented the highest type in illegal and desperate life and his namesake all that was honest and loyal in the field of sport.

In another group were Frank and Jesse James, the famous train robbers. There were men there who recognized them as the Edwards brothers, who had raced Jim Malone and other great thoroughbreds up and down the first great racing circuit from St. Louis to New Orleans. Now the James boys looked well dressed and youthful.

Two months later Jesse was killed by his nephew, Bob Ford, at St. Joe, Missouri, and Frank had surrendered to Governor Thomas T. Cuttenden of the "Show me State." Often I met Frank after that in St. Louis where he was employed as ticket taker at the Standard Theater and often we talked of the wonderful fighter Sully was that day at Mississippi City.

Jimmy Elliot was here belittling and offering to bet "John L." $2,500 that he

could not make him quit in four three-minute rounds. Sully accepted Jimmy's offer, but they did not come together until July 4, of that 1882 year when the Boston Boy met the "Cockeyed One," as Elliot was then called, and put him away in the third round. A little later, Jerry Dunn of Chicago shot and killed Elliot and got away with the killing on a plea of having shot only in self-defense.

* * *

THREE of a kind hard to beat in this strange company, each over six feet in height and beautifully dressed and jeweled were John Deery, champion billiardist of the world; Tom Foley, a great billiard player, and John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy. When the fight was over, Foley presented a land singing mocking bird to Heenan which the world famous pugilist took along to his lady love in New York, and I received from Heenan as a gift, his ruby-studded ring and a solid silver watch, both of which are now on exhibition in THE RING headquarters and each of which has Heenan's name inscribed.

Others at this battle that I can call to mind now were Sam Collyer, Arthur Chambers and Billy Edwards, perhaps the first contenders for the American lightweight championship, and Joe Coburn, who had fought Mace, Allen and other great ones for heavyweight honors. And with Coburn was Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish giant, who in his day was the tallest, heaviest and broadest representative of the prize ring.

Standing next to O'Baldwin in great height and weight was Mike McCoole, the St. Louis prize fighter, who ten years before had fought Tom Allen and Tom Gallagher for the world's heavyweight championship near St. Louis.

"Who'll win, Mike?" I asked him.

"Look at him," said Mike, pointing at Sully, "who can beat anything that looks like that? He must be bigger than I was about the shoulders when you saw me at my best. I never saw anything that looked quite so good to me as he does."

Mike told in a good-natured way the story of his downfall, of how he had gotten his start in the prize ring by beating Aaron Jones, who had fought two battles with Tom Sayers in England, and of how he had made thousands out of his fights with Allen and Gallagher; of how he had opened a saloon in St. Louis and how happy he was until one night his wife ran away with one of his bartenders.

And then Mike told of his search for his missing spouse which ended in the loss of all his money and jewels until now he was juggling cotton bales and rolling barrels of sugar and molasses on the levee at New Orleans. It was a funny story and both McCoole and friends laughed as he told it.

* * *

LISTENING to McCoole with the rest was Bill Clarke, the "Belfast Chicken," straight and stalwart at that time.

Joe Goss, who lost the title to Ryan, thought Sullivan would be an easy victor. Arthur Chambers, John Clark and Mike Cleary, the big three from Philadelphia, all took the Sullivan end of the betting. Pete McCoy, Harry Hicken and Billy Madden, three famous fistic characters, sat in Sullivan's corner when Madden was in charge. They had bet all they had on Sully at odds of 2 to 1.

In that olden day in a prize fight of any importance, one in which men of reputation and known skill at the boxing game met, it was the custom for each of the principals to issue a set of colors before they fought, these setting forth on a ground work generally of white silk and in letters of gold or silver the country from which they came and the flag under which they or their forefathers had fought the good fight.

You could tell just who the attendants at each great fight favored by glancing at the colors they carried for they wore them always in some conspicuous place, sometimes pinned across the waistcoat, sometimes tied around their throats in lieu of a regular scarf or necktie and sometimes on the head as a hat band.

In every great fight, too, the colors of each combatant were pinned in his particular corner and around them colors of the same sort fluttered in all directions, adding life and romance to the scene. In this fight the colors of the two men were the most beautiful and elaborate ever made, and the two which I bought are now hanging on display in THE RING headquarters.

The colors of Paddy Ryan, then the champion pugilist, had been designed by New York's leading artist. They were in the shape of a huge handkerchief of white silk with a red, green and blue border representing the colors of America, Ireland and the State of New York.. In the center was an eagle standing on a globe, the latter blue in color and dotted with white stars. On the center of the globe was a white band and on it was inscribed in blue letters, "Paddy Ryan, Champion of America." In the left hand corner was an Irish harp and in the right hand corner a sunburst, then the emblem of the Fenian brotherhood, of which Ryan was a member. In the lower left hand corner was an American shield and in the lower right the word "Excelsior" over a golden sunset representing the seal of New York State.

Sullivan's colors, elaborate and artistic, were also drawn on a white silk handkerchief with a plain green border around all. In the left hand upper corner, there was an American flag and in the right an Irish flag, while on the two lower corners there were American and Irish flags. In the center was an American Eagle, the colors entire being of beautiful design and imported for the occasion from England.

No sooner had the men entered the ring than their seconds tied these colors up in their respective corners.

Billy Madden, associated with Sullivan for years afterward as his manager, was his chief second in this first important engagement of the Boston Boy. Assisting Madden were Joe Goss, from whom Ryan had won the championship, and Arthur Chambers, then Philadelphia's leading knight of the gloves.

In Ryan's corner were the veteran Tom Kelly of St. Louis, Johnny Roach of New York, and the first Dan Daly of St. Louis.

* * *

IN that far day the referee was always selected at the ring side. No pugilist at that time would trust a referee who had been chosen before the fight. There were too many temptations in the way then, temptations that come from gamblers and sure thing men who are willing to descend to bribery or anything else to obtain the money, and who would have tried out any man chosen to fill the office of chief arbiter.

To be on the safe side, in fact, the referees were never chosen until just before the principals were called to face each other in the center of the ring.

Now the time had come to choose a referee in this contest. Hence the holding of heads together and the scheming of each crowd to obtain a referee who would give their man the battle, and without reference to his right to it.

The rival camps had shouters at hand who cried out lustily the name of some well-known member of their fancy sure and certain to give their man the best of it.

Some of Sullivan's friends shouted the names of Jim Keenan of Boston and of Goss. Ryan's friends shouted the names of Tom Allen, who was close to Tom Kelly, Ryan's chief second, and the New Orleans crowd cried aloud for Dave Hennessy, John Kelly, Bud Renaud and John Fitzpatrick, while New York came back with shouts for Billy Harding, Mike Donovan, Joe Coburn and Johnny Dwyer, known friend of the Troy Giant.

A rumor went the rounds just then that the difficulty in selecting a referee was due to Ryan's crowd not liking the looks of Sullivan and wanting to prevent the fight taking place there and then. This rumor reaching the ears of Sully, he said to Arthur Chambers, who, next to Madden, was his chief second:

"Let them pick their own referee, Arthur. All referees look alike to me."

"I've got too much sense," Arthur responded. The remark came from perhaps the wisest ring general in the gathering.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," shouted Chambers to the other side. "We'll be absolutely fair. We'll select two referees to referee this fight. You choose one and we'll choose the other."

"That's nonsense," shouted Tom Kelly, who was at Ryan's elbow. "No one ever before heard of two men being picked to referee a championship fight."

"Well, you hear of it now," retorted Chambers. "And it's a fair and square way of doing."

A minute later two men were selected to referee this first really great fight in America and it was the first time this had ever happened in the entire history of the prize ring.

Madden and Chambers for Sullivan chose Alex Brewster of New Orleans as their representative, and Kelly and Goss for Ryan picked Buck Hardy of Memphis.

After the selection of the two, a draw was looked for, but the victory was so one sided that it gave the loser and his followers no loop nor hinge to hang excuse on, and Sully was given the fight because after the ninth round poor Paddy was unable to rise from the ground without the aid of the strong arms of his seconds.

OWING to the use of additional space for stories pertaining to heavyweights due to the keen interest in the Louis-Schmeling fight, several features carded for this issue have been left out. They will be used in the next. Among them are the contributions of Bob Edgren and Bill Doherty and Gang Wars.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 39)

"Of course, there are exceptional cases. But don't forget that a wrestler is extremely careful of his diet. He eats only body-building foods; meals that are sure to give more strength to his body so that he can withstand the bumps and bangs, the jars and jolts that must come his way.

"Oft times I've heard it remarked that it seems well nigh inhuman how the men of our trade can stand the day in and day out grind of wrestling here, there and everywhere. To which I answer that if it had not been for the fact that we have made careful studies of what foods are good for us, we surely would waste away into skeletonlike individuals," said the famous Omaha gripster.

A little prodding and Rudy let the cat out of the bag. He gave figures on the approximate consumption of foods not only by himself but the balance of the membership of the Mat Rioteers—Ernie, the captain; Joe, the youngest of the brother bone-benders, and Wallie, the cousin of the Quarrelsome Quartet, who was ushered into the clan to fill in when brother Emil was forced on the sidelines through a near-fatal automobile accident. Rudy's figures were amazing. He estimated that three tons of vegetables, two of meat, two of fish, and about 7000 eggs constituted the year's major rations of his group.

* * *

BERT RUBI, the Hungarian star, will soon be ready for the mat wars. He has been on the sidelines recovering from an emergency appendicitis operation . . . . Mike Mazurki, one-time four-letter winner at Manhattan College, is boasting of his greatest victory. He scored a conquest over Kid Pneumonia after a life and death battle for almost three weeks . . . . Ernie Dusek, captain member of the famous Riot Squad of matdom, has been "wowing" the fans along the Pacific Coast. His services have been so much in demand by promoters over the entire United States that he has suddenly found himself a fortnightly commuter between the eastern and western shores . . . . Abe Coleman, the sawed-off shotgun of grappledom, is back in the East after scoring an unbroken string of mat victories in the Middle West and South. Most of the slashing Hebrew's conquests were scored via the dropkick route . . . . The summer season is now in full bloom and the various outdoor wrestling promoters are reporting by far better business than in previous years. The pachyderms are packing them in all over, especially in the seashore resorts . . . . Irish Jack Kennedy, the Iowa Idol, and Bobby Roberts, Michigan Assassin, are doing their bone-bending in far-off Australia. They expect to return here in time to usher in the indoor season.

* * *

FRANK BRUCE of Jamaica is the latest sensation in the mat world. Though only a youngster, this Long Island gripster has attained his prominence the hard way. He is the chap who forced Tommy Draak into retirement by breaking the Hollander's leg. He conquered, among others, such seasoned grapplers as Wee Willie Davis, George K. O. Koverly, and Stanley Pinto . . . . George Lenihan, the Boston wrestler, who has been on the sidelines for quite a spell, is ready to return to the mat wars. The New Englander is known as a real rough-house bruiser . . . . Dynamite Joe Cox, the Kansas City Krasher, is the only matman to pin the shoulders of Bronko Nagurski. The victory must have made the Bronk gunshy, for the latter has spurned all kinds of offers to meet the Mauling Missourian again . . . . After being laid up with a fractured knee-cap for some time, Ralph Garibaldi, popular Italian star and younger brother of the more famous Gino, is back in action. Ralph is one of the busiest of bone-benders, his services being in constant demand by promoters throughout the nation . . . . Bob Gregory, light-heavyweight champion of England, and husband of Princess Baba, has been a life-saver for promoters. Each time he has appeared in action the mat moguls have done a land office business. Bob is a speedster and well acquainted with the American style of wrestling . . . . The Clan Dusek keeps in perfect trim all the time. Each of the Riot Squad membership owns training implements and they go at their conditioning chores daily . . . . Joe Dusek's hobby is bowling. He is a close student of the game and specializes in trick shots.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S, by Bernice Sandboe, follow: Outstanding among the luminaries appearing here are Ivan Managoff, Wee Willie Davis, Rajah Ranjit and Joe Stecher. In their own individual ways, these muscle men are really making things exciting for the Texas mat fans. Ivan Managoff, the handsome Russian, has turned in several pleasing performances, and, thanks to his most effective hammerlock, usually returns to the showers with the laurels of victory. Wee Willie Davis is making enemies and excitement in his bouts here. He reached a new high when he stalked pugnaciously into the ring and picked a quarrel with Honey Boy Billy Lee. This was, Mr. Davis learned, a most unwise thing to do, for Billy Lee rates with Houston fans like only a town idol can, and as a result, Wee Willie found himself escorted by the "men in blue" to the local bastile and charged with mild assault. Rajah Ranjit, the dusky son of India, has been equally amazing and infuriating fans with his sly, catlike skill, and "Country Boy" Joe Stecher, the lumbering and anemic looking Nebraska farm boy, has strangely enough won the hearts of the fickle fans, and they turn out like threshers to watch him wrap his lengthy pins about his opponents.

Aside from these four boys, we have with us "Baby Abey" Coleman, the big little man of wrestling; Angelo Cistoldi, Pete Peterson, our old pals Sol Slagel and Otto Kuss, Frank Brown, Karl Davis, Ed Cook and several others of equal import.

* * *

I enjoyed very much meeting and conversing with Steve "Crusher" Casey when he was here for his bout with Bill Lee. The huge Irishman is a pleasant, quiet man, whose Irish accent adds to his interesting conversation. While I was talking to him, an admiring youngster approached him and asked his advice about becoming a wrestler. The champion was helpful and instructive to this young boy and I am sure Crusher Casey established himself in that lad's esteem as he did in mine.

* * *

Next month begins the pleasant assignment of chronicling the mat doings of the boys in Bristol, Virginia and vicinity, in addition to my Texas mat news. Under the guidance of Pete Moore, the promoter, this little southern town is rapidly becoming an important mat center, and I'm sure the readers of THE RING will be keenly interested in the events of note taking place there.

* * *

I wish you could see and meet Count Pietro Rossi, the flamboyant little Italian "nobleman." He looks for the world like one of the seven dwarfs as he darts energetically about, his black beard and flowing dark hair waving in the breeze. Atop his head is invariably perched a beret, and he carries a cane with which he gesticulates freely. He's round and chubby and reminds one of a miniature Sol Slagel in physique. He talks loudly and emphatically and accompanies his conversation, as aforementioned, with flourishes of his hands and cane. In brief, the "Count" is quite a character. Watch for a story on him soon.

* * *

Karl Davis, the big blond brawler, continues to hold his place as one of the top showmen in the wrestling world today. Karl has been in wrestling a number of years and yet he never seems to outgrow the appearance of a big kid, the neighborhood "bully," picking on all the little boys.

* * *

Meeting Ernie Dusek recently was the fulfillment of one of my fondest desires. I have always made it a point to follow Ernie's spectacular career as he skyrocketed from a mere nobody to one of the biggest names in wrestling, and whenever he came to town, it was 2 to 1 I would be in a ringside seat. No one, in my humble opinion, possesses quite the color and showmanship as does this fiery little Nebraska boy, and no matter how many looks of scorn are cast at me by my fellow fans, I always yell loud and long for Ernie. When I finally met him, I was completely satisfied to learn that his "color" and "showmanship" accompany him out of the ring and he is as interesting and likeable a person as I imagined he would be.

* * *

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG MEN —Karl Davis is thinking about moving to Canada . . . . that will be a long way from your favorite fishing spots down here in Texas, Karl . . . . hello to Paul Boesch and his charming wife Eleanor way up there in Seattle . . . . Paul is now "the world's youngest mat promoter" . . . . little Ivan Managoff, Jr., is one of the most beautiful children I have ever seen . . . . and also Eli Fischer, Jr., could walk away with any baby prize . . . . Paul Jones has brought his mother to Texas for a visit . . . . the amiable Paul is still one of the town's favorite sons . . . . he says he is going to run again for sheriff . . . . Eli Fischer has migrated to Seattle, Washington . . . . good luck, Eli.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 31)

on edge. Physically and mentally, he showed all that could be desired in his last mill and he proved to the world that at the age of thirty-three he is as good a fighter as the average pugilist almost ten years his junior.

The Black Uhlan outclassed his adversary. Dudas didn't have a chance from the first gong. Herr Max toyed with him for two rounds to give the cameramen a chance, and then sailed in as he did against Louis in their last encounter. Dudas went to the floor for the first time in the third round when a sharp left to the mid-section doubled the American. Thereafter he was a mark for Schmeling's right.

Smashing right and left hand uppercuts paved the way for the finish. They made the American rubber-legged. A dynamite right to the jaw dropped Steve for two in the fourth and another right put him down again for five.

By this time Dudas was wild-eyed. He was so helpless the bout could have been stopped then without bringing about much of a disturbance from Steve's handlers. When he came out for the fifth, the German feinted, then drove home a powerful right to the jaw and Dudas went to his knees, a favorite position that he assumed throughout the fight.

He came up at the count of two and another right forced him to his knees again for a count of seven. Once more came a right with all the force that Max could put behind his shoulders and Steve landed on the canvas again for a count of nine. By this time McCarney was hunting in his corner for the towel, and when the American was dropped for the fourth time, the referee reached five when the bout was halted.

If Max can carry the same fighting spirit in the ring against Louis and his legs don't bother him should the fight be an extended one, the fans will be treated to as thrilling a mill as they saw in the last encounter. At least the tune up battles of both Joe and Max prove both are in excellent condition and neither will be able to blame a long lay-off for defeat.

The Ring Editor voices the hopes of American sportsmen—that the fight be a clean one, well fought and that the better man may be returned the winner.

* * *

NEWS from San Francisco that Tom Sharkey, one of the famous figures of the early nineties in the field of fisticuffs and once the possessor of a fortune, has become an inmate of the Laguna Honda Home, came to the admirers of the old sailor warrior as a shock. Few of his acquaintances were aware of the fact that the man who gave Jim Jeffries the toughest battle of his career was destitute, until he entered San Francisco's haven for the aged, infirm and penniless.

In the good old days of boxing there was no greater heavyweight in the world than Sailor Tom. His flaying fists did damage to many a prospect and only the fact that he was in the spotlight at a time when the field was full of great heavyweights prevented him from annexing the world crown. Those who saw the Coney Island battle between Tom and Jeffries, recall a struggle second to none in heavyweight championship bouts.

Bruised and battered by the terrific punches of the Boilermaker, Tom went the route—twenty-five rounds—and when Referee George Siler held up the hand of Jeffries in token of victory, the cheers that rent the air were not for the man who retained his crown but for the Sailor, who exchanged blow for blow and left the arena with ribs broken and body a mass of red blotches.

Years later, when Jack Sharkey was preparing for his battle for the world title with Max Schmeling, his namesake, Tom, and Jeffries, appeared in the same gymnasium to get themselves in trim for a vaudeville tour that carried them around the country. Enemies in the ring, but pals thereafter—that was the case with Sharkey and Jeffries.

Never a champion, the barrel-chested Irishman, who was just as fond of horses and trotters as he was of his gloves, slashed a colorful path through the boxing ranks during a career that started in 1893 and didn't end until 1904, when he fought an exhibition of six rounds with Jack Monroe in Philadelphia.

Until the depression struck him, Tom Sharkey had considerable wealth. But, as with all of us, he suffered through no fault of his own, and during the past few years he was forced to make his livelihood as a ticket taker around the California race tracks. Fighting was his vocation, but horse racing was his hobby, and the latter eventually ruined him financially.

Boxing's Big Shots

(Continued from page 24)

the killer, the clown, the nit-wit, and caveman, all rolled into one. Again I say, ring history has never before seen its three top-flighters combine all the assets and liabilities of this trio. Not one of the three can be depended upon to do the thing according to Hoyle.

Schmeling, looking like a wizard against Joe Louis, was little better than a chump against Ben Foord, though he easily whipped Steve Dudas in his next performance.

Louis, a raging, snarling madman against Max Baer, Primo Carnera and Nathan Mann, turned to a pat-a-cake waltzer against Bob Pastor and Tommy Farr.

And Baer, we need go no further in pointing out his inconsistencies.

But those of us who took down our hair and wept at the passing of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney, and mourned at the bier of the "Golden Age" of boxing, mourned too soon. Those of us who followed the efforts and antics of Baer and Schmeling through the rocky days of the early 'thirties, never dreamed that we would see the day when this pair would have a hand in bringing back the million dollar gate to realization.

* * *

OF course, we never dreamed that a dusky tornado in the form of Joe Louis would make its appearance. We were resigned to the opinion that fighters of this type were extinct. But come along he did, and Schmeling, who evidently has been sipping at the Fountain of Youth, and Baer, once more a snarling denizen of the hempen arena, are all set to show us that "million dollar" gates didn't go out of existence with Dempsey and Tunney.

Who can deny that, with the proper break of circumstances, this trio might even go on to set an all-time high-water mark for the leather-pushing brigade to shoot at. Who knows what Schmeling and Baer might draw if the beetle-browed German succeeds in repeating his kayo victory over Joe Louis. There is every possibility that the receipts piled up by Dempsey and Tunney at Chicago in 1927 might easily be eclipsed if the German Schmeling and Hebrew Baer could be brought together with the world's heavyweight title hanging in the balance.

And what would do more than anything else to pile up a record gate and attendance mark, would be that mystic thing of ring endeavor that, for want of a better name, we call "color." For Schmeling, the stolid, competent workman, and Baer, the combined caveman and buffoon, both fairly drip it in copious quantities. And if the Goddess of Chance should see her way clear to bring the pair together, their colorful backgrounds, together with the international angle, might well set a mark that would stand for many years to come.

Getting Acquainted

(Continued from page 41)

the flying scissors, flying tackle, headlocks, and the head scissors slam.

* * *

MAT fans throughout the eastern section of the country are asking questions about Jack League. They want to know a little more about him. All they know is that they have recently read where he held even such luminaries as Yvon Robert, the French-Canadian and claimant of the world grappling honors; Lou Thesz and Everette Marshall.

Easterners may not have heard much about League, but he has been making things uncomfortable for his opponents in the Southwest and Far West. He is too well known around that distant territory and having run out of opposition, he came North to try his mettle against the élite of the Atlantic Coast.

League has conquered such luminaries as Daniel Boone Savage, Howard Cantonwine, Pat O'Shocker, Mayes McLain, Dory Roche, George Dazzler Clark, George Zaharias, Paul Boesch, Chief Little Beaver, Carl Davis, Tiny Tex Morgan, and a horde of others of that class.

When League came North for the purpose of proving his ability in the bone bending art, he was taken lightly. The promoters decided that in order to "get rid of him" they would furnish him the toughest opposition possible, but he proved his worth.

This six feet, 215-pound wrestler, whose home is San Antonio, Texas, was out to make good and he didn't care whom he faced. He earned his spurs the hard way. He let the promoters match him with the toughest and his spirit carried him on to outstanding success.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

AS a regular and enthusiastic reader of your magazine, and as one who sets some store by what you say in it, I am surprised to find that Meyer Ackerman, in his "New Faces" in the issue of March, 1938, says that "Brighte scored a popular decision in a battle with Francis Apostos, flyweight champion of Burma and the Orient." Of course, I know that the story was sent to him that way, but it is not based on the facts.

The story says that Victor Brighte beat me and that the decision was well received. Well, that is not so, for I won with plenty to spare.

As a boxer of many years' experience and, I hope, a sportsman, too, I should be the last man to resent a statement were it true, but you will surely see how the statement made by Mr. Ackerman affects me, since I actually beat Brighte. It is pitiful that such an untruth was sent to your publication. I enclose clippings from Rangoon's leading daily English newspaper, the Rangoon *Gazette*, to support my claim, and a letter from Mr. John Mackinnon, assistant editor, guaranteeing their authenticity. If Mr. Brighte sent in the story, then I think it was rather a cheap trick.

I have, since meeting Brighte, lost my title to Al Hutt, the present holder of the crown.

I am sure you will give my letter the same prominence "New Faces" received.

Let me add that in "whipping Eric Johnstone in ten rounds," Brighte did nothing big. Johnstone has been beaten by local boys. He has a big punch and a big heart, and that's about all. He was never in the top flight here.

Victor Brighte was badly whipped by George Sulzdorf, the bantamweight champion of Burma and the holder of the Nargamwala Belt.

FRANCIS APOSTO,
Burma's Best Flyweight.

[Thanks a lot for the correction. I likewise feel peeved. I don't understand why someone will cheapen himself by sending in material for a world-wide publication like THE RING that is not based on facts. In good faith, and to help the sport and the boy who is trying to get to the top, we print material from all over the world, and THE RING apologizes for the wrong done to Aposto. We received fourteen letters from Burma on this matter, showing how far and wide, and with what keen interest, the articles in THE RING *are read*. Best of luck, Aposto.—Editor's Note.]

* * *

I MUST congratulate you on the great boxing news you give us in THE RING. It ranks tops in the market here, and every copy is sold as soon as it reaches the news agencies. We are enjoying some really fine scraps here. What with the arrival of Young Frisco, middleweight champion of the Orient; Gunboat Jack, welter title-holder of the Orient; Nai Smarn, Joe Diamond, Little Nene and Nai Som Chit, who are at present displaying their wares in the "City of Golden Pagodas," things are humming here.

I was surprised to see an article in the March issue of THE RING entitled "New Faces," in which the author says that Victor Brighte, flyweight champion of India, defeated Francis Aposto in a ten-round bout. Brighte visited Rangoon about three or four years ago and fought three fights here. In his first trial he met Aposto, our leading flyweight, and he was thrashed after ten rounds, the decision being a mere formality. Next he met George Sulzdorf, a bantam, and lost again in ten. He finally beat Eric Johnstone on points in ten rounds.

Please publish this in justice to Aposto. He is deserving of better than what THE RING had printed. An injustice was done him.

P. T. O.,
Rangoon, Burma.

[Read the leading letter and our answer—Editor's Note.]

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

I FOLLOW the events in the boxing world very keenly, and have done so for years. I find THE RING a most excellent magazine for anyone who wishes to follow boxing news.

I wish to congratulate Meyer Ackerman on his article, "Middleweight Pot Boiling," in the April issue of THE RING. He states that Fred Apostoli would have been a match for any middleweight that ever lived. And why not?

I think our present-day fighters have it all over the old-timers. I note that James J. Johnston, in the article by Ted Carroll, says that the old-timers had ten times the opposition of the present-day fighters. That's a lot of boloney. Records are being bettered every year in every sport, so why shouldn't fighters get better. The old-timers may have had more endurance, but the present crop meets every requirement.

RONALD WILLIAMS,
Pocatello, Idaho.

* * *

I HAVE been reading THE RING for some years, and in 1936 sent for a year's subscription, and again in 1937. Of course, I can do nothing but praise the magazine, and it takes me "way back" to the *Police Gazette*, which I read as early as 1880. In the July issue, 1933, page 10, I easily recognize these pictures as those in the *Police Gazette* after the Laflin-Sullivan battle.

I am surprised with the misstatements sometimes made by writers and wonder why these articles are not read and checked before being put into print. For example, look in the April issue of 1938, page 28. Mr. Pardy says that Sullivan, in his famous country tour, never had to pay any $1000 forfeit because no one stuck the four rounds.

I can remember very easily when John got to Minneapolis and met Patsy Cardiff, he must have paid the $1000 as Patsy was going strong at the end, and Mr. Pardy, who is old enough, should remember that Sullivan broke his arm in the second and it might have ended differently if Cardiff had known and if his nerve had been stronger.

Also on this same page, Mr. Pardy gives the Sullivan-Kilrain fight date as 1889, which is correct, but on page 44, column 3, he gives the date as 1882. I know this is a misprint, and I could overlook it. In the next paragraph, he states that Frank and Jesse James were present. I am sure, Mr. Fleischer, you are old enough to remember that Jesse James was killed by Bob Ford in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1882. So it was impossible for him to have been present at the Sullivan-Kilrain fight in 1889.

Also, and maybe you haven't noticed the mislabeling of the Harry Forbes and Eddie Santry pictures in the December issue of 1931. I was very well acquainted with Santry in 1893, and he at that time was employed by me for a few days.

On page 18 of this number is a picture of Harry Forbes, but labeled "Eddie Santry," and on page 19, Santry labeled "Forbes"—a typographical error, of course, but more care should be taken.

These few corrections are not in "critic" mood, so much as a suggestion that any writer should carefully check up and be sure his statements are correct before the article is printed, especially as THE RING is the Bible of Boxing.

All these old battlers were familiar to me in Chicago and these pictures bring back the many bouts I have seen, and I again add my praise with many others for your very fine and interesting magazine, but let's be a little more careful, Nat.

J. L. SWARTZ, D.N., D.O.,
Quincy, Ill.

[Thanks, Doctor. You are correct. We should be balled out. We'll try not to make such slip-ups in future.—Editor's Note.]

ENCLOSED is an article by Trevor Wignall of the London *Daily Express*. Since he returned from America after the Louis-Farr fight he has attacked various boxing "atrocities," and this is his latest effort. I would feel obliged, as, I am sure, would other boxing enthusiasts, if you could inform Mr. Wignall, through the columns of your admirable magazine, or direct to him, the benefits derived from the no-foul rule.

Perhaps your influence could induce the British Boxing Board of Control to adopt it. I am certain that there would be less uproar at big fights when a contest is terminated in this way, if the fight was allowed to continue.

It is against the game generally, I think, when a fight, for instance, like Petey Sarron vs. Harry Mizler, is stopped after a solitary blow. Had Mizler and Sarron fought under the rule (25,000 spectators witnessed the "contest") and worn protective cups, the bout, which took place in a rising community like South Africa, there is no doubt that it would have been a stirring contest as Mizler handily whipped Al Roth later in the year at the N. S. C. in London. Hoping to hear from you soon.

J. WALKER,
London, England.

* * *

JUST a line from Down Under to congratulate you on your fine, clean magazine. But THE RING would be supernatural if it had no faults, and I would be balmy if I could not find any, so here goes.

In the first place, a writer called "The Veteran" wrote in a recent issue about "Herbert Slade, a Maori from Australia." Maoris come from New Zealand only, and not Australia. How often have American writers called New Zealanders, Billy Murphy, Bob Fitzsimmons, Dan Creedon, Tom Heeney, etc., Australians? New Zealand is 1400 miles from Australia.

In the second place, the rightful middleweight champion is Fred Apostoli, because of his victory over Thil. Steele has *no* claim whatever, none in the whole, wide world. Apostoli is the champion.

I think that Bob Fitzsimmons, New Zealand's only heavyweight champion, was the greatest boxer of all time. Second, third, fourth and fifth respectively, I place Dempsey, Corbett, John L. Sullivan and Jim Jeffries.

BRIAN O'BRIEN,
Wellington, New Zealand.

* * *

THE letter of Vincent Woodbury in the April RING Magazine concerning the no-foul rule of New York State was well worth reading. I, a fight fan who saw the Steele-Apostoli fight, agree with Mr. Woodbury that it was the foul blow that beat Steele. Steele was weakened to the collapsing point by the blow, yet he fought back as best as he could and proved himself a great champion by remaining on his feet until the bout was halted.

I do not believe that the stain of a technical knockout should remain against Steele's record. The bout should have been stopped and called a no-contest. The no-foul rule should be abolished as it frustrates clean sportsmanship.

AL J. BRUMME,
Long Island City, N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE read many selections of the ten greatest fighters of the heavyweight division from Sullivan to Louis. Seldom a fighter is mentioned who failed to win a crown. I am sending my list of ten great fighters who failed to win a title for some reason or other. Uncrowned fighters who would be champions had they not come along at a time when they did.

Peter Jackson, Black Prince Peter, the greatest all-around fighter the big boys ever had, barring none. His 61-round draw with Jim Corbett while suffering with a bad ankle. His defeat of George Godfrey (Big Chocolate), Joe Goddard, Bill Farnan, Joe McAuliffe, Patsy Cardiff, Jem Smith and others, stamps Jackson as a great fighter. His battle with Frank Slavin is still considered one of the greatest fights England ever witnessed between two heavyweights. Jackson won by a knockout in ten rounds. Truly the "Daddy of 'Em All."

Tom Sharkey, the rough and tough Irishman, who gave Jim Jeffries such a gruelling fight that went twenty-five rounds. A close shave for the champion, that fight.

Sam Langford, the Boston Tar Baby, old bone crusher. He was subjected of laying the best among the sweet peas. A la Popeye! Old "Tham" would have trounced such champions as Burns, Willard, Tunney, Schmeling, Sharkey, Carnera, Baer and Braddock in as many nights.

Harry Wills, the Brown Panther. The dark shadow who hovered over three champions. The dark menace who gave Jack Dempsey and Tex Rickard many sleepless nights. Not until Jack Sharkey and Pop Time went into partnership was Wills removed from the picture.

Wills stood by for years and saw Brennan, Miske, Carpentier, Gibbons and Firpo get the chance that he justly deserved and now they talk so much about the Schmeling run-around!

Frank Slavin, the boy who gave Peter Jackson that great fight in England. The boy who started the great Jackson on the way down. The great John L. never met Jackson because he feared him.

Jake Kilrain, never a champion, but second only to a champion. His 75-round battle with John L. Sullivan was the last bare-knuckle championship fight. He fought a 106-round draw with Jem Smith, the champion of England, right in Smith's backyard, so to speak. He stopped George Godfrey in forty-four rounds. A great fighter of the old school.

Joe Choynski, who gave away pounds and inches and still came through with victory. His battles with Corbett are still spoken of as classics. He fought a draw with rugged Jim Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, McCoy and Sharkey. He beat Johnson, Maher and others. The greatest Jewish fighter the heavyweight class ever had.

Luther McCarthy, surely the best of the "white hopes." Death was the only thing that prevented him from becoming a champion of the world.

Joe Jeanette, a credit to his race as well as to the boxing game. A good, heady boxer, as well as a hard hitter. His gameness never questioned. His bout with Sam McVey in France is still considered the tops for thrills and gameness, getting off the floor at least twenty times to finally come through with a victorious knockout in the forty-ninth round.

Jack Johnson would never consider a match with him after Johnson won the title. Jeanette fought Johnson seven times before Johnson won the title, and the best Johnson could do was to win one fifteen-round decision.

Luis Firpo, the "Wild Bull of the Pampas." Fought Dempsey that sensational battle. Had Firpo not thought so much of the "almighty dollar" and kept the late Jimmy DeForrest as his trainer, he might have come out of that fight as the champion of the world.

Firpo was rushed into that Dempsey fight because Rickard knew it was a million dollar attraction. Another year's experience for Firpo might have changed the result of the Dempsey-Firpo battle. What courage and how he could take it and still dish it out with that strong right arm and fist!

Dempsey finally lost his comeback fight with Gene Tunney for the same reason that he won from Firpo. Standing over his fallen opponent ready to deliver blows the split second their knee or glove was off the canvas!

There you have my ten uncrowned champions. I close, wishing THE RING Magazine a bigger and better year than ever.

An eleven-year RING reader.

JOHN BRUEN, SR.
Goshen, New York.

* * *

MAY I, as a regular reader of your excellent publication, be permitted to occupy a little space in asking for pen-friends? I am very interested in wrestling, physical culture and boxing, and would be pleased to write to anyone regarding these subjects. I would love to hear from any of your wrestlers in America and other places. So buck up, all you pen pals—"write" and cheer up a lonely chap living Down Under.

TREVOR OWEN,
121 Bridge Street,
Christchurch, New Zealand.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

ALTHOUGH during the past month there was but one title fight, it will be remembered as the month in which Max Schmeling engaged in his last tune-up battle before meeting Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship of the world, and for the stunning upsets caused by two defeats of Sixto Escobar in overweight matches and the knockout of Nathan Mann by Tony Galento in the second round.

John Henry Lewis successfully defended his world light-heavyweight crown when he knocked out Emilio Martinez in four rounds, and the Black Uhlan stopped Steve Dudas in five rounds in Hamburg before he set sail for these shores. Escobar lost a decision to Kayo Morgan in Detroit at 122 pounds, which moves the Ford City battler up as the leading challenger for Sixto's title, and the champion also lost another overweight fight to Nat Litfin in the New York Hippodrome. A shocking surprise in the middleweight ranks occurred on the Coast when Ceferino Garcia, challenger for the welterweight crown, stepped into the middleweight ranks to administer a sound trouncing to Glen Lee, ranking 160-pounder.

The knockout of Nathan Mann by Tony Galento, altered the heavyweight rating for the month. Schmeling retained the leading post as challenger by his victory over Dudas but Mann dropped to tenth place while Galento became the fourth best heavyweight, following Barlund.

Gunnar Barland, Finnish title holder, whipped Chuck Crowell and knocked out Jim McVey, and the latter in turn stopped "Texas" Jack Thompson. Crowell kayoed Phil Salvatore in the second. Nathan Mann kayoed Hans Haverlick in the third. Bob Pastor stopped Lee Ramage in nine rounds and drew with Lou Nova. Jimmy Adamick kayoed Red Bruce in three rounds. Roscoe Toles halted Isadoro Gastanaga in the seventh round. Red Burman defeated Charley Massera. Phil Brubaker whipped Domingo Valin. Wild Bill Boyd decisioned Hans Birkie. Russ Wasser scored an upset by beating Harry Thomas. Jack Roper kayoed Johnny Erjavec in five.

Joe Wagner whipped Lou Postor. Italo Colonello kayoed Tony Lamareto in one. Walter Neusel beat Ben Foord on a foul in the eighth. Jersey Joe Walcott stopped Lorenzo Pack in eight. Abe Simon kayoed Al Hart in the second. Phil Sommese whipped George Maselli, while he was beaten by Jarl Johnson, who lost to Henry Cooper. Freddy Fiducia scored one- and two-round kayoes over Eddie Dolan and Cliff Kusterbeck, respectively. Buddy Knox stopped Mike Mitchell in the first. Dick Power decisioned Don McCorkindale. Nash Garrison beat Frankie Simms. Gus Dorazio and Eddie Mader was declared "no contest" in the fourth. Tony Musto beat Max Roesch. Hans Schonrath stopped Manuel Abrew in five rounds. Jim Robinson kayoed Nick Rabin in eight and whipped Al Boros. Emil Scholz stopped Oliver Shank in seven. George Brescia beat Bob Tow.

John Henry Lewis whipped Domenico Ceccarelli and successfully defended his light-heavyweight crown by stopping Emilio Martinez in four rounds. Tiger Jack Fox scored over Jack Trammell and Jersey Joe Walcott and knocked out Eddie Blunt in the second. Eddie Wenstob scored over Jack Tebo. Ambrose Palmer whipped Tom Chester and kayoed Leo Kelly in eight rounds and kayoed Ron Richards in the thirteenth round. Jock McAvoy stopped Marcel Lauriot in the second. Melio Bettina kayoed James J. Johnson in seven. Billy Conn beat Eric Seelig. Marty Simmons beat Tony Bruno and Charley Eagle. Joe Knight whipped Chet Geddon. Ralph Chong drew with Jim Bowden and decisioned Ben Brown and Red Conway. Adolf Heuser kayoed Vittorio Livon in the first. George Fitch whipped Tony Shucco and Tony Celli. Tiger Warrington won on a foul over Goyito Rico in eight rounds.

Charley Coates stopped Newsboy Millich in two and Johnny Rossi in four, while Rossi in turn defeated Olin Loy. Johnny Romero drew with Chester Parks. Babe Risko whipped Gorilla Jones. Ray Matulewicz stopped Don Snyder in one. Joey Parks beat Buddy Ryan, who in turn kayoed Freddy Caruso in the sixth. Herbie Katz beat Ray Miller. Tommy Freeman stopped Billy Hood in five rounds. Fred Lenhart defeated Bud Mignault. Mario Caroselli whipped Frank Donofrio. Tommy Tucker decisioned Douglas Carver. Billy Ketchell kayoed Jack Darsey in the second round.

Al Hostak led the middleweight division by knocking out Chief Paris in four rounds. Carmelo Candel whipped Adolf Witt. Walter Woods drew with Rudy Marshall, kayoed Tony Fisher in four, and defeated Jimmy Clark, who in turn stopped Paulie Mahoney in three rounds. Ossie Stewart and Marty Simmons drew. Atilio Sabatino whipped Fred Henneberry. Teddy Yarosz decisioned George Black. Allen Mathews kayoed Frankie Lee in five rounds but was stopped by Red Farmer in the eighth. Haywood Storey kayoed Ray McGinnes in five.

Billy Celebron knocked out Bill McDowell in four rounds and was in turn defeated by George Burnetto. Sonnyboy Jones stopped Joe Barr in the third. Gene Buffalo whipped Andre Jessurun. Paulie Walker trounced Cocoa Kid. Steve Mamakos whipped Tony Ciaccio. Georgie Abrams whipped Jimmy O'Boyne and Jimmy Jones. Ray McIntyre won over Len Wadsworth. Frankie Caris drew with Bobby Jones. Frankie Blair whipped Johnny Duca. Bob Turner kayoed Red Lewis in six. Dick Foster beat Midnight Bell, who in turn whipped Al Labra and kayoed Babe Marino in five rounds.

Barney Ross kayoed Bobby Venner in seven rounds in an overweight fight. Ceferino Garcia stepped out of his division to whip Glen Lee. Jack Carroll retired. Holman Williams defeated Saverio Turiello. Milt Aron kayoed Sam Terry in two and Johnny Durso in four. Fritzie Zivic decisioned Remo Fernandez. Andre Jessurun beat Tommy Mollis. Maxie Berger whipped Eddie McGeever in his first start as a welterweight. Cleto Locatelli stopped Jean Morin in five heats. Bep Van Klaveren won from Jean Simon. Tony Rock kayoed Sal Canata in one and beat Wildcat O'Connor, who in turn stopped Ray Napolitano in four rounds. The latter was whipped also by Jackie Kid Berg. Bobby Pacho drew with Pete De Ruzza and defeated Willie Fool, who in turn won from Vincent Pimpinella.

Jimmy Leto beat Jack McNamee. Baby Saban scored over Emil Calcagni. Paul Junior stopped Pete Tarpley in six rounds and whipped Johnny Bellus in a "no decision" battle. Sonny Jones stopped Gordon Wallace in five rounds and lost on a foul to Steve Halaiko in four. Eddie Dolan knocked out Johnny Sheppard in four heats. Henry Schaft kayoed Young Terry in two. Slugger White beat Frankie Britt. Battling Burroughs knocked out Brescia Garcia in five rounds. Vincent Troiana won over Slugger White. Mickey Makar scored over Paulie Walker. Ralph Zanelli stopped Freddy Camuso in the first. Wickey Harkins defeated Roosevelt Rowe. Frank Valeriano whipped Billy Barnes.

Lou Ambers heads the lightweight procession with overweight victories over Jimmy Vaughn and Jimmy Garrison. Pedro Montanez and Tommy Cross drew. Davey Day whipped Pete Cara. Wesley Ramey defeated Joey Greb. Lew Jenkins and Bobby McIntyre and was himself beaten by Sammy Angott. Johnny Morro whipped Johnny Bellus and drew with Irving Eldridge, who in turn stopped Charley Burns in seven rounds. Petey Sarron whipped Joey Green. Yucatan Kid whipped Ray Ingram, Joey Straiges, and stopped Charlie Gomer in four rounds. Gomer was also beaten by Norment Quarles. Tony Chavez stopped Everett Rightmire in seven. Billy Marquart stopped Ray Sharkey in four, while the former was whipped by Nick Camarata, who also defeated Lloyd Pine. Ray Sharkey drew with Baby Miller.

Tippy Larkin scored a knockout over Tom Grady in the third round. George Zengaras kayoed Frankie Wallace in the seventh. Nunzio Bisogno beat Eddie Dunne. Tommy Spiegal whipped Hank Pershing. Pete Lello beat Jimmy Buckler. Johnny Rohrig kayoed Andre Sarilla in five, beat Charlie Gordon, and was in turn defeated by Mickey Duca. Bernie Friedkin drew and whipped Orville Drouillard. Joey Ferrando scored over Tommy Rawson. Dave Crowley won from Pancho Martinez. Mike Kaplan outpointed Lew Raymond. Ralph Lenny decisioned Johnny Dube. Quentin Breese kayoed Al Dunbar in one and whipped Jim Williams. Lou Lombardi trounced Frankie Williams. Vernon Cormier beat Augie Gonzales. Bobby Britton beat Stumpy Jacobs. Howard Scott scored over Jimmy Murray. Dom Colon won from Jack Sharkey, Jr., while Bernie Miller beat Jimmy Fantini. Red Cochrane whipped Eddie Alzek.

Freddie Miller heads the featherweight class with five- and seven-round knockouts over Tommy Tune and Johnny Cusick, respectively. Dave Castilloux beat Jackie Callura. Ginger Foran scored over Orville Drouillard and kayoed Johnny Fairchild in three rounds and Joe Marciente in five. Jackie Wilson beat Norment Quarles. Johnny Hutchinson beat Gene Gallotto. Mike Belloise whipped Petey Scalzo and Young Chappie. Frankie Covelli defeated Varias Milling. Spider Kelly trounced Johnny McGrory. Tomboy Romero decisioned Pablo Dano. Paul Dogniaux scored over Johnny King. Johnny Buff whipped Cristobal Jaramillo.

Claude Varner stopped Dommy Ganzon in the eighth. Bobby Leyvas drew with Pablo Dano and was whipped by Tino De Roma. Joey Fontana outpointed Jimmy Lancaster and Harold Valin, who was also licked by Jerry Mazza. Dan McAlister beat Alex Alston and Antoine Schronbrood. Georgie Hansford whipped Pete De Grasse. Georgie Marsden fought draws with Billy Walker and Benny Caplin. Matt Perfetti whipped Jerry Mazza, Frankie Aiello and Cyril Josephs. Paul Lee won over Vincenzio Dell 'Orto. Jimmy Tygh outpointed Billy Passon.

Sixto Escobar lost two fights this month in overweight battles to Kayo Morgan and Nat Litfin. Litfin also scored over Eddie Haas, Indian Quintana whipped Mog Mason and Johnny Gaudes, who in turn defeated Baby Yack. Georgie Pace

(Continued on page 62)

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are the ratings for the month ending May 13:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddy Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Ceferino Garcia
2—Max Baer	Tiger Jack Fox	Fred Apostoli	Felix Wouters
3—Gunnar Barlund	Gus Lesnevich	Al Hostak	Gustave Eder
4—Tony Galento	Len Harvey	Solly Krieger	Holman Williams
5—Bob Pastor	Ambrose Palmer	Carmelo Candel	Kenny La Salle
6—Tommy Farr	Jock McAvoy	Glen Lee	Saverio Turiello
7—Lou Nova	Eddie Wenstob	Walter Woods	Milt Aron
8—Jimmy Adamick	Melio Bettina	Ossie Stewart	Fritzie Zivic
9—Roscoe Toles	Billy Conn	Atilio Sabatino	Andrea Jessurun
10—Nathan Mann	Tiger Warrington	Teddy Yarosz	Maxie Berger

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddie Miller	Kayo Morgan	Peter Kane
2—Davey Day	Leo Rodak	Nat Litfin	Tiny Bostock
3—Tommy Cross	Dave Castilloux	Pancho Villa	Little Dado
4—Billy Beauhuld	Ginger Foran	Indian Quintana	Jackie Jurich
5—Sammy Angott	Jackie Wilson	Johnny Gaudes	Small Montana
6—Johnny Morro	Johnny Hutchinson	Lou Salica	Pierce Ellis
7—Wesley Ramey	Al Reid	Baby Yack	Tut Whalley
8—Johnny Bellus	Mike Belloise	Georgie Pace	Valentin Anglemann
9—Irving Eldridge	Petey Scalzo	Aurel Toma	Fortunato Ortega
10—Petey Sarron	Johnny Brown	Kid Tanner	Jimmy Webster

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE boxing activity during the past month was very sparse insofar as nation-wide interest bouts were concerned. The Marigold Gardens Arena, as per usual, supplied the nucleus of fight-cards hereabouts. Before a capacity throng of spectators numbering some 2,000 fistic admirers, at this popular rendezvous, which produced a gross gate approximating $2,300, Milt Aron, who is ranked No. 5 among the world rated welterweights in the capitulations of THE RING Magazine, kayoed Johnny Durso of Louisville, Kentucky, in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round biff. Durso hit the deck on three different occasions

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The world welterweight champion, Barney Ross, indulged in two tune-up jousts preparatory to his Henry Armstrong bout. He smacked Henry Schaft of Minneapolis, Minn., in five rounds, and two weeks later took the measure of Bobby Venner, from Hastings, Nebraska, at Des Moines, Iowa, in seven practice rounds of milling. A right-hand blast flush on the Nebraskan's jaw spun him into the ropes and down to the canvas. Venner's second hurled the towel into the ring before a count could be uttered.

Harry Thomas, rugged Eagle Bend, Minnesota, clouter, and recent knockout victim of Champion Joe Louis in a title contest, applied his trade in a mix-match with Lee Wykoff, a pachydermist, at Kansas City, Mo. For the first four rounds, Thomas pitched plenty of leather at Wykoff's Herculean frame, but towards the end of the fourth marker, Lee shook Thomas up aplenty and in the first minute of the fifth heat, Lee grabbed Harry's piano-shaped legs and spread-eagled him to terminate the two direct opposites affair.

Frankie Covelli, crack 126-pounder, appeared in his first embroglio in the United States since his recent successful invasion of Australia, meeting one tough customer in Varias Milling of the Philippines in an eighter. Covelli was declared the victor in a gruelling battle.

On the same card, two other eight-round tiffs were scheduled. Tony Petroskey, a vicious, slashing Pole from Muskegon, Michigan, upset the popular Johnny Barbara in one set-to. Following this unfortunate fate, Barbara had his tonsils removed, which might have affected him. In the other eight-rounder, Billy Celebron, K. O. artist from Rockford, Ill., pummeled "Wild Bill" McDowell for four rounds, ending festivities before the close of the last-mentioned number. Tom Keneally, C. Y. O. heavyweight prodigy, curtailed the unorthodox attempt of Al "Wild Man" Rowe in the opening frame of a four-rounder.

Carl Vinciquerra, Jack Hurley's heavyweight representative, got up off the floor after a nine-count in the first round delivered by the ponderous Salvatore Ruggirello of Los Angeles, to slash his way to a six-round verdict. In the semi-windup, Paul Hartnek, Omahan, subdued Bruno Dooley of Chicago in the third stanza at Omaha, Nebraska . . . . Another Chicagoan to invade Iowa was Jack Fargo of Winnetka, who drubbed Andy (Kid) Miller for eight frames at Ottumwa, Ia., flooring Miller six times in all. It is with regret we state at this time that Fargo had fought his last fistic encounter, a winner. For just one week later, Jack was killed in a motorcycle-auto collision. He rode on the tail seat of the cycle, and as the auto in front swerved to enter its entrance, the motorcycle, driven by a friend, jammed squarely into the car, the friend escaping uninjured, with Fargo suffering the consequences.

Bill Jensen is back in town with his welter candidate, Chester Rudy, with prospective matches in view for his charge. Al Globe, a six-foot middleweight, was brought in by Jensen, who, in his workouts, seems to be very capable with his dukes . . . . Mique Malloy, genial promoter, staged his first show in quite some time at White City. In the main event, Ginger Foran, clever Irishman from County Wexford, Ireland, annihilated Joe Marciente of Montreal in round five of a ten-round combat. In the most enlivened contest of that evening's entertainment, Johnny (Twin) Helstrom, aggressive North Sider, outpunched Harry Booker, South Side junior welterweight, in eight hectic rounds of spontaneous action, which received the unanimous approval of the fans. Win, lose or draw. Booker's efforts never leave a dissatisfied attitude with the cash customers. In the four-rounders, Eddie Mileski of the C. Y. O. punched out a four-round victory over George Nelson; Joe Law, young colored featherweight from the South Side, in his third pro appearance, emerged victorious over the rising Gene Spencer. In the opening fray, Johnny (Twin) Helstrom won handily from Alex Pug . . . . Jimmy Clark, sensational middleweight from Buffalo, N. Y., was pitted against Paul Mahoney at his home town. Clark riveted murderous right-hand clouts on Mahoney, who succumbed under this onslaught in the third stanza.

On the Derby Eve card at Louisville, two Chicago gladiators were two of the four ten-round headlining combatants. Milt Aron, welter sensation, stopped Sammy Terry, a substitute for Sammy Chivas of Detroit, in two markers, and Pete Lello, Izzy Kline's 135-pound representative, dazzled Jimmy Buckler of Louisville for ten fast rounds. Following his markable feat via Johnny Barbara, Tony Petroskey, pugnacious Muskegon Pole, met for a second time, Remo Fernandez from San Diego, California. At the culmination of this eight-round encore, Petroskey received the official verdict.

Prior to this fisticuff combatant, Fernandez lost a tenner to Fritzie Zivic of Pittsburgh at Detroit . . . . Alex Kettles, South Bend heavyweight, was beaten in a six-rounder by veteran Charley Belanger . . . . Billy Marquart, Canadian lightweight, befelled Ray Sharkey of Cleveland, Ohio (technically), in the fourth round. Marquart had too many guns for the light-hitting Ohioan . . . . Lou Lauri, a former national flyweight champion, now scaling 120 pounds as a pro, thumped Johnny Fairchild and bested Eddie Shapiro, Danny Spunt's young Jewish 126-pounder . . . . George White, another protege of Danny's, triumphed over Tony De Pasquale in impressive fashion . . . . White almost stopped De Pasquale with a whistling right-hand to the side of the jaw in the third frame of their four-rounder.

In Davey Day's initial appearance of the year in Chicago at the Marigold Gardens Arena, he punched holes into the features of Pete Cara of New York City. Davey dropped Cara to one knee in the second, a nine and six count in the fourth. In the semi-windup, Izzy Kline's colored lightweight, Billy Joyce, whipped Danny Spunt's red-headed Irisher, Frankie Agnes, and in the surprise of the evening's entertainment, Jimmy Christopher's young lightweight, Phil Saeli, kayoed Frank La Porte, who quit cold in the third round.

In a rematch, this time at Grand Rapids, Michigan, not far from Tony Petroskey's home town, Muskegon, Petroskey earned a ten-round decision, his third, over Remo Fernandez, but by the narrowest of margins.

MISCELLANEOUS FISTIC NOTES—Bob Capocy of the Capocy-Williams partnership has obtained a likely looking welter prospect, Larry Randa . . . . Mickey Rebey, young stablemate of Chester Rudy, weighing 132 pounds, has had three pro fights to date—boxed two draws with Everette Baker and one with Eddie Forest of Boston . . . . I just want to take time out to say thanks to THE RING reader who sent me an unusually designed belt. You had your return address on the package, 1206 Steele Ave., Tacoma, Wash., but didn't include your name—drop me a line.

A certain fight manager from out West sent me a letter regarding a young heavyweight prospect he wanted to have familiarized in Chicago. I remember receiving such a letter, but have misplaced it. If said person will rewrite me, I will, without fail, include it in the next issue . . . . Lorenzo Lovings, young colored lightie, finished Rankin, the Kid, in nine rounds at Baton Rouge, La. Lovings' compensation hardly accounted for his return fare home—the reason being that ringside seats sold for the extravagant total of forty cents . . . . Harry Eagles, dapper manager of Johnny Stevens of Cincinnati, who, in his only two Chicago appearances, beat George Dixon II, would like to oppose any of our leading 135-pounders, especially Davey Day.

My good friend, Ed Buol, has this announcement to make: Good fighters of all weights, not under any contracts and desiring to make good connections with a new club being organized now, are advised to get in touch with the Riverview Sports Club, Ed Buol, 814 N. Rockwell St. . . . . Billy Celebron, Rockford Rocketeer, received his first setback in his comeback campaign, losing to George Burnette of Detroit, Mich., in eight rounds on the Yarosz-Black headliner at Milwaukee . . . . Ross Muller, manager of Johnny Barbara, returned from a sojourn in Phoenix, Ariz., after five weeks of recreation . . . . Jimmy Christopher is readying his amateur star heavyweight for a professional career, also Martin O'Gradney, young middleweight, who has the makings of a worthy prospect . . . . Jimmy is holding back a pugnacious behemoth for future delivery in Joe Jannice, a six-foot-two, 220-pounder . . . . Reggie Bradshaw, Marion, Ind., would like to hear from you. So long until next month. Don't forget to have any notes of interest in not later than the first of the month in care of yours truly, 5340 Winthrop Avenue.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton—In the best all-around fistic show of the past indoor season, Tony Rock, hard-punching Mayfield Italian welterweight, decisioned Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor of Carbondale in ten furious rounds. This victory made Rock the unofficial welter champ of the Coal Regions. The net paid attendance was $1500, which was much less than half of the paid attendance at their first meeting.

In the semi-final of six rounds, Pal Silvers, veteran Jewish New York heavyweight, gained the verdict over Joe Orlosky of Herrick Center. Silvers' smart boxing tactics kept the local boy in a daze all through the bout. Gene McColligan, Scranton middleweight, lost a close six-round decision to Al Nevers of Minooka. McColligan finished strong, winning the last two rounds, but couldn't overcome the early lead piled up by Nevers. In the four-round bouts, Patsy Gall of Freeland drew with Charlie Scrimmalli of Dunmore, and Lou Pavliga of Bellevue beat Mickey Kress of Mayfield.

In another show at Scranton, which drew approximately $1600 net, Tony Rock, Coal Region welterweight champion, kayoed Sal Canata of Holyoke, Mass., in the first round of a scheduled ten. In another bout scheduled for ten rounds, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor, Carbondale pride, stopped Ray Napolitano in the fourth round.

In the other matches on this show, Chester Palutis of Scranton lost a six-round decision to Joe Orlosky of Herrick Center. Palutis gained the honors in the first round while the Herrick Center boy had the edge in the other five. Al Lewis, of the Notch section of Scranton, T.K.O.'ed Joe Tassie of Providence in the fifth round of a sixer. In the four-round opener, Charles Scrimalli beat Danny Dell. Both boys hail from Dunmore.

In the first pro boxing show at Wilkes-Barre in the past two years, Joe Sweeney, Wilkes-Barre welterweight, kayoed Jack Garry of New York City in the second round of the scheduled eight-round feature. In the semi-final, "Irish" Joe Nealon of Scranton lost a close six-round verdict to Steve Gacha of Wilkes-Barre. These two Coal Region lightweights "stole" the show with their slambang methods of milling. In the six-round main prelim, Billy (Butch) Knox of Exeter won by a T.K.O. from Billy Lindes of Pottsville. Lindes received a badly cut eye and Referee Joe Kelley, a former gladiator, stopped the bout to save the Pottsville middleweight any further injury to his cut orb. "Midget" Mickey Walker of Scranton, a last-minute substitute, provided the fans with some real fistic fireworks in his encounter with Tommie Scavo, Old Forge featherweight. In the other bouts, Bernie Duggan of Wilkes-Barre won from Joe Barton of Pittston, while Joe Casper won from Tommie Mulligan of Hazleton. The promoters were well satisfied with the attendance at their first show and will continue to stage pro boxing throughout the summer months.

At Hazleton—Before the largest crowd in many years to witness a boxing show at Feeley Hall, Ray Matulewicz, former Duke University athlete from Mt. Carmel, kayoed Don Snyder, Chester heavyweight, in the first round of a scheduled eight-rounder. Matulewicz is a protege of Tommy Loughran, former light-heavyweight ruler. Matulewicz boxes under the name of Matt Raymond in other towns outside of the Coal Fields. Under the tutelage of Tommy Loughran and Joe Smith, he will go far in the heavyweight division and will no doubt be a big card in the Coal Regions. In the semi-final, Rex Fallabell of Hazleton decisioned Frankie Mayo of Philadelphia in six rounds. Chester Martin of Kulpmont drew with Mickey Bellettere of Hazleton in a fast six-rounder. Patsy Gally of Freeland beat Vic Ford of Kulpmont in four rounds, and in the opener, Lero Ponzi of Hazleton kayoed Jackie Mitchell of McAdoo in the fourth round.

A BIT FOR ALL—Eddie McGeever, Scranton lightweight, lost in eight rounds to Maxie Berger at the Bronx Coliseum in New York City . . . . Nick Rabin, Bethlehem heavyweight, lost via the T.K.O. route to Jim Robinson in the eighth round of a scheduled ten-rounder at Philadelphia. Rabin received a cut lip and the club physician refused to let the rugged steel mill worker continue . . . . Hank Stezar, Scranton promoter, plans to stage a big show for his outdoor arena . . . . The following fighters can be secured by the writer of this column: Nick Rabin, Chester Palutis, Jack Downey, Jack Moran, Tom Callahan, Jack Reilly, Johnny Snyder, heavyweights; Billy Knox, Joe Marlin, Billy Lindes, Steve Kahley, middleweights; Johnny Vandurek, Gene McColligan, welterweights; "Irish" Joe Nealon, Steve Gacha, Tommy Liberto, lightweights; Tommie Scavo, featherweight, and Midget Mickey Walker, bantamweight.

Any fighters planning to make the Coal Fields their headquarters should contact the writer as fights here are in full bloom . . . . Pete Susky, former leading middleweight contender, is in full charge at St. Patrick's Gym in Scranton and is the trainer of most Scranton pugilists . . . . King Levinsky, erstwhile heavyweight fighter, showed here in the role of a grappler. The Kingfish tossed his opponent in three minutes.

Jack Walton, Scranton referee, handled the Tony Rock-Wildcat O'Connor match to perfection . . . . Promoters in and around upper New York State are using Coal Region fighters exclusively in their prelims . . . . Chester Palutis will soon be seen in Syracuse against Ralph De John . . . . Billy Shaw is matchmaker and publicity man for the Syracuse club . . . . Jack (Doc) Moore would like to show Fritzie Zivic in the Coal Regions . . . . Moore is Zivic's Eastern representative for Luke Carney, Pittsburgh fight pilot . . . . Gabe Genovese reports that his middleweight star, Babe Risko, former world's champion, is on the comeback trail and ready for any of the better scrappers in his class . . . . Genovese is the "silent" man backing the Syracuse club . . . . THE RING is on sale at most newsstands throughout the Coal Fields . . . . When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's Book Shop.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

CHUBBY Tony Galento finally received a satisfactory opportunity of showing his wares in a New York ring and his explosive hitting powers were revealed to the complete dismay of Nathan Mann in the second round at Madison Square Garden.

The roly poly Jerseyite looked anything but formidable against the healthy, athletic looking Mann in the first round. He was smacked around with healthy lefts and rights and when the round was over his nose was spouting blood and his breathing was far from normal. Mann was spearing him with stiff left jabs and hooks and a few right hand blows to the body slowed Tony considerably.

Coming out for the second round it seemed like an entirely different matter. A terrific left hook followed by a right on the head caused Mann to tumble to the canvas, taking the count of nine. Infuriated and reckless beyond control, Galento cut loose with abandon and instantly after had Nathan again on the floor. Dazed and unable to collect his mental faculties, Nathan arose just as the count of ten was completed.

A crowd that contributed $25,669.70 accepted the abbreviated knockout with elation and thus a new heavyweight contender sprang on the horizon. Galento can hit with dynamic power and his various eccentricities should establish him with favor among the fight populace.

Tiger Jack Fox disposed of Eddie Blunt in the second round of the eight round semi-final, after scoring two knockdowns. Jorge Brescia whipped Bob Tow in six rounds; Jim Robinson looked good in trouncing Al Boros; Bill Poland, a youngster with terrific hitting power, kayoed Charleu Fisher in one round while Al Albin whipped Label Shapson in the four round opener.

Nat Litfin caused a major upset when he defeated Sixto Escobar in an overweight match at the New York Hippodrome. Their ten round bout attracted a gate of $5,614.00.

The fight was anything but an exciting one, but the last round furnished plenty of excitement. The Bronx Hebrew elected to use a long jab to pile up a comfortable lead in the early rounds. He peppered Sixto's nose repeatedly with his left hand to win three of the first five heats in easy fashion. Escobar came on strongly after the mid-way mark and roughed Litfin all over the ring from the sixth through the ninth rounds. They went into the last session on fairly even terms, and it was here that the Bronxite forged ahead to win the decision. He stung the champion with hard right-hand smashes to the head and bounced left hooks into Sixto's mid-section in a desperate rally that pulled the fight out of the fire for him. One judge voted for the champion, while the other judge and the referee gave the decision to Litfin.

In the semi-final bout of six rounds, Allie Stolz whipped George Karkella in a hard-fought battle. Matt Perfetti continued on his winning streak by taking the measure of Cyril Josephs in another six-round affair. A third six saw Vernon Cormier score over Augustine Gonzales. In fours, Yoshio Nakamura whipped Cruz Roque, while Bill Poland scored a one-round knockout over Danny Ladner.

Nathan Mann, New Haven heavyweight, signalized his return to ring warfare following his ill-fated attempt to wrest the crown from Joe Louis, by scoring a three-round knockout over Hans Haverlick of Austria, in what was scheduled as the feature ten-round attraction at the New York Hippodrome. Showing no ill effects of his debacle at the hands of the Brown Bomber in Madison Square Garden recently, the Nutmeg State farmer plowed his opponent to the canvas no less than eight times before the referee called a halt to the proceedings. He floored Haverlick for six and nine counts alternately and had things all his own way in the most improved form of punching power he has shown in a Metropolitan ring.

In the semi-final affair, towering Abe Simon employed a vicious left hook to floor Al Hart for the full count in the second round. Al Boris scored over Cliff Kusterback in a hard-fought six-round fight. In another six-round affair, Phil Sommese whipped George Maselli. In four-round bouts, Bill Poland knocked out Paul Pross in one round and Larry Closson defeated Charley Fisher.

The perpetual motion of Jackie Kid Berg was too much for Ray Napolitano and the result was an easy eight-round victory for the former Whitechapel Windmill over his Italian adversary in the feature bout at the Broadway Arena. In the semi-final contest of eight rounds, Willie Fool defeated Vincent Pimpinella. In a six-round fight on the same program, Murray Brandt whipped Pete Galiano—Walter Woods, the Gashouse middleweight, dropped Rudy Marshall for a count of nine in the third round of their scheduled eight-round main event at the Windsor Palace, but had to be content with a draw when the Negro made a furious rally in the closing rounds. Irving Eldridge continued to flash good form when he scored a seven-round knockout over Charley Burns, whom he completely outclassed.

Henry Cooper, young heavyweight protege of Sammy Milton, pulled somewhat of an upset when he whipped Jarl Johnson in the six-round feature at the Ridgewood Grove. In another six-round contest, Jack Tolson defeated Johnny McHale, while a third six saw Izzy Redman win over Pedro Nieves—Sam (Irish) Krulewitz, the professor of boxing in the nightly Classes of Issie Muskin's fine restaurant on the lower East Side, is highly steamed up in the new punching prowess that is being displayed by Hymie Berg since he placed himself under the expert care of Maxie Lees. Although Krulewitz, nee Irish, attributes Berg's improvement to his newly-acquired manager, Issie still insists that his fine steaks have helped no little in the development of his punch soporific. At any rate, Ben Marko, the veteran glove tosser from the corners of East Broadway and Clinton Streets, who holds the record for the fastest knockout, is seriously anticipating a comeback to challenge Berg for fistic supremacy on the East Side. Come what may, Irish maintains it is nothing more than professional jealousy.

Maxie Berger is making a serious bid for recognition among the leading 135-pounders. His latest accomplishment is a victory scored over Irish Eddie McGeever in the feature bout at the New York Coliseum. Augie Arellano beat Eddie Conley in the six-round semi-final, while Joe Baynes knocked out Freddie Fitzgerald in five rounds—Italo Colonello, Italian heavyweight, stopped Tony Lamaretto in the first round of their scheduled ten-round main event at the Windsor Palace. Colonello scored three knockdowns before the fight was finally halted to save his adversary from further punishment. In the semi-final bout, Yoshio Nakamura stopped Frankie Aiello in the second round. Pat Mulcahey took one round to knock out Jack Nelson, while in another six, Baby Breese whipped Jimmy Williams.

Melio Bettina, southpaw from Beacon, N. Y., closed the winter boxing season at the New York Hippodrome by scoring a seven-round kayo over James J. Johnson. Bettina completely outclassed his colored opponent and the referee showed good judgment in halting the one-sided contest when it was quite apparent that Johnson did not have the slightest chance to win. In the six-round semi-windup, Jerry Mazza scored a decision over veteran Joe Marciente—Bobby Cortez, Mexican welterweight, who fought slashing battles with Andre Jessurun, Saverio Turiello and other top-notch performers, is looking for action and is ready to display his wares against the leaders of his division—Bill Duffy is handling the affairs of Will Poland, hard-hitting young Jewish heavyweight.

Bernie Friedkin, promising Brownsville lightweight, scored a hard-fought eight-round decision over Orville Drouillard in the feature contest at the Broadway Arena. It was a nip-and-tuck fight with Friedkin's last round rally earning him the nod. Quentin Baby Breese knocked out Al Dunbar in one round of the semi-windup, while Bobby Birch stopped Ben Wojack in the second session—Mike Belloise handed young Petey Scalzo the first defeat of his professional career when he whipped the West Side Italian in the feature eight-round bout at the New York Coliseum. Although a strong finish won the decision for the former featherweight champion, the verdict was anything but a popular one—Pete Koloff scored a technical knockout over Joe Marsh in the second round. A badly lacerated eye forced Marsh to a halt—Jack Read has compiled an annual Australian boxing directory, which includes the names of the leading American boxers.

John Henry Lewis retained his world light-heavyweight crown when he disposed of Emilio Martinez in the fourth round in their championship battle in Minneapolis—Dom Colon scored an upset in defeating Jack Sharkey, Jr., in the main event of six rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. In a semi-final bout, Jack Tolson whipped Joe Cosentino in easy fashion—Paul Lee was responsible for another upset when he whipped Vincenzo Dell 'Orto in the eight-round feature at the Royal Windsor. Pat Mulcahey, leading Irish 160-pounder, scored a one-round knockout over Barney Monte in what was a scheduled semi-final bout—Joey Fontana defeated Jimmy Lancaster in eight rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. In six-round bouts, Matt Perfetti remained undefeated by trouncing Jerry Mazza, and Augie Arellano boxed a draw with Johnny McHale.

George Zengaras, the Greek lightweight from the East Side, scored a startling knockout victory over Frankie Wallace, veteran Cleveland battler, in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-round bout at the New York Hippodrome. In what was a tame affair for six sessions, Zengaras uncorked a wild right-hand punch that caught Wallace flush on the jaw and dropped him flat on his face, from which position he was counted out. Baby Salvy Saban needed a second round nine-second knockout to earn the decision over Emil Calcagni in the semi-final eight-round fight. Calcagni made it interesting for the Greenwich Village battler after shaking off the effects of the knockdown and was coming fast at the close of the battle. Joey Fontana defeated Harold Valan in a six-round contest—Nat Litfin defeated Eddie Haas in the eight-round feature affair at the New York Coliseum. Peter Clayton knocked out Austin McCann in one round, and Larry Marinucci stopped Johnny Sharkey in five rounds.

Johnny Morro surprised local experts when he defeated Johnny Bellus in the main bout at the New York Coliseum. Phil Siriani whipped Johnny Mirabella in six rounds. In other sixes, Matt Perfetti won the decision over Frankie Aiello, and George Harper scored over Irish Johnny Dube—Bobby Pacho, veteran Mexican battler, drew with Pete De Ruzzi in the feature eight-round bout at the Windsor Palace. In a six-round fight, Eddie Haas whipped Armand Sicilia—Jarl Johnson, Norwegian heavyweight, scored knockdowns in the second and third rounds to whip Phil Sommese in the eight-round main bout at the Ridgewood Grove. Jimmy Urso scored a six-round decision over Davey Crawford, while Slugger White defeated Nick Pastore.

Ginger Foran, British featherweight importation, defeated Orville Drouillard in the main bout of eight rounds at the Broadway Arena. The sorrel-topped Englishman scored two knockdowns in the sixth round in whipping his adversary in such decisive fashion. Cliff Kusterbeck knocked out Leonard Neblitt in the second round. Willie Nussbaum also scored a two-round knockout over Charley Stefano—In the feature eight-round fight at the Windsor Palace, Mike Belloise defeated Young Chappie with a sparkling last-round rally. Johnny Rinaldi defeated Jimmy Williams in a six-round fight on the same show—Bobby Pacho's experience stood him in good stead when he whipped Willie Fool in the Broadway Arena main event of ten rounds. Johnny McHale whipped Silvio Zangrillo in a six-round fight, while in another six-rounder, Carl Dell decisioned Joe Pennino.

Bernie Friedkin, Brooklyn lightweight, was given a little trouble by Orville Drouillard in their return engagement at the Broadway Arena of Brooklyn. They went along at a lively pace for eight rounds with the official decision being rendered a draw. Jerry Mazza scored over Harold Valan in the six-round semi-final.

Irving Eldridge and Johnny Morro tried hostilities at the Bronx Coliseum in an eight-round affair, but the finish of the contest found both boys fighting hard but nothing gained by the outcome. The official verdict was a draw.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE largest crowd to witness a wrestling show here in many years jammed the Broadway Auditorium for the Buffalo Sporting Club's all-star card which featured Ed (Don) George of North Java and Rowdy Bob Wagner of Portland, Ore. Wagner beat George, but in doing so committed about every foul that is known in the grabble business. Wagner tossed George twice and gave the farmer lad a terrible gruelling.

So incensed against Wagner was the big crowd that police had to escort him from the building. The complete result of matches on the B. S. C. card follow:

Wladyslaw Talun, 277, defeated Pat McGill, 240, two straight falls; 10:49, slam and press, and 4:10, press.

Bob Wagner, 233, threw Ed Don George, 227; 7:04, body press.

Danno O'Mahony, 230, and Felix Miquet, 239, wrestled a draw; 30 minutes, official decision.

Don McIntyre, 215, defeated Tiger Joe Marsh, 222; 21:32, Marsh retired.

Cowboy Luttrell, 240, defeated Pete Managoff, 211; 12:29, Managoff retired.

Referee, Willie (K. O.) Brennan; judges, Art Scott and Dan Russo; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Jimmy Clark's rocklike fists just about put Paulie Mahoney out of the running for big matches for all time. We cautioned young Mahoney a long time ago that he would regret the day he allowed himself to be pitted against fighters of the Clark type. Jimmy hits too hard and has too much ability for Paulie, who is a clever boxer and that's all.

Clark seems to be boxing better than ever and his trip West has apparently done him a lot of good. There's talk around town now that Jimmy may tackle Popeye Woods, the New York middleweight who flattened Ralph De John at Syracuse. This match would draw some money.

The complete list of bouts on the Q. A. C. program follows:

Jimmy Clark, 156, Buffalo, scored technical knockout over Paulie Mahoney, 164, Buffalo, in 48 seconds of third round; bout stopped by referee.

Marty Simmons, 167, Saginaw, Mich., defeated Charley Eagle, 167, New York, six rounds; official decision.

Irish Eddie Dolan, 143½, Waterbury, Conn., knocked out Johnny Sheppard, 138, Cleveland, in 2:15 of fourth round.

Jimmy Gilligan, 120½, Hamburg, defeated Katzumi Morioka, 116½, New York, six rounds; official decision.

Mickey Devine, 134½, Batavia, defeated Tommy Tedesco, 138, Niagara Falls, six rounds; official decision.

Jack Conway, 185, Buffalo, scored technical knockout over Jim Brown, 175½, Syracuse, in 58 seconds of second round. bout stopped by referee.

Referee, Luke Carr; judges, Harry McCoy, William Meyers; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

TAKE THESE WITH A GRAIN OF SALT—Bert Finch weighs 105 pounds . . . . Ben Irvine is as silent as the sphinx . . . . Jack Singer is a professor of philosophy at Oxford University Charlie Murray continues to give free passes to politicians when they are out of office . . . . Jack Herman will be twenty-five years old next month . . . . You can get plenty of matches on Queensberry Club cards without consulting Red Carr . . . . Willie (K. O.) Brennan is to become leading man for Greta Garbo . . . . Frank Wakefield, the boxing writer, is as bald as an eagle . . . . Red Murray has run out of jokes . . . . Charlie Bailey of the *Times* wants to write society news . . . . Big Boy Brackey will fight Joe Louis for the heavyweight championship at Soldiers Field in Chicago . . . . Tommy Timlin's curly locks are raven black . . . . Billy Michael has a devil of a time combing his thick, bushy hair . . . . Earl Epsten, boxing fan No. 1, refuses to indulge in political conversation.

Billy Mitchie, the fight manager, is still in London, England, with his two battlers, George Burke, heavyweight, and Mike Martyk, featherweight. Billy writes that his boys are winning regularly and that he has high hopes of making some money in Merrie England.

"John Harding, manager of the National Sporting Club, is a prince of a fellow," says Mitchie. "He has treated us all royally and his word is is bond."

Bert Finch, Tommy Timlin and other well-known boxing men plan activity in the fight game this summer. Finch is getting shaped up for a busy 1938-39 season. He realizes that he is up against a problem in assembling a stable of real fighters but believes the tide has turned and boxing is ready for a boom.

Timlin is in good shape as he has the hard-punching Rudy Stiller under his management and Stiller promises to be No. 1 box-office attraction around these parts before the summer is over.

Too, the fight game is booming in Toronto, and little wonder. Good local boys, capable of meeting the best at their respective weights, are meeting champions and near-champions. This is all that the fans in any town demand.

JUST GOSSIP—Big Boy Brackey would like to go to the Pacific Coast under Jimmy Dunn's management . . . . Dunn could probably do more for Brackey than anyone else that I know . . . . Joe Doctor is training and would like just one more chance to make good in the roped arena . . . . Joe is only twenty-six and can still fight when in condition . . . . Frisco Grande, former star Filipino bantam, is a W.P.A. worker here . . . . Benny Ross and Virgil Kinkaid are with the adult educational movement . . . . Rocky Kansas is with the Department of Public Works . . . . Rocky attended a recent reunion of old-timers in Philadelphia . . . . Met his old ring foes . . . . Lew Tendler and Willie Jackson.

SHORT STUFF—Jack Herman, major domo of the Buffalo Sporting Club, is recovering from a major operation. Jack is not so young as he used to be, but he is plenty tough and has a carload of real grit . . . . Matchmaker Herman put the wrestling game on its feet in Buffalo and has played to standing room only several times . . . . Tommy Timlin, the Grey Eagle, is a hard luck guy . . . . He has Rudy Stiller, best local prospect, under his management and Rudy suffered a broken bone in his foot in his winning bout against Lou Presto . . . . Result was that Rudy has been on crutches for six weeks . . . . Stiller will make plenty of money next season if he only gets a fair break in luck.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

JIMMY ADAMICK, Detroit's fast rising knock-out artist, continues his winning ways. Last month Jimmy flattened Red Bruce of Pittsburgh in the third round at St. Louis. In a Detroit ring, Jimmy carried too many guns for the rough Philadelphian, Al Ettore, and won handily in 10 rounds. Ettore's experience kept him in there for the 10 heats.

On the Adamick-Ettore card, George Sutka, hard hitting heavy from Wyandotte, stopped Junior Munsell in the third round. Sutka's kayo victory was of the sudden variety, coming after he had dropped the first two rounds.

In the six-rounder, Bobby McIntire, Detroit lightweight, dropped the Cuban, Kid Sila, four times for nine counts in taking a one-sided decision. McIntire was impressive in trimming the rugged Sila.

Billy Bengal, hard hitting Detroit welter, kayoed Jimmy Coleman, New York, in forty seconds of the first round; Lem Franklin stopped Paul Ambers and Cleo McNeil and Joey Miehielove went to a draw in preliminaries.

Wesley Ramey, veteran Grand Rapids lightie, continues to rate as the uncrowned champion of the 135 pounders. While he doesn't seem able to get a crack at the title, he does keep busy and at South Bend, Ind., Wesley dropped Jimmy Buckler once in copping a 10-round duke. Joey Greb, rugged 140-pounder from Herkimer, N. Y., hit the deck three times in dropping a decision to Ramey in Grand Rapids, and Lew Jenkins, who was the reigning sensation in Texas, was floored 11 times by Ramey in their Dallas bout which Ramey won.

Roscoe Toles was far too clever for the Spaniard, Isadoro Gastanaga, and after the second round in which both were on the deck, Roscoe had complete command. He hit Gastanaga with plenty before winning by a technical kayo in the seventh.

George Sutka won by a knockout over Billy Nichy of Pittsburgh in the second round of the semi-final.

Gene Barrett, Roger Bernard's hard punching protege from Flint, stopped Patsy Urso's winning streak when he scored a T.K.O. in Walter Sharp's first show at Fairview Gardens. Patsy had just won a hairline duke over the rough Red Casson, and was the favorite to cop the nod.

Bobby "Red" Wood, classy Flint feather, continues to keep busy. Manager Johnny McIntyre seems to be doing all right with Red. He copped a close verdict over Eddie Scott, boxed a draw with the hard hitting Georgie Van der Hayden, although outweighed by seven pounds, and then dropped a close decision in a thrilling battle with Joey Bagnato at Toronto.

Wesley Ramey added the Michigan lightweight championship to his list of possessions when he defeated Bobby McIntire in 10 hard rounds at Muskegon. Ramey was given a bad scare in the early rounds, as McIntire connected with some good wallops, but his experience stood him in good stead and he came on to win handily in the closing stages but was unable to floor the Detroiter.

Frank "Buster" Wright, 275-pound Grand Rapids Negro, is developing into a sensation in those parts. The only fighter to last the distance with Wright was Paul Ambers, Detroit heavy, who dropped a close decision to Wright. The rest of Wright's opponents have all gone out in jig time.

George Burnett, colored middleweight champion, won over Billy Celebron of Rockford, Ill., at Milwaukee. On the same card, Chuck Woods defeated Toots Bernstein.

Fritzie Zivic, headline welter from Pittsburgh, looked little like his former self in winning a hairline decision over Reno Fernandez, Chicago Mexican, in 10 rounds at the Arena Gardens. Zivic is recuperating from a bad attack of pneumonia and had plenty of trouble winning over Fernandez.

Tony Petrowski, Muskegon's welterweight ace, pulled a real surprise when he stopped Johnny Barbara in the first round of a bout in Chicago's Marigold Gardens. Petrowski is getting to be quite a kayo kid. He stopped Billy Bengal in one round in Grand Rapids.

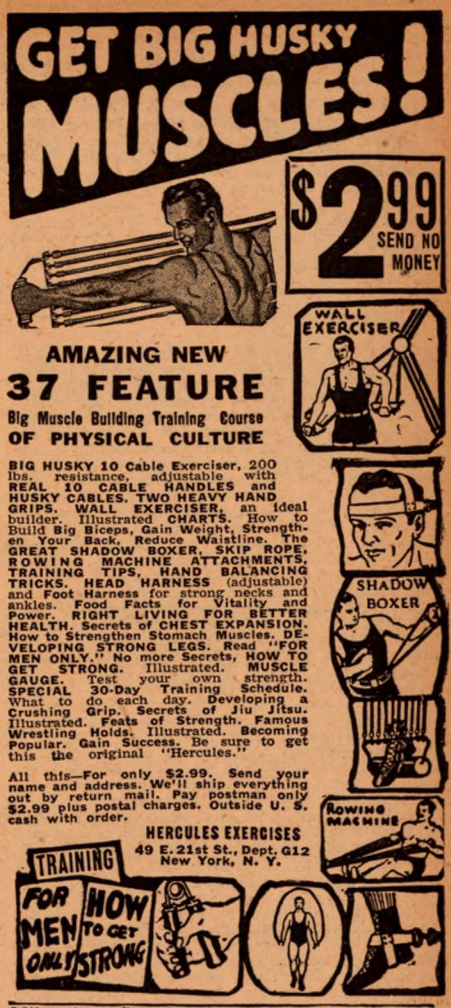
CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

IN the feature bout at the Foot Guard Hall, Hartford, Johnny Mack, a willing mixer, and Honey Mellody from Boston, fought through eight entertaining rounds with the official decision being a draw.

Bobby Ivy conquered the rugged Jackie Alexander by outpunching him all the way in the six-round semi-final windup. George Pepe, a two fisted warrior, banged out his triumph over Popeye, the Woonsocket, R. I., clouter, in a match that was jammed with punching thrills. Pepe floored Popeye for a nine count in the third round. Young Jack Dempsey was given the verdict over Charlie Sistitto in a six-round bout with Sistitto doing the clowning. A six-round encounter between Wally Bonola, light-heavyweight, and Eddie Mahoney, Torrington mittster, went five rounds before Bonola scored a technical knockout. Mahoney suffered a badly cut optic.

The decision which was awarded to George Fitch over Tony Shucco, Boston light-heavyweight, in a feature attraction of 10 rounds at the New Haven Arena, failed to be received well by the fistic fans. Fitch left-handed to victory by a slight margin through most of the set-to.

George Pepe, scrappy mauler, followed up his ring triumph in belting Sailor Born in a six-round bout. Dick Hogan succeeded in winning the decision from Marshal Grosso, Hartford boxer, in a six-rounder. Joe Triano, welterweight, was held to a draw in his second pro bout with Johnny Dowgillo in a four-rounder. Ken Perry, Waterbury middleweight, punched out a win over Jimmy Weed in his comeback campaign.



IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

RETURNING to the scene of his sensational triumph over Ralph De John, Walter (Popeye) Woods, New York's Gas House District middleweight contender, scored a smashing three-round knockout victory over Tony Fisher, Newark boxer, before a turnout of 2,500 at the Arena. The bout was one-sided from the start, the ultimate ending never in doubt, as Woods handled the burned out Fisher with ease. Popeye walked out at the clang of the bell launching the third heat and crashed a terrific right to Fisher's jaw, the Jersey boy crumbling in a punch fogged daze, head first on the canvas. The bout was scheduled for eight rounds.

Action was plentiful in the six-round semi-final, in which Mel Glionna, classy Toronto featherweight, won from Joey Brown, hard-slugging local boy. Glionna used a left jab to spear Joey off balance, following up his portside thrusts with solid rights to the body and head, but Brown made the fight as he ripped in, slinging both fists in a tireless offensive attack. It was a great battle to watch, and close enough to be called a draw, both boys making a tremendous hit with the crowd.

Don Alberts, Gabe Genovese's green but willing Cleveland colored heavyweight, a light-complexioned mulatto, scored a technical knockout over Nick Rabin, hardy Bethlehem, Pa., bruiser, in a bitter toe-to-toe slugfest that lasted until the fifth round when Rabin was battered helpless, and Referee Jack Michaels halted the affair. Up until the fifth, the Quaker States made things really interesting for the Genovese protege, but Alberts proved to be the stronger and eventually wore Rabin down.

Steve Halaiko, famed Auburn Ghost, handicapped with a severe cut over his left eye received in the first round, fought like a man inspired to win over Johnny Van Durek of Scranton in another bitter fight that went the distance, six rounds. Steve Gacha, Scranton lightweight with the iron right, knocked out Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, in the first round of a scheduled six, with a right hook to the jaw. In the opener, a four-heat affair, Frankie Katzman, Buffalo featherweight, punched his way to victory over tough Tommy Scavo of Scranton.

A show featuring Pal Silvers vs. Ralph De John and Mel Glionna vs. Joey Brown in a return go, both eight-rounders, was cancelled when both Silvers and Glionna were forced to withdraw three days after they were advertised. Silvers received a cut over his eye, while Glionna had to go through with a Toronto engagement the same night, honoring a previously signed postponed contract.

Bert Courage, amateur heavyweight kayo artist, whose string now numbers 49 in 58 fights, defeated Ollie Smith, local Negro, in a fast five-rounder at the Arena amateur bouts. A week later, Courage compiled his forty-ninth kayo when he hung a slumber punch on Charley Moore, New York Negro, in two rounds.

Hans Haverlick, the Austrian heavy, trained as if his life depended on the outcome, and then went to New York and made a miserable showing against Nathan Mann of New Haven at the Hipp, being knocked out in the third round of a bout listed for ten.

The former middleweight champion, Eddie (Babe) Risko, is hitting the comeback trail after a long layoff. Judging the Babe by his gymnasium drills at Brady's, we would say he is a better all-around fighter today than he was when he wore the crown. He appears to be stronger and throws his punches straighter.

In one of the wildest mat bouts ever waged in Syracuse, two bad men, Strangler Bob Wagner and Cowboy Luttrall, met to decide supremacy. Wagner won by scoring two falls over the vicious Texan. It is doubtful if two wrestlers were ever more disliked than this infamous pair. Their villainy outdid any previous collision of grapplers here in ten years.

LEFT HOOKS—Joe Netro says he welcomes a local match for Ralph De John with Babe Risko this summer . . . . It will be the prize pugilistic plum of the season with the winner in line for a go with Walter (Popeye) Woods, both naturals Mickey Shaw (no relation), New York trainer and former sparring mate of Schmeling and Farr, made a trip upstate for the purpose of booking some fighters and visiting relatives in Oneida, N. Y., and Syracuse . . . . Joe Boscarino, New York lightweight, a card here, underwent a plastic surgical operation in the metropolis for the removal of warts from his face . . . . Why fighters like Solly Kreiger, Lou Ambers, Teddy Yarosz, Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong and others of their class don't show upstate is the wonder of fans and promoters alike . . . . Any one of them would jam the various arenas in this sector . . . . Bert Courage, the amateur luminary, will clean up when he decides to turn pro . . . . Joe Matisi, Endicott Golden Glover, was operated on at Syracuse General Hospital for the removal of cartilage from his right knee which hindered him while fighting . . . . When Steve Gacha weighed in at 136 pounds for a fight with Pedro Lorenzo, instead of 129 as he had signed to weigh, and no substitute was available for the Philly feather, Eddie Dempsey was tossed in with Gacha and the latter stiffened Eddie with a punch, while little Pedro was forced to remain idle . . . . His pilot, Eddie Gallagher, has not spoken to us since . . . . A monster testimonial dinner was given for Bill Dinneen, retired Syracuse big league umpire, and Jack Dempsey and Jim Braddock were among the guests who paid homage to the local man . . . . A gathering of 1200 sat in at the dinner and heard speeches by Grantland Rice, Joe Williams and many others.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

THE Elks' Club has closed its doors to boxing for the summer after a successful season. And the credit goes to Johnny Burba for giving the fans such great shows.

Tony DeCarlo is one of the best prospects ever to put on a glove in Rochester. The local promoters are having plenty of hard luck in getting boys to fight "Push 'Em Up Tony." In his last fight Tony kayoed Tony Spades of Batavia in 50 seconds.

Following are the results of the more important amateur bouts staged at the Rochester Elks Club: Marvin Cicero, 126, Niagara Falls, won decision over Frankie Dunst, Erie, Pa., five; Eddie Smith, 132, Rochester, knocked out Bobby Martin, Erie, in third round, 58 seconds; Andy Ross, 147, Niagara Falls, won decision over Herbie Phillips, Erie, five rounds; Tony DeCarlo, 147, Rochester, knocked out Tony Spads, Batavia, in first round; Jimmy Lee, 170, Rochester, won decision over Ray Smith, Rochester, three rounds; Joey Stefano, 126, Rochester, won by technical knockout over Gene Marks, Niagara Falls, in third round; Shorty Dowd, 112, Brighton, won decision over Al Costa, Rochester, three rounds.

Jim Curley, 126, Toronto, won decision over Nello Nucelli, Rochester, five rounds; Vern Esco, 170, Toronto, won decision over Sam Leta, Rochester, five rounds; Don Stevens, 160, Rochester, won decision over Howard Spencerly, Toronto, five rounds; Pete Montel, 152, Rome, scored a technical knockout over Pete Husser, Rochester, in second round, when Hüsser was disqualified for second climbing in ring; Carl Erne, 135, Rochester, scored a technical knockout over Russell Oliver, Toronto, in fifth round when referee stopped fight; Joey Stefano, 126, Rochester, scored technical knockout over Jimmy Reina, Rochester, in third round when referee stopped fight; Boyd Powell, 190, Rochester, scored technical knockout when Charlie Ryan, Rochester, was unable to come out for second round.

Jim Curley, 126, Toronto, won decision over Nello Nucelli, Rochester, five rounds; Steve Curley, 128, Toronto, won over George Brown, Rochester, in fourth round when Brown was disqualified for hitting low; Vern Esco, 175, Toronto, scored technical knockout over Chuck Nareske, Fulton, in third round; George Pignolli, 156, Toronto, won decision over Johnny Marshal, Auburn, five rounds; Joe Letta, 140, Rochester, scored technical knockout over Tony Gilotte, Rochester, in fourth round; Jimmy Reina, 126, Rochester, won decision over Nick Hook, Rochester, five rounds; Jimmy Brown, 122, Syracuse, won decision over Don Piano, Avon, three rounds.

Jule Bauman put on one great wrestling show and sold the house with the following bouts:

Main Event—Ed Don George, 223, North Java, N. Y., Vic Christy, 222, Los Angeles, Calif., drew.

Semi-Final—George (Wildcat) Wilson, 207, Seattle, Wash., threw Alonzo Woods, 220, Oakdale, Calif.

Preliminary—Dan O'Connor, 220, Boston, Mass., and Don McIntyre, 217, Kansas City, drew, 30-minute time limit.

FISTIC MORSELS — Johnny Burba, Elks' matchmaker, is planning on a month's vacation in Florida . . . . Joe DeCarlo is managing his brother, Tony, a great prospect and a good puncher . . . . Jimmy Downs has a good boy in Red Mahoney, a welterweight . . . . Rocky Conti is back from Brooklyn and will make Rochester his home again . . . . Mart Gagie is doing a great job with the sport . . . . Johnny Mastrella, the intercollegiate welterweight champ, says this is his last year as a fighter and that he is planning on refereeing boxing bouts . . . . Joe Brady is keeping his boys busy in and around Penna., New York and New Jersey States.

Billy Blair, former fighter and trainer, is wrecking buildings, and Ed Wilson is a guard at a local bank, and Al Fields is trying to get on the police force . . . . Andy Ruby is the No. 1 fan of Rochester and you'll see Andy at all the fights, wrestling and other sports. Andy just reserved his fight ticket for the season again . . . . Dominic Angelo is planning on visiting the West Coast again soon . . . . Abe Lickenstein, who did some fighting and made a name for himself in Rochester, is fighting in Baltimore and winning often . . . . The DeCarlo boys of Batavia have a great stable of boys and are keeping them busy . . . . Hughie Smith is out of the hospital and looking good again . . . . Bill Fogarty just bought a new farm and is kept busy working it.

You can read your notes in THE RING. Just send them in to me before the first of each month. My address is 181 No. Union St. When in Rochester you can get THE RING at any newsstand.

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IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By GENE VINASSA

SUEY WELCH, major domo of boxing at the Olympic in Los Angeles and Dreamland in San Francisco, is trying to bring Bob Pastor and Gunnar Barlund together during June at Wrigley Field on an all-star show. The dapper Irishman thinks the fight would hit the $50,000 mark. When Pastor defeated Bob Nestell in Los Angeles last year, the "gate" was around $80,000.

Paul Damski, Barlund's pilot, is an interesting fellow. Just to give you a thumbnail sketch of Damski:

He fought with the Russian army at the start of the World War, wound up by moving to Germany afterwards and discovered that he was a citizen of Lithuania. Lives part of his time in London and has taken out his American citizenship papers.

While in Germany, Damski managed the Sports-Palast in Berlin. Max Schmeling fought for him eight times.

Here's an interesting yarn by Sid Ziff, sports editor of the Los Angeles *Herald*:

"Max Baer can have the Louis fight this summer in place of Max Schmeling if Baer's manager, Ancil Hoffman, will pay Promoter Mike Jacobs what Schmeling owes Jacobs, according to Hoffman . . . . It is supposed to be around $50,000 advanced by Jacobs in tax moneys, etc. . . . . Hoffman won't do it.

"'If the Louis-Schmeling bout goes through,' Hoffman says, 'Jacobs will have the way to guarantee Schmeling's future appearances in the U. S. in defense of his title . . . . He'll simply hold out a big sum of money and put it in the bank as a guarantee that Schmeling fights again,' says Hoffman. 'Schmeling will have to accept the title fight on those terms.'"

RANDOM SHOTS—Al Ramo, trainer of Gunnar Barlund, is plugging George Zangaras, Greek lightweight, to Coast promoters . . . . Ramo predicts the Hellenic scrapper will prove a sensation with Coast fans . . . . Wally Hally and Baby Arizmendi are due for a rematch at the Olympic during June . . . . Arizmendi has been fighting for twelve years and is still going strong . . . . has had about 250 bouts . . . . during these bouts, the Tampico Kid says he never was once hit hard enough to lose consciousness even momentarily . . . . "I've been stunned a few times," he tells you . . . . he would remedy that by tossing his shaggy mane and his noggin would clear immediately.

Davey Abad and Jackie Conway are managing the St. Louis Negro middleweight, Archie (K.O.) Moore, who arrived in Los Angeles recently.

Tommy Farr is refreshing in at least one respect. The day after he arrived in Los Angeles, he was on the phone thanking newspapermen for their stories on him. Farr received $750 for an exhibition match at the Olympic.

Young Corbett still has around $13,000 coming from the promoters of the Jimmy McLarnin-Corbett fight in Los Angeles . . . . the "champ" was in Los Angeles the other day demanding his money . . . . Corbett picks Louis to flatten Schmeling. . . . he is patiently waiting for a crack at Freddie Steele, middleweight champion.

Ace Hudkins, the cause of Joe Benjamin hanging up the gloves many years ago, recently picked the winners for his old rival at Agua Caliente . . . . they had their heads together all one afternoon . . . . Hudkins now operates a night club in Hollywood and Benjamin is doing O.K. with the horses.

Jimmy Garrison earned a shot with Lou Ambers when the lightweight king comes to Los Angeles, by virtue of his smashing triumphs over Wally Hally and Nick (The Greek) Peters.

Fighters coming to Los Angeles, who are not under contract to anyone, can get action on the Coast with the writer of this column. Address: Barbara Hotel, 6th and Westlake Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

DAVE CASTILLOUX is the new Canadian featherweight king, bringing the title to Montreal when he scored a unanimous verdict over Jackie Callura in a sizzling ten-rounder that headlined Raoul Godbout's initial 1938 presentation at the Montreal Forum. Callura looked to be staging an upset in the early rounds with a swarming attack that had Castilloux somewhat off stride and bringing the fans to their feet in the fifth stanza when he clipped the Montrealer with a left hook to the jaw that put him on his haunches, though Castilloux was up before a count could be started. Castilloux gradually assumed command from then on, waging an effective counter-punch campaign that had the hustling Hamilton boy slowed down to a walk at the finish. It was a corking battle.

Oliver Shank, Alberta's heavyweight gift to Montreal, is having a hard time shaking off the ill-luck that has been dogging his footsteps. The heavy punching youth was heading for a sure win in the ten-round semi-final with Emil Scholz, the German heavy now fighting out of Boston, when his eyes, cut and bruised in the early rounds, puffed up so badly in the seventh round that his handlers tossed in the towel, as the lad's eyes were swollen up so badly with blood running into them that he was practically blinded.

Al Shank, Oliver's promising middleweight brother, made a strong impression when he flattened Stanley Lamouche, clever and rugged battler from Waterville, Maine, in three heats. Shank's two-fisted body smashes wore Lamouche down quickly and a right hook to the jaw "iced" him for the count. Shank had previously flattened Battling Henaire in three heats at Quebec, and his performances indicate he is one of Canada's leading middleweights and a lad who promises to travel quite a way along the fistic trail.

In the other prelims, Albert DiSalvo, promising local 130-pounder, stopped Roger Lapointe in two rounds, while Desse Green, leading local flyweight, licked Eddie Petrin in a bristling six-round battle. Petrin subbed for Bert White, who failed to show up. Promoter Godbout deserves credit for putting on a good program.

STRAY SHOTS—Maxie Berger, classy Montreal 140-pounder, who wears the Canadian lightweight title, added another brilliant win to his record when he whipped Eddie McGeever at the Bronx Coliseum . . . . Eddie Wenstob and Jack Tebo finally clashed in Edmonton, and Wenstob boxed his way to a ten-round verdict . . . . Wenstob and Tiger Warrington will likely clash for the Canadian light-heavy title at Sydney, Nova Scotia . . . . we are in receipt of a letter and clippings from Bud Davies, who is in England with his punching Paul brothers, Danny and Packy . . . . they are doing all right over there and we're wishing them the best of the breaks . . . . they figure on staying there this summer for some outdoor shots promised them . . . . over six hundred entries were recevied for the monster Golden Gloves meet staged by Russ Leighton and the Crescent A. C. at the Forum . . . . it took five nights and an afternoon to run the bouts off . . . . one night's session lasted till four a.m. . . . . which was as tough on spectators as fighters . . . . Indian Quintana scored impressively in Toronto when he whipped Johnny Gaudes, the Winnipeg lad who twice beat Baby Yack, holder of the Canuck bantam title, in non-title affairs.

We hear that Emile "Spider" Pladner, former French bantam star, is blind and has to be led around Paris by his wife . . . . a tragic ending for a good little fighter . . . . Bobby Leitham, Montreal bantam who fought him twice, is round as a barrel these days . . . . a far cry from the stocky little battler of five or six years ago . . . . Joe Gagnon, Dominion flyweight king, who was runner-up in the Empire Games, resumed his successes as a bantam by taking the Golden Gloves open title, though having a close shave in the final with Mickey Hennessey, 1936 Olympic flyweight . . . . Gagnon was esteemed the outstanding fighter in the open classes . . . . Johnny Greco, a little Italian lad of fourteen summers, was the sensation of the novice divisions.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

BILL IRBY is rounding himself in condition by teaching boxing to amateurs and promoting amateur boxing.

Tommy Burns is in the best of shape, and with the regular work at the Valley Arena, will give any of the bantams a busy evening.

Jackie Clark of Hartford, Conn., lost a close fight to Martin Rielly of Boston in the main bout of six rounds at the Valley Arena. Oscar Suggs of Newport stopped Walter Wazel of Fitchburg, Mass., in the fourth round of a six. Jackie Dupont of Holyoke stopped Paul Silva of Brockton in the third round of a four. Roy Carvell of Springfield stopped George Weller in the second round of a four. Billy Stewart of Holyoke won a decision over Sammy Tenore of Boston in a three-rounder. Jimmy Jones of Brockton won over Billy Savoy of Athol in three rounds. Tommy Burns of Springfield won over Tony Cowell of Lowell. Tommy Dunn won over Domingo Montario of Holyoke.

Bobby Little, Holyoke middleweight, K.O.'ed Joe Klamba of New Britain in the second round of a six-round main bout. Doug Murchie of North Adams won a six-round decision over Lou Lima of New Bedford. Billy Campanelli of Worcester won a four-rounder over Paul Warner of Meriden. Pete Herman of Boston won by a technical K.O. over Al Freida of Worcester when Freida had an attack of appendicitis in the third round. Mede Reyhome of Springfield lost a close decision to Joe Waishnis of Agawam in a three-round bout. Jackie Miles of North Adams won a unanimous decision over Al Larivee of Holyoke. Tommy Grady of Springfield knocked out Jimmy Lewis of New Haven in the second round of a four. Snooks Lacey of New Haven won a unanimous decision over Martin Reilly of Boston. This was Reilly's first defeat in eighteen professional starts.

Freddie Pease of Stafford Springs knocked out Tony Gouvia of Brockton in the third round of a scheduled six. Billy Stewart of Holyoke won over Ralph Morgan of Boston in a four-rounder. George Pepe of New Haven won over Francis Carter of Worcester in a four. Al Gauthier of Ludlow won over Johnny Baker of Meriden in a four-rounder. Jackie Saldato of Pittsfield won over Tommy Burns of Springfield. Jimmy Jones of Brockton won over Johnny Diaz of Fall River in a three-rounder. Steve Sapowski of Granby won over Terry Rogers in a three-rounder.

Sam Meltempo of Willimantic stopped Bobby Little of Holyoke in the fourth round of a six. This was Little's first defeat as a pro.

Roland Lecuyer of Holyoke won a decision over Pete Herman in a lively bout of six rounds.

Ruby Bradley made another comeback and beat Frankie Walsh of Worcester in a four-rounder. Mede Reyhome of Springfield lost to Joey Waishnis of Agawam, the second time. Waishnis had Reyhome down for a nine-count in the third round. Adams won a decision over Al Wallach of Holyoke in a three-rounder. Tommy Dunn of Springfield decisioned Domingo Montarino in three rounds.

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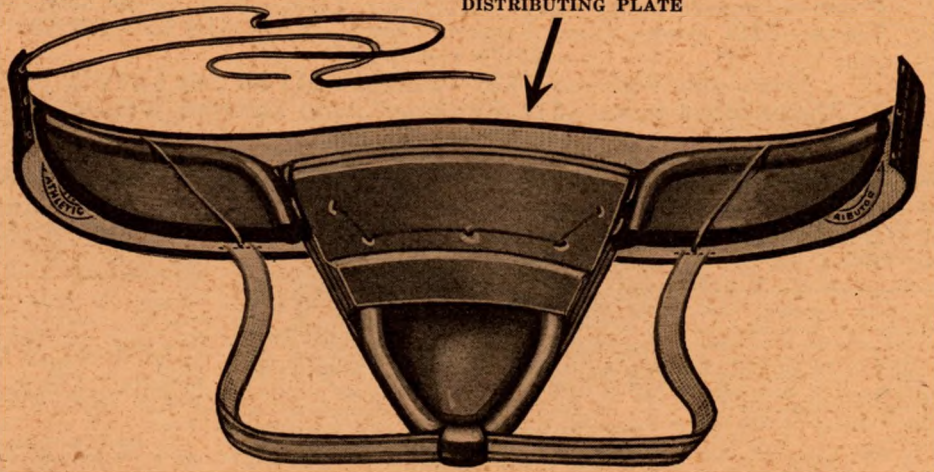

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SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THIS Mid-Western territory is bubbling over with Mike Jacobs talent at the present time. Cincinnati is out with Don Koons, heavyweight, and the fighting Gilmore brothers, Franky, lightweight, and Herbie, a junior feather.

Dayton turns the trick with heavy Buddy Knox; Al Wardlow, light-heavy. Down in Ashland, Ky., Tommy Mahan, a heavyweight, is coming along in slow but steady spurts. Indianapolis points to Johnny Denson, a hard-punching light-heavyweight, while Richmond has its middle star, Wendall Bubp.

Kentucky comes to the fore with Cecil Powell, Louisville lightie; Clarence Batsell, heavyweight, and welterweight Bill McDowell.

Buddy Knox, the larruping Dayton star, knocked out Mike Mitchell of Bellaire, Ohio, in one heat in the leading southern Ohio match of the month. In the semi-windup, Johnny Denson took Bud Creed into camp in eight.

Speaking of Denson. This kid, handled by the capable Tommy Leeper of Indianapolis, seems to be going places. Hitting the top hat ratings by bursting the Louisville bubble, Young Batsell, Johnny has knocked out Mickey Holder, Bob Bell, Mike Lamar and Eddie Simms in one round each; Charlie Light, Frankie Simms and Mike Jerome in two rounds each, and then tipped Jack Roper of Denver, Col., in one round. Last start at this release was a whizzing battle with Emil Campagno at Chicago.

Akron, Ohio—Ray Sharkey, Cleveland, drew in ten rounds against Baby Miller of Miami, Fla. They are lightweights.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PUNCHERS AND THEIR PILOTS—My boxing promoters' guide, in which is listed nearly 400 of the leading fight promoters around the country and is peddling like hot cakes . . . . you can get one of the last few in stock at only 50 cents in cash, sent to Jimmie Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. . . . . in memory we bow our heads to Frankie Van, late publisher of *The Knockout* magazine, who passed away suddenly in early April at Los Angeles . . . Frankie will be deeply missed by his many friends the world over . . . . good card for any promoter: the fighting Gilmore boys, Frankie and Herbie . . . . good colorful workers, under direction of Fred Batsche . . . . Benny Ray, Chicago pilot, seems to have pay money in Milt Aron . . . . at the same time, keep your eyes on Billy Celebron, the 160-pounder out of Chicago . . . . the veteran Jimmy Kelly is going great guns in his comeback . . . . the former machine-gun puncher tapped out Knockout Lee at Columbus in three heats.

Tipping you off to three of northern Kentucky's leading fight fans: Crow Clark, 11th and Madison, Harry Zumdick of the Covington American Legion, and Johnny Tewell, the Latonia, Ky., milkman . . . . does that suit you, Joe Olding? . . . . speaking of Kentucky, rumors on this desk have it that Latonia will have some summer shows at the Winston ball field . . . . Young Joe Palooka and Mickey Benson, Richmond, Va., punchers, are to make their bow on the Dempsey card here in Cincinnati on May 4 . . . . Herman Katz gets back in the harness around the first or second week in May at the spacious Parkway Bowl . . . . you can reach Herman through this column, care of the writer, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati O. . . . . Al Coehn's Trenton, N. J., stable of scrappers looks mighty good . . . . tops with 158-pound Larry Lane, a colored socker.

Billy Rintoul of Taft, California—Your letter was interesting. How about some mah? . . . . Jess Calhoun, Joe Altman's ace welter, is back in training and looking mighty good . . . . as is Simon Nebolsky, another of Altman's toppers . . . . most of the boys work out at Mike Griffin's spacious Yokum Gym in Cincinnati . . . . Mike's spot is open with the welcome mat for all visiting leather tossers . . . . same offer goes as before . . . . you managers and promoters who are interested in securing a service of fight results and news from all over the country, get in touch with me . . . . this goes also for fighters looking for work in this territory . . . . fighters without strings attached, especially . . . . and a final word for Jack Lofthouse's main Peoria scrappers, Chuck Burroughs, 190 pounds, and Henry Huerta, the Mexican junior lightweight flash.

Young Wills, Fred Batsche's Negro heavyweight star, turned in the chief upset of the month at Middletown, Ohio, when he let loose a barrage of stiff clouts to knock out Dynamite Edwards, the Lockland, O., star, in the third round of their scheduled eight-round tussle. Wills looks like the makings of a pretty good heavyweight. Edwards was considered nigh invincible, previous to Wills slapping the kisser on him.

At Columbus, Ohio, Franky Gilmore stepped on the gas and kayoed Lew Sayder of the Capitol City in three heats. A good program backed up the main event and from present outlooks, Columbus will have some good battles this summer.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

JIMMY ADAMICK was the featured performer on Larry Atkins' last hit parade at the Auditorium. He knocked out Red Bruce, tawny Pittsburgh Negro, in the third round of a possible ten. In the semi-final, Otis Thomas wallowed through a ten-rounder with the archaic Charley Belanger. Other preliminaries found Courtland ("Dutch Schultz") Shepard and Dan Dowling one-round kayo winners, while Clarence Jones won his first pro start in a six-heater with Monroe Harrison on a doubtful decision.

Incongruous as it may seem, the main event was a thriller. Though batted out in the third, Red traded ball for ball with the Detroiter and actually won the first by a wide margin. In the second, Adamick got the range and dropped Bruce, though he lost the round by a foul. The copperhead was presumably taking a nine-count in the next session but Referee Harry Cook said ten when Bruce was thinking nine and that was that.

There is little doubt that Adamick is a stiff puncher but after the way Bruce smacked him around it is difficult to see young James making any immediate inroads on the heavyweight situation. Bruce nailed him squarely with both hands and had his nose bleeding freely throughout. Adamick surprised, however, by showing a most authoritative left hook together with his vaunted right.

The Thomas-Belanger thing was unfortunate. Otis won handily but looked bad doing it. The Canadian was too oily a proposition for his less experienced foe and the going was pretty dull in spots. Despite excellent publicity, the attendance was miserable. The card was very poorly balanced and was patronized accordingly.

The sort of chicanery that prompts many a boxing addict to yearn for the pugilistic equivalent of baseball's Kenesaw Mt. Landis, took place recently in Dexter, Mo. Young Simington was accredited with a knockout over Johnny Stevens. As the latter fought on a preliminary to Louis and Thomas the next night in Chicago, things looked pretty suspicious. Especially in view of the whaling that Stevens gave Simington last year in St. Louis. The suspicion was heightened by the newspaper account of Stevens' "lightning left jab"—Johnny being a decided southpaw. Promoter Roberts, feeling that he was the victim of a hoax, held Simington and Murl Brown, his representative, responsible; for it was they who introduced the stranger to him as Stevens. As Brown was in Simington's corner when Everett lost to Johnny in St. Louis, it could hardly have been a case of mistaken identity. Roberts very properly filed complaints with both Missouri and Ohio commissions.

POINT, COUNTERPOINT — Henry Armstrong, home to rest up for one Mr. Ross, sat in at the Adamick-Bruce affair . . . . Needless to say, Henry got a real hand upon being introduced in the ring . . . . While admitting the power of Adamick's punches, Red Bruce said they were as nothing to those of Tiger Fox . . . . And yet Red rates Young Firpo the hardest hitter in the league . . . . Larry Atkins hopes to pair Harry Thomas with John Henry Lewis . . . . That's more like it, but why not Adamick? . . . . Can it be that John is too, too . . . . It can . . . . Allen Matthews, quite a pal of Red Bruce, was in Red's corner . . . . He was asked how Adamick would go with J. Henry . . . . "It would be murder with consent," observed Allen . . . . And that is where Mr. Kearns comes in . . . . The *Globe-Democrat* still shouts from the housetops when Packs and Atkins put over one while poor Callahan can do no right even with a real show . . . . Roscoe Toles stopped our Mr. Gastanaga as was predicted.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

WILLIE MULDANE and Dan Merritt brought back to Cleveland two A. A. U. National titles from Boston. Merritt stopped three out of four opponents, Muldane two out of three. Merritt won the Cleveland Golden Gloves heavyweight title, went on to Chicago to win in the Tournament of Champions, and then on to Boston to bring home the real title.

Paul Almy, Cleveland's crack flyweight champion, reached the quarter-finals of the Nationals. It is too bad there are not more flyweights in the U. S. A., because Paul would make a good professional. There is some talk about him going to England and turning pro.

Troy Bellini lost a disputed duke to Mac Verge of Pittsburgh at the Duquesne Gardens. Bellini hit the deck twice in the early rounds but came back fast to put Mister Verge on the canvas twice in the last heat to all but knock him out. Bill Thorpe's other protege, Mickey Felice, lost a close one to Eddie Tuscher.

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George Pace defeated Henry Hook in Toronto and is set for a title shot with Escobar in June. The Toronto promoters are said to have offered the champion $12,500 to risk his title against Pace.

Tiger Fann, on twenty-four hours' notice, jumped into Pittsburgh to give Freddie Lenn a great fight. Fann received a nice hand from the crowd after Lenn's hand was raised.

Harry English defeated Eddie Murray at Akron in the main bout of Jack Petitt's show. Leo Rittenour was too clever for Cleveland's Joey Wells. Joey Sper put the kayo on Joe Smith in one round.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Babe Triscaro, former national amateur champion, is in the hospital with a fractured skull received in an auto accident . . . . Babe Salupo, former crack amateur, is business agent for the Cleaners' and Dyers' Union . . . . Charley Murphy, secretary of the Cleveland Boxing Commission, went to Boston with the Cleveland Golden Gloves team . . . . Ted Crystal works the corners with almost all the Cleveland boxers who box at Pittsburgh . . . . Jack Gallagher, inspector for the commission, is well liked by the boys . . . . The Amateur Boxing Trainers' Association is putting on the Hospital Fund show at the Arena . . . . Middlefield, Ohio, is running amateur shows and packing them in . . . . Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, 714 E. Superior Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

ALTHOUGH the crowd at Johnny Best's Liverpool Stadium for the return match between Benny Lynch, flyweight champion of the world, and Peter Kane of Golbourne, was over 20,000, it must have disappointed the genial Johnny, who expected at least 40,000.

The contest itself, though not as fierce as the previous one, was of championship variety. Kane held the lead at the midway mark, but Lynch, with some excellent infighting, made up some leeway, although Kane still appeared slightly ahead at the start of the twelfth and last round. After a thrilling finish, it seemed that Kane would receive the duke, but Referee C. H. Douglas gave the verdict as a draw, a decision which did not meet with approval.

Kid Tanner, the British Guiana bantam and featherweight champion, won his third contest in Liverpool when he outclassed Jim Reilly, the Scottish bantamweight, in a scheduled eight-round bout. The latter was ruled out (for hitting low) in the fifth round, after taking considerable punishment.

Johnny McManus of Glasgow won a thrilling bout over eight rounds when he beat Herbie Clarke of Liverpool on points.

Con O'Kelly of Hull won over Cal Rooney of Canada in an eight-round heavyweight contest.

Johnny McGrory, British featherweight champion, gained a narrow points win over Billy Charlton of Gateshead at Leeds Town Hall at the end of ten rounds.

Benny Caplan of St. Georges and John Cusick, Manchester, put up a disappointing bout over twelve rounds, Caplan receiving the decision.

Freddie Miller, former world's featherweight champion, knocked out Tommy Hyams of King's Cross in the ninth of a ten-round bout at Bristol. The fight was full of thrills, and Miller finished the bout with a hard right to Hyams' jaw.

Ginger Sadd of Norwich defeated Tommy Smith, Scottish middleweight champion, in the third of a ten-round bout at Norwich, when the latter was disqualified for an alleged low blow.

Battling Charlie Parkin of Mansfield won a narrow points decision over Dai Jones of Wales in a ten-round bout at Sutton-in-Ashfield.

Harry Mizler of St. Georges won his first fight as a welterweight when he defeated Harry Craster of Middlesborough in a ten-round bout at the N. S. C. show at Earl's Court.

The Canadian, George Burke, won the best fight of his young career when he all but K.O.'ed Robey Leibrandt of South Africa, who was in a bad way against the ropes, helpless from continual right hooks to the jaw, when the referee wisely intervened in Burke's favor.

Arthur Danahar, former A. B. A. champion, won again, this time at the expense of Freddie Wilcox of Nelson in the fourth of an eight-round bout, when the referee intervened in his favor.

Frank "Kid" Bonsor of Nottingham scored a points win at the end of ten rounds over Gaston Vandenbos, the flyweight champion of Belgium, at Nottingham.

Johnny Houlston of Cardiff gained a splendid win over Curley Edwards of Argoed on points in a twelve-round bout at Newport.

Fred Lowbridge of Wolverhampton defeated Jim Collins of Glasgow in a ten-round bout at the Tower Ballrooms, Birmingham.

Billy Kid Brooks of Stratford was held to a draw by Vic Maudsley of Preston in a ten-round bout at the Stadium Club, London.

Billy Walker of Stratford gained a good win over Alex Alston of Preston over ten rounds, winning comfortably on points.

Pierce Ellis of Manchester scored a two-round K.O. over Willie Smith of Margate in what was scheduled for ten rounds at Blackburn.

Jackie Hurst of St. Georges was given a hard contest by George Marsden of Nottingham at the Devonshire Club over ten rounds before receiving Referee Jack Hart's decision.

In what can only be described as a "smashing fight" between Johnny Softley of Poplar and Matt Moran of Barnsley took place at the Devonshire Club over ten rounds without a moment's slackness before Softley won on points.

In the other bouts, George Markwick, the former Army heavyweight champion, scored his twenty-third straight win when he K.O.'ed the heavier Frank Hawkins of Peterborough in the first of a six-round contest with a right under the heart which put Hawkins down for the full count.

Tommy Allen of Leicester and Tommy Brown, Hackney, fought strenuously over six rounds, with the decision as a draw.

Leo Phillips of Birmingham won well over Frankie Hill of Barrow in their twelve-round contest at West Ham Baths.

Johnny Carr of Islington defeated Martin Thornton, Ireland, in the eleventh of a twelve-round bout when the referee intervened in Carr's favor.

Bert Gilroy, the hard-hitting Coatbridge middleweight, reversed a one-round K.O. when he outpointed Mick Hasson of Hamilton over ten rounds at Glasgow.

Gilroy followed up his victory with a T.K.O. win over Walter Rankin of Glasgow when the referee intervened in his favor in the fifth of a ten-round bout.

Danny Paul of Canada lost to Harry Lister of Newcastle over ten rounds at Sheffield.

Brother "Packy" Paul stopped Jack Casey of Sunderland in the third of an eight-round bout when the latter's seconds threw in the towel.

Ben Valentine of Fiji Isles gained a points win over Dai Jones of Wales in the chief bout, over nine rounds, at the Stadium Club, London.

Johnny Holt of South Africa was lucky to receive full marks against Mike Martyk of Canada in their eight-round bout that thrilled the crowd, and thus reversed a previous decision that Martyk held over the South African.

Dan McAllister of Belfast won with a bit to spare over Antoine Schonrood of Belgium in a twelve-round bout at the Liverpool Stadium.

Stafford "Buzz" Barton of Jamaica gained a twelve-round decision over Tom Curran of Walton-on-Thames at the West Ham Baths.

Nat Josephs, the Belfast promoter, staged a successful show that drew a gate of 14,000 fans to the King's Hall, Balmoral.

The chief bout was between Johnny McGrory, featherweight champion of Great Britain, and the Irish featherweight, "Spider" Kelly, over nine rounds, which was won by Kelly on points.

Jim Warnock, the Irish flyweight title-holder, was forced to retire owing to a badly cut eye in the fifth of a ten-round bout against Valentin Anglemann of France.

This was Warnock's last appearance in the ring, it was stated, owing to a grievance against the Irish council of the B.B.B.C. I am hoping that this will be patched up, as boxing in Belfast can hardly afford to lose such an attraction as Warnock is to Irish boxing promotions.

Dom Lydon, Irish heavyweight hope, gained a good win when he K.O.'ed James J. Britt of South Africa in the second of an eight-round bout.

Alf Robinson of Manchester outpointed Tommy Mallon of Belfast over six rounds.

Percy Field of Worcester outpointed Joe Foord of South Africa in a slashing ten-round bout at Kidderminster.

Ken Robinson of Canada was in a hurry in his scheduled twelve-round bout against Mick Miller of Mansfield at Manchester, for within fifty-six seconds of the first round, a crisp right to Miller's jaw put him down on his face for the full count.

Len Lemaux, the Poplar Portsmouth lightweight, gained a narrow points decision over Boyo Rees of Wales in a ten-round bout at the Drill Hall, Portsmouth.

Zachy Nicholas of Penzance fought in great style to defeat the veteran, Jack Casey of Sunderland in a ten-round bout at Penzance.

Frank (Kid) Bonsor of Nottingham was K.O.'ed by Pierce Ellis of Manchester in a hard-hitting flyweight bout at Sheffield. The end came in the sixth round with a series of rights to Bonsor's jaw which put him down for the full count.

John E. Harding, general manager of the National Sporting Club, staged his final show at Earl's Court for this season. A packed house, which included the presence of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester, who is a dyed-in-the-wool fight fan, were in attendance.

The chief bout was between Dave Crowley of Clerkenwell and Pancho Martinez, Cuban lightweight champion, over ten rounds, which was full of thrills, and the decision in favor of Crowley was a popular one.

Thrills galore were in store for the fans in the scheduled eight-round contest between Arthur Danahar of Bethnal Green and Jim Cameron of Glasgow. In the third, the classy ex-amateur was put down by one of Cameron's rights to the jaw, and a tired Danahar rose after a count of eight, and, after taking a few more punches, put all in a right-hand punch which caught the Scottish lad full on the point and put him down for the full count.

Mike Martyk, the Canadian non-stop featherweight, again defeated Pat Palmer of Battersea in a smashing eight-round contest that pleased everyone present.

George Davis of Notting Hill outpointed Butcher Gascoigne of Sheffield in a spirited eight-round contest.

Frankie Hill of Barrow came in as a last-minute substitute for Phil Zwick to defeat Doug Kestrell of Cardiff in the second of an eight-round bout, the latter suffering a badly cut eye.

Tommy Martin of Deptford defeated Jack Rob-

inson of Nottingham in the eighth round when the referee intervened with one minute to go.

Bill Wainright of Swadlincote knocked out Bert Layton of Willenhall in the fifth of a twelve-round bout at Birmingham.

Johnny Best, Jr., branched out as a promoter at the Public Hall, Preston, and proved that he has inherited his dad's qualities as a matchmaker.

A large crowd saw a good show, and Johnny, Jr., intends staging further shows there.

In the chief bout, Tut Whalley, the southpaw flyweight, outfought Kid Vengan of South Africa for five rounds when the latter was ruled out for persistent holding.

Jack McCabe of Leyland outpointed Jack Lewis of Bournemouth over ten rounds.

James J. Britt of South Africa defeated Lew Lewis of Wales in the seventh of a ten-round bout at Oxford when the referee intervened to save Lewis from further punishment.

Len Wickwar of Leicester scored a fine win over Tom Bull of Belgium when he caused the referee to intervene in his favor in the sixth round at York.

Stafford "Buzz" Barton, the colored Jamaican, defeated Jack Lord of Bolton in the fourth round when the latter retired after taking considerable punishment at the Ring, London.

A charity show for the Spanish Medical Aid Society was staged at the Ring, London, with the following results. Frank McCudden of Scotland and Fred Moris of St. Georges fought a ten-round draw.

Mossie Condon of Ireland stopped Alf Tustain of Banbury in the ninth of a twelve-round bout.

Elfryn Morris of Birmingham defeated Tom Bodell of Swadlincote in the fourth round, the latter retiring with a damaged ear.

Moe Moss of Mile End and Jock McKnight, Irish middleweight champion, had a turbulent scrap at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, the referee stopping the contest in the fourth in Moss' favor when McKnight received a very badly cut eye.

In what looked like developing into a thrilling contest was brought to an abrupt end when the Liverpool flyweight, Joe Curran, could not hear the timekeeper counting in the second round of his ten-round contest against Dave Keller at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. When the referee ruled he was counted out, the fans did not take kindly to his decision and created quite a scene.

Hans Schonrath, the veteran German heavyweight, knocked out Manuel Abrew of Edinburgh in the fifth of a ten-round bout at the Waverley Market, Edinburgh, before a big crowd.

The best performance of the show was Johnny Clements of Glasgow, who defeated Yorkie Bentley of Canada in a smashing ten-round bout.

Johnny Lafferty of Glasgow was unlucky to be ruled out for an alleged low blow in the sixth round, after having his opponent, Jim Cameron of Glasgow, down for a long count.

Tut Whalley of Hanley gave an impressive display in defeating Snowball Frame of Glasgow, who was forced to retire with a badly cut eye in the sixth of a scheduled twelve-round bout at Hanley.

Ernie Roderick of Liverpool knocked out his local rival, Reg Gregory, in the tenth of a scheduled twelve-round bout at the Liverpool Stadium.

Kid Tanner, the bantam and featherweight champion of British Guiana, continued his winning way when he disposed of Tommy Stewart of Belfast in the seventh of a ten-round bout, the latter being outclassed by the ebony-colored boy.

Jack London of West Hartlepool, with a twenty-eight-pound advantage in weight, outpointed Harry Staal of Holland in a ten-round bout at the Colston Hall, Bristol.

George James, the young Welsh heavyweight champion, enhanced his record by stopping the Frenchman, Charles Rutz, in the fourth of a twelve-round bout at Mountain Ash, when the latter's seconds skied the towel after James had cut the Frenchman's eye.

Len Wickwar of Leicester stopped Bill Cadby of Birmingham in the eighth of a twelve-round bout, after having all the better of the contest at Birmingham.

Ginger Sadd of Norwich repeated his second win in a fortnight over Tom Smith of Scotland when he outpointed the latter in a twelve-round bout at Norwich.

On the same card, Jim Lawlor of Lowestoft knocked Jack Lord of Bolton through the ropes in the fourth round, and failing to get back in time, Lord was counted out.

Sydney Hulls staged his first big show at Harringay Arena this year and a crowd of 11,000 fans paid $32,500 to see Len Harvey secure the decision and the light-heavyweight championship of Great Britain from the holder, Jock McAvoy of Rochdale at the end of fifteen rounds.

The contest was not of the sensational kind, but the interest in the bout was kept up all the way through, and the decision in Harvey's favor was a very narrow one.

Boy Boon of Chatteris gained a sensational victory in the first of an eight-round contest when he caused the referee to stop his bout with Johnny Ward of Ireland after two minutes, twenty seconds when the Irish lad was lying helpless on the canvas after taking considerable punishment.

Jim Brady of Dundee scored a clever points win over Jackie Brown of Manchester after eight speedy rounds, and Tommy Martin of Deptford was given the decision over Jack Hyams of Stepney at the end of eight rounds.

Other results on this splendid card were:

Moe Moss of Stepney outpointed Ken Robinson of Canada, Harry Silver of Clapton outpointed Ginger Brant of Leicester, and Sammy Shaw of Hull again gave a spectacular performance against Frank Parkes of Nottingham, which ended in a draw after eight rounds.

Benny Caplan of St. Georges was extremely lucky to receive a draw in his contest with George Marsden of Nottingham after ten rounds at the Ring, London, a decision that met with a very mixed reception.

Fights may come and fights may go, but I don't expect to see any contest that could be better than the one that Johnny Softley of Poplar and Billy Masters of Glasgow put up over ten rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney. Masters won by a decision.

Pat Palmer of Battersea outpointed Johnny Ryan of Kilburn after ten rounds of hard hitting.

Jackie Williams of Canning Town showed good form in stopping Joe Moss of Wales in the second of an eight-round bout.

Jack Solomons staged a double star bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, packed the hall, and the fans went home well pleased.

Boy Boon of Chatteris is one of the hardest punchers in the lightweight division, but the way that Matt Moran of Barnsley took his heaviest punches seemed that he had no feeling at all, until the referee stopped the bout in Boon's favor in the seventh round.

Sammy Shaw, the ex-jockey boxer from Hull, made his first appearance at the above club when he met Jud Hill of Barrow, a confirmed favorite at the club, over eight rounds. He soon won the hearts of the crowd, by his non-stop fighting abilities and won every one of the rounds by sheer workmanlike style.

At the Ring, London, George Daly of Blackfriars gave an impressive display by stopping Jack Lewis of Bournemouth in the sixth of a ten-round bout, although spotting Lewis 10½ pounds in weight.

Jackie Brown of Manchester defeated Joe Skelly of Barnsley in the tenth of a twelve-rounder at Barnsley before a large crowd.

Tiny Bostock of Leek won in the seventh of a scheduled ten-round bout against Billy Tansey of Manchester at Stoke when the referee stopped the contest owing to Tansey suffering a mouth injury.

James J. Britt of South Africa outpointed Jack Hawthorne of Jamaica in the star bout of eight rounds at the East Ham Palais de Danse.

Angus McGregor of Glasgow stopped Syd Fine of Mile End in the fifth of a twelve-round bout, owing to the latter having a badly cut eye.

Billy "Boy" Watson of Stepney cleverly outpointed George Lowe of East Ham over ten rounds.

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BOXING IN JAMAICA, B. W. I.

By JACK LOUIS

ONE of the cleverest big men to ever step in the roped arena in Jamaica is Tiger Terry Warrington, light-heavy and heavyweight champion of Canada, who, by earning a close decision, cropped the winning streak (for many years) of Juan Herrera, our sterling champion. Although there were no knockdowns or spills, the bout was fast and thrilling.

The veteran Paul Granda, long past his best days, trounced Tiger Hamilton in his first contest since returning from Belize. Promising Boy Peterson beat that busy little warrior, Baby, in six rounds. Cyril Cameron, lightweight silver medalist at the recent Olympic Games in Panama, won his first professional bout from Vin Grant in four rounds.

Albert Johnson, bantamweight and Olympic bronze medalist, won from A. McKenzie in an amateur contest.

Frederick Thompson, flyweight and Olympic bronze medalist, beat Kid Temple in three rounds, an amateur contest.

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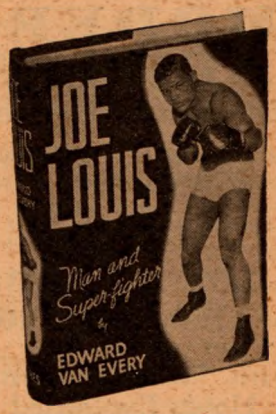

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IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

OVER the effusive protests of Jimmy Johnston, Jr., well-known Gotham "boy bandit," Lou Nova of Richmond, this state's number one heavyweight, received a draw with Bob Pastor of New York after a bloody ten rounds of fist-fighting at the Dreamland Arena. Mr. Johnston's remonstrances were not entirely unjustified, for his fleet-footed charge could honestly lay claim to any edge there was on the strength of a last-round showing during which he gave the tiring Nova a two-handed shellacking and had him in dire straits at the gong.

It was a hard, fast, interesting scrap, with Pastor's superior speed and a potent straight left pitted against the heavier, harder-hitting Nova. Both men took lots of punishment, both were agreed to give and take at all times and the decision was O.K. with the sizable assemblage.

It was Nova's first start against big-league competition and the young man acquitted himself right nobly. In the earlier rounds Pastor's left had Lou off balance and bothered him considerably, but as the bout went on, he began to connect more and more frequently with a wicked right cross, varied with short hooks to the head. Pastor's speed made Nova appear clumsy at times in comparison and the Richmond lad was well-nigh exhausted at the conclusion of hostilities, but he nevertheless made a better showing than was expected and is now definitely "big league" himself, until a better man proves otherwise.

"Red" Farmer, rough, tough middleweight from Honolulu, and Harry Cahill, local knockerouter, carried their feud into the third installment in the eight-round semi-windup and Farmer took the decision after another back-alley slugfest.

Tommy Tucker, light-heavyweight stablemate of Pastor's, trimmed Douglas Carver, ex-amateur star from Oakland, in a four-round preliminary.

Phil Brubaker of Dinuba made it two up and none to go in his private war with Domingo Valin of Haywards when he came roaring down the stretch in the last three rounds of their Oakland Auditorium bout to gain a well-deserved decision. It was an encore showing of their meeting a month ago, in which Phil came off the deck twice to outslug Valin through a hair-raising ten rounds.

The return engagement lacked the bruising ferocity of the first affair, as all rematches do, but it nevertheless was a hard-fought battle, with Phil absorbing some nasty wallops before turning on the heat from the eighth round in, to carry home the bacon.

"Sunny Jim" McVey, the sepia socker from Pittsburgh, via Oakland, nailed "Texas Jack" Thompson with a blasting left hook on the schnozz and left said schnozz in such a sorry mess that the bout was halted in the fourth of ten scheduled rounds.

Donnie Maes, the 118-pound Mexican out of Los Angeles, opened a cut over the left eye of Horace Mann and was awarded a technical knockout in the fifth round of a third ten-round attraction. Maes was leading on points at the time.

Recovered from the blistering shellacking he receipted for at the hands of Ken Overlin, young Dick Foster of Berkeley started all over again by trouncing "Midnight" Bell, tough Portland, Ore., Negro, in the ten-round windup of a card staged for the benefit of the Crippled Kiddies of Alameda County at the Oakland Auditorium.

The dark-haired Berkeleyite looked a bit gunshy following the Overlin debacle, and he was floored for a no-count in the sixth round by a right to the jaw, but he, in turn, spilled the colored boy twice and won going away. Bell fooled a lot of people with the battle he put up, and is something of an under-rated quantity.

Larry Derrick, a coffee-colored middleweight from Sacramento, knocked Harry Cahill of San Francisco completely bowlegged in the fifth round of a second tenner and won a surprise victory that should put him in demand hereabouts. Cahill, a tough hombre in anybody's ring, was out in front on points when he bumped into a really terrific belt on the button that sprawled him all over the deck. He got up and fell headlong through the ropes, through for the night, but definitely.

A third ten-rounder was the setting for a dramatic upsetting of the form chart. After being out of action for over a year, "Tuffy" Pierpont, the spidery Oakland flyweight, came back with a bang by stopping the greatly improved Donnie Maes of Los Angeles in five rounds. A cut eye caused the cessation of hostilities, after Pierpont had piled up a good lead on points.

Jimmy Duffy, Jr., middleweight, son of the Oakland referee, made his professional bow with a three-round technical knockout win over Joe Juarez, San Diego Mexican.

HERE 'N' THERE—Gunnar Barlund, the rugged Finn who accomplished a noteworthy feat when he made Buddy Baer say uncle, started his California campaign by lathering "Chuck" Crowell, Los Angeles heavyweight, in ten rounds at the Olympic in Los Angeles . . . . Jackie Jurich, America's top man among the flyweights, is invading England for a shot at Benny Lynch's 112-pound diadem, but we think he'll come home still a contender . . . . With due respect to the progress Jurich has made, we can't see him taking the Scottish mite . . . . The northern California boxing team returned from the National A. A. U.'s in Boston without having snagged any titles, although Al Avila, a welterweight from Stockton, went to the semi-finals and afforded Jimmy O'Malley, the tournament sensation, with a hot scrap . . . . It was a stunning disappointment to Simon-pure fans when Ray Lunny, the C.Y.O.'s featherweight ace, was stopped by Jackie Simmons, Kansas City Negro, in the quarter-final round . . . . Nash Garrison, San Jose Mexican heavyweight, outwhacked Frankie Simms of Cleveland in a ten-rounder at San Jose . . . . On the same card, Jackie Jurich boxed a four-round exhibition with Donnie Maes before leaving for Merrie England and a meeting with Benny Lynch . . . . Johnny Shumway, the ex-amateur whiz from Idaho, turned in two victories at National Hall during the month, whipping Ray Vargas of Los Angeles and Tommy Hart, tough San Diegan . . . . Shumway is coming right along.

Jacob Baer, father of Max and Buddy, passed away during the month . . . . Fred Apostoli has been relieved of a very bothersome appendix and the operating doctor opinionated that he'll be twice as good now . . . . Middleweights, take note! . . . . Little Dado, hard-socking Filipino bantamweight, stopped Horace Mann of this city in the fifth at Los Angeles . . . . A cut eye forced Mann out of the running and it's beginning to look as though those tender optics are going to curtail what was once a very promising career . . . . Young Joe Roche, newly-appointed state bantamweight champion, trimmed Tony Manini of Butchertown in a six-round headliner at National Hall . . . . Freddie Graham, the former Simon-pure middleweight ace, now divides his time between professional boxing and his new position as assistant coach of the local C.Y.O. boxing squad . . . . Walter Dellamore, one of the best, is top man . . . . The next amateur tournament is the California State-P. A. Novice Championships to be staged at Dreamland . . . . "Midnight" Bell, colored middleweight, flattened old "Babe" Marino, trying a comeback, in the fifth at Portland . . . . "Babe" should get out of it for good . . . . Al Laboa of Mountain View, now plying his trade in the Northwest, bowled over "Tiny" Cooper in one inning at Portland.

"Wild Bill" Boyd, Seattle's colorful heavyweight prospect, banged out a ten-round win over antiquated Hans Birkie . . . . Charley "Killer" Coates, Akron, O., Negro kayo artist, belted over "Newsboy" Millich in two rounds at Sacramento, thereby putting an abrupt kibosh on Millich's upward climb . . . . In case you'd like to know, Max Schmeling is going to knock out Joe Louis all over again this June . . . . Well, why not? . . . . And while we're on the subject, Barney Ross will stop Henry Armstrong in eight or nine rounds when they tangle for the welterweight title . . . . "Midnight" Bell, whose name is all over this column, bested Al Laboa in a six-round top at Portland . . . . Bob Larue, local heavyweight, kayoed Eddie Sargota of Fresno in the first round at Sacramento . . . . Meyer Rowan, good-looking Negro welterweight from Portland, stopped Frankie Cuenca of Haywards in the fourth round of their San Jose meeting . . . . Max Baer did an exhibition four-rounder with big Frank Connelly at Sacramento . . . . On the same card, Pancho Leyvas of Los Angeles and Pablo Dano, Filipino bantam, went to a draw, as did Chester Parks, Los Angeles darkey, and Johnny Romero, San Diego light-heavy . . . . Kui Kong Young, left-handed Chinese featherweight, flattened Filipino Joe Mendiola in seven frames at Stockton . . . . Mendiola also blew a ten-rounder to Dave Lefton at San Jose . . . . And after the report on Mr. Mendiola's troubles, we feel that it's just about time to endiola this for another month.

IN THE NORTHWEST

By DAVID CAVADAS

WILD BILL BOYD, sensational ex-Navy heavyweight, who has been compiling a long string of knockout wins on the Pacific Coast, was extended for the first time by rough, tough Hans Birkie. Boyd won the decision over the ten-round route and proved that he can really fight when necessary and that his recent kayos were well merited.

Boyd looks like one of the most promising heavyweights seen on the Pacific Coast in a long while, and don't be surprised to see the name of Wild Bill Boyd mentioned as a possible opponent for Louis, Schmeling or Baer within the next year.

Freddie Steele, the world's middleweight champion, has resumed light training in the gymnasium and will probably be in fighting shape in a month or six weeks. Steele can choose practically any major fight city in America to fight in, as many matchmakers are bidding for middleweight championship bouts this summer.

Another good-looking fighter on the Coast is Midnight Bell, colorful Portland middleweight under the management of Tex Salkeld. Midnight kayoed Babe Marino in six rounds and beat Al Laboa, San Jose light-heavyweight, in ten rounds.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

NICK POPPE, well-known Sioux City sportsman, has been named as promoter at the Riverview Park outdoor boxing arena in Sioux City. Poppe, after several weeks of dickering, leased the fistic plum for the summer months. Weekly cards featuring the best talent available will be offered every Monday night throughout the summer season.

Notice—Fighters and managers, please mail your records, along with newspaper clippings, to Bill Hawkins at once. Every effort is being made to build up the sport in Sioux City, and information sent to the writer will be turned over to the promoter. Mail will reach the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia., and will be answered.

HOT FLASHES FROM THE TWIN CITIES —George Barton, the well-known sports authority, fought as a featherweight . . . . He fought an exhibition with Terry McGovern in 1901 . . . . Jimmy Brady is a member of the personnel staff at the Ford factory in Detroit . . . . In 1912, at Duluth, he fought a fifteen-round draw with Johnny Tillman . . . . Amateur cards under the direction of Billy Colbert are drawing well in St. Paul . . . . Dick Daniels is training hard at Potts' Gym . . . . Ken Duffy and Einar Scherin are the main cogs at the Ascension Club . . . . Harold Steinman, the manager of King Levinsky, is also manager of the Brandt Sisters, a skating team . . . . He met several old friends in the Twin Cities on his recent trip . . . . Billy B. Hoke appears to be the fans' choice as a wrestling referee . . . . Jimmy Waters is secretary of the State Boxing Commission . . . . Harry Lennon, St. Paul promoter, and Tommy O'Loughlin, Minneapolis promoter, are seeking the best talent available for their cards—get in touch with them . . . . Britt Gorman is another one of the better class of referees working in this section.

St. Paul, Minn.—Fred Lenhart, White Bear Lake, Minn., light-heavyweight, won a close ten-round decision over Bud Mignault of Brockton, Mass. It was a hard-fought battle all the way, with both men bleeding as early as the second round from face and head cuts. Ginger Foran of England knocked out Johnny Fairchild, Chicago featherweight, in the third round of the eight-round semi-windup.

LAST-MINUTE SPARKS — Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, was stopped by Tony Chavez in seven rounds at Hollywood, Cal. . . . . The Mexican trailed on points in the early rounds . . . . Clayton Johnson, Sioux City amateur bantam, was invited to be one of the eighteen members of a team to meet an international team in Chicago . . . . Boxing in South Dakota is very slow at this time . . . . Ted Garcia, coming South Dakota lightweight, is showing his wares in Texas . . . . One of his most recent victims was Billy Deeg . . . . Pinkie George, Des Moines promoter, was offered a chance to show his welterweight star, Henry Schaft, in Hawaii . . . . Al Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, appears on the short end of decisions in his most important bouts, where a win would send his stock up . . . . Eddie Gilmore, who fought around Sioux City several years back, paid the old town a visit . . . . Amateur boxing is going good at Ponca, Nebr. . . . . Dubuque, Ia., is another good amateur spot . . . . Mickey Slater has hung up the gloves . . . . The Sioux City featherweight says he is through . . . . Some fighters never think so . . . . Tony Musto, heavyweight fighter of the Bob Capocy-Billy Williams stable of Chicago, appears to be going places Anthony J. Salerno has returned to the game in Omaha, and has several good fighters under his direction . . . . He can be reached at 1401 South Eighth Street . . . . Richard Ott of Danville, Ill., has a number of good amateurs under his management and would like to show them in team matches around the Middle West . . . . Mail will reach him at 214 E. Madison Street . . . . B. T. Pate of West Palm Beach, Fla., has a large stable of fighters he may bring North soon . . . . All tough ones, too.

Omaha, Nebr.—Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, was floored for a count of nine in the first round, but came back to win a six-round decision over Salvatore Ruggirillo of Los Angeles. Paul Hartneck, another Omaha heavyweight comer, won by a T.K.O. over Bruno Dooly of Chicago in three rounds; Charles Neaves, Kansas City heavy, won by a T.K.O. over Kenny Pearson of Albert Lea, Minn., in the first round.

Lake Park, Ia.—Ray Mann, Sioux City middleweight, and Henry Jones, Fort Dodge, Ia., light-heavyweight, fought a slashing eight-round draw. Bill Griffiths, Worthington, Minn., beat Well Danger of Brewster, in six; Bat Wing of Brewster won by a T.K.O. over George McCorry in two.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Barney Ross, welterweight champion, scored a T.K.O. over Henry Schaft of Minneapolis in the fourth round of a billed 10-rounder. Ross completely outclassed his foe, the third man stopping the affair. Red Bruce defeated Andy Miller of Sioux City in eight rounds.

Des Moines, Ia.—Barney Ross, welterweight champion, stopped Bobby Venner of Hastings, Nebr., in the seventh round of a billed 10-round bout. The champion, after putting Venner on the deck four times, ended the fight with a vicious crack to the jaw. In the other bouts: Bobby LaSalle, Des Moines featherweight, beat Eddie Reynolds of Le Mars in six; Jimmy Constance, Fort Des Moines lightweight, shaded Chester Jones of Dallas, Ia., in six; Johnny Paycheck, Des Moines heavy, knocked out Max Steele of Ottumwa in two; Jackie Gans, Des Moines welterweight, knocked out Glen Armstrong of Manning, Ia., in three; Red Mullie, Des Moines light-heavy, knocked out Ernie Locke of Madrid, Ia., in two.

Lake Park, Ia.—Johnny Goodson of Ruthven, Ia., defeated Swede Allen of Graettinger, Ia., in eight hard fought rounds; Phil Montgomery of Sioux City beat Sleepy Thompson in six; Bones Orris knocked out Kid McCarmichel in three; Well Danger stopped Red Jackman in three; Young Griffiths stopped Kid Johnson of Sioux City in one.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES

By TOM EPHREM

BILL GORE, Miami Beach fight manager, is seriously considering adding ice cream to the training menu for his boxers. A trifle perturbed when Ralph Chong didn't appear about the time he should have started dressing for the Ben Brown scrap, Gore began a search.

He found Chong lapping up a double dip ice cream cone. Chong proceeded to the Beach Arena and eased Gore's worries by giving the highly touted Brown a sound drubbing in the ten-round feature bout.

Joe Knight continued his comeback trail by whipping Eddie Boyle in ten rounds at Miami. Then at Orlando, Joe beat Chet Geddon in a scorching ten-rounder. Geddon was down twice in the seventh but got up to stay the limit.

Florida's best drawing cards: Chino Alvarez, Ben Brown, Ralph Chong, Joe Knight, Jim Bowden, Carl Sivers, Yucatan Kid, Bobby Britton and Irish Johnny Dean.

Baby Manuel, Tampa southpaw, boxed a torrid eight-round draw with Joe Silva at Wilmington, Del. Both are featherweights.

The University of Florida produced one of the best boxing teams that it has had in a long time. The Gator boys made a wonderful showing in the Southeastern Conference. Much credit is due to their boxing coach, Carlos Proctor. Coach Proctor did plenty of mitt slinging for the same university a few years back.

With the amateurs in Jacksonville, Fla. Results of the bouts held: Lewin Williams won from Carl Williams; Billie Kool won from Joe Shade and Tommy Barker won by a T.K.O. over Ed Johnson. All eyes turned to Marvin Cumbie when he scored the biggest upset of the tournament by winning a popular decision over Bobby Martin. Cumbie possesses a right hand which resembles a mule's kick and is the boy to beat in the featherweight ranks. Freddie Goodwin decisioned George Taylor and Waas Kennedy beat Talmadge Parr.

High point men in the Georgia -Florida tournament: Frank McGrath, Jimmy Stebbins, Clarence Ponce, Lewin Williams, Marvin Platt, Herschell Barry and Billy Kool.

Young Lewin Williams, local 113-pounder, is probably the most improved boxer in the tournament conducted by Art Riley. This youngster holds five amateur titles, while being named on the local boxing team for the last two years. A hard-punching youngster for his weight, Lewin has gained respect from all his opponents.

A newcomer to the ranks of the simon-pures is Billy Kool, a fast-stepping lightweight, who has won five out of the six fights. Billy is showing a lot of promise and is one of Art Riley's best bets in favor of the new 1938 Nash coupe to be given away at the end of the tournament.

Al Jensen, well-known Florida sportsman, is trying to revive professional boxing in Jacksonville. He has had two cards to date, and judging by the attractions and crowds, he is bound to succeed. Results of both cards:

Jim Bowden, 169, local boy, made short work of Rudy Cancella, 172, by scoring a K.O. in two rounds in the main go. Jimmy DeWitt, 150, returned to local wars and kayoed Tony Monin, 153, of Tampa in five heats. Young Carl Sivers, 133, rocked Jimmy Powell, 135, to sleep in four rounds, and Bobby Lyons, 120, put Frankie Coleman away in the third.

The second card had Jim Bowden, 169, and Ralph Chong, 172, the sensational Chinaman, participants. Chong found a tartar in Bowden and the result was a draw. Terry Hogarth won a close decision over Johnny Higgins of Miami in the semi-final. Carl Sivers spotted Billy Jackson height, weight and reach, and won in an exciting six-rounder. Bobby Lyons and Bobby Smith went four hard rounds to a draw.

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and

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

NEW JERSEY will experience its best summer season in boxing if increasing interest in the game is taken as a criterion. New clubs are springing up in all parts of the state. The state legislature recently passed a bill reducing the state tax on championship boxing bouts from 10 to 5 per cent, which is a great incentive for the champions to defend their titles here instead of in New York.

Many boxing fans in Monmouth County who enjoyed the manner in which Willie Hilberg promoted shows at the Ocean View A. A. in Long Branch last summer wonder why Commissioner Abe J. Greene has refused a renewal of his license this season and turned it over to a different group. Hilberg deserves a break. He did an excellent job. Jerry Casale, popular shore sportsman, will be the matchmaker at the new club which will hold bouts at the Long Branch dog track, leaving the status of the boardwalk arena undecided.

Mickey Makar, Bayonne southpaw, surprised by decisioning Paulie Walker of Trenton in eight rounds at Jersey City. Joey Ferrando, Jersey City, outpointed Tom Rawson, Boston, eight-round semi-final. Ralph Lenny, Jersey City, had the edge over John Dube, New York, six rounds. Pee Wee Bonito, Bayonne, stopped Harry Eldridge, Brooklyn, four, and Al Beauhuld, Billy's brother, was kayoed by Bruno Tretter, New York, first round. Joey Straiges, Camden, lost an eight to Yucatan Kid, Mexican, at Richmond.

Pete Pulos, Athens, Greece—Very interesting to learn that THE RING reaches into the far corners of distant lands. Your praise of Antoine Christofordis, Greek middleweight, will be better analyzed when he meets more American boxers. The information you desire on Dem Wakerlis, Boston Greek, has been sent by mail. Write again. (Note—Pulos was amateur light-heavyweight wrestling champion of Alberta, Canada, in 1934 and is now studying in Greece.)

Billy Rintoul, Taft, California—We're always glad to send the addresses of any boxers when correspondents also enclose self-addressed, stamped envelopes. Thank you for your interest.

Charles Bowers, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Steve Dudas is Hungarian. He is considered a very rugged fighter but not yet a top-notcher. He may still improve despite the Schmeling defeat.

Tee Barto, New Kennington, Pa.—Good fighters are always wanted here. In regard to your brother, Mike, we have deemed it advisable to refer your letter to an astute local manager, who will be able to get him good bouts.

George W. Farmer, Nottingham, England—Thank you for the news of English boxing. We're always happy to hear from readers in foreign lands.

Barney Kofron, Cleveland, Ohio—We have sent you our special list of matchmakers and promoters in this state as requested.

Howard Cooper, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Tom Ross of the Arena Gym, 104 Mulberry St., Newark, will take care of you if you contact him.

A Reader from Clifton, N. J. (name misplaced)—Rates at the above gym are twenty-five cents daily or three dollars a month.

Ned Street, Philadelphia, Pa.—Your fighter, Johnny Craven, seems to have a good record, but when you say he has "fought" certain boxers don't forget to mention that certain of those boxers have defeated him.

Paul Levits, High Bridge, N. J.—Sorry that we cannot help you financially. We would have to be a millionaire if we took care of all aspiring boxers writing for financial help.

Leo Abreu, Aruba, Dutch West Indies—An airmail leter was sent you regarding Bill.

FEATURE STORY—We noticed in last month's issue of THE RING that Jack Tebo of Fairview, Alberta, was rated leading heavyweight by the Western Canada Boxing and Wrestling Federation. Yet when Tebo came East he told us he became the victim of unscrupulous managers who wanted him to "dive" for opponents. Tebo wouldn't lower himself to diving and couldn't get any bouts. He was forced to make his living in the not very pleasant manner of sparring partner for Louis, Farr and Schmeling at New Jersey camps. It was while we were delivering a message to Tebo from a manager desiring to sign him that we were forcibly ejected from Madame Bey's camp by Farr's stooge-press agent before the Welshman fought a real sport, Jim Braddock, of our own state. Farr's stooge brazenly ordered us out despite the fact that we had to make a "deadline" for a cable story to England where the fans were waiting for the news and despite the fact that he gave no reason for his unsportsmanlike conduct. So Tebo, who corroborated these facts, never was signed by the interested manager.

Lou Diamond, the roamer, is promoting at Miller Stadium, West New York . . . . Newark readers of THE RING can buy their copies downtown conveniently at Bosco and Manny's newsstand, Broad Street and Branford Place.

A letter from London: *Dear Gross: Thanks for your card and good wishes. I had to have my kneecap removed and I'm crippled for a time, but with massage and electrical treatment I hope to get around again in a few weeks. I am lucky to be alive. Cheerio, Ted Broadribb.* Ted was recently in an automobile accident and we're glad to hear he is recovering.

After six months of idleness, Roy Lazar, popular Jewish heavyweight from Paterson, is back in circulation under the new management of Hughie Gartland.

Paulie Walker, Trenton, outpointed Louis Cocoa, New Haven, in 10 at Baltimore . . . . Johnny Rohrig, Clifton, whipped Charley Gordon, New York, in eight at Garfield, and lost to Mickey Duca, Paulsboro, eight rounds, Newark . . . . Jim Cogman, Newark, drew with George Carlo, Paterson, at Garfield in six . . . . Herbie Katz, 18-years-old New Yorker, decisioned Ray Miller at Newark in an eight. On the same card, Fred Fiducia stopped Ed Dolan, Trenton, in one. Benny Berman, Paterson, drew with Frank Rotante, Newark, in six . . . . The three Duca brothers were featured at Trenton, Johnny lost an eight to Larry Lane, Mickey defeated Tiger Kitchen and Joey lost to John Pastor, Hightstown . . . . Charley Stefano, Clifton, was stiffened again, this time by Alex Doyle, Garfield . . . . Fight experts from the Newark Down Neck section like to gather at Harry Gross' 53 Fleming Avenue Casino . . . . Reuter cable reports to Ireland on Steve Casey and Danno O'Mahony are sent by this writer.

DOWN MEMORY LANE—Dick Kirschbaum, aviation reporter of the Newark *News*, found Tommy Speno, once the greatest welterweight in these parts, a sullen figure on a WPA project at Newark Airport. Speno is 37, handicapped by deafness and would appreciate help in getting an ear-aid device . . . . Larry Johnson, a top-notch light-heavyweight a few years ago, is employed on a WPA project in Orange and warns young fighters to save and spend with discretion. Says Larry, "I learned my lesson from bitter experience."

Jack Dempsey awarded Frank Blair, Camden, a close eight-round decision over John Duca at Camden. In the semi, Jersey Joe Walcott, terrific belter from Merchantville, stopped Lorenzo Pack, Detroit, four. Pack and Tom Kapsack, New Brunswick, were suspended for physical condition . . . . We met the veteran Mike McTigue, former light-heavyweight champion, at a wrestling match in New York. Still has great pep . . . . Joey Harrison, former star welterweight, is the promoter at Garfield . . . . Leo Netreba, former Newport News, Va., battler, was a recent guest of the writer . . . . Let's give Negro boxers a better break and banish Jim Crow tactics.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

(Continued from page 50)

beat Henry Hook. Aurel Toma defeated Poppi Decico. Kid Tanner stopped Tommy Stewart and Bobby Magee in seven and five rounds, respectively. Al Brown kayoed Valentin Anglemann in five rounds and then announced his retirement. Johnny Holt whipped Mike Martyk, who in turn scored over Pat Palmer.

Donnie Maes kayoed Horace Mann in three and was in turn stopped by Tuffy Pierpont in five. Young Joe Roche beat Tony Manini. Baltasar Sangchili knocked out Eugene Huat in the seventh. Ernst Weiss whipped Bili Durab. Johnny Marcelline defeated Bobby Green. Jackie Brown beat Joe Skelly. Bobby Docherty whipped Katsumi Morioka, who was also beaten by Jimmy Gilligan. Jimmy Urso kayoed Jackie Lee in seven rounds. Billy Passan whipped Johnny Schibelli. Robert Bourdet defeated Bernard Leroux. Tommy Forte kayoed Izzy Caplin in eight. Jim Brady beat Jackie Brady. Frankie Jarr stopped Morris Browmile in six rounds.

In the flyweight division Tiny Bostock kayoed Billy Tansey in seven rounds. Little Dado stopped Horace Mann in four and Tony Ramirez in two. Small Montana beat Frankie Jarr. Pierce Ellis beat Kid Vengan and stopped Frank Kid Bonsor in six sessions. Tut Whalley whipped Kid Vengan on a foul in five rounds and kayoed Snowball Frame in six. Valentin Anglemann stopped Jim Warnock in five rounds. Dudley Lewis knocked out Dick Lewis in the ninth. Pat Palmer beat Johnny Ryan. Dave Kellar stopped Joe Curran in the second and was beaten by Jimmy Webster.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Little Palace, Philippine Islands.
Bantamweight—Mike Martyk, Toronto, Canada.
Featherweight—Yoshio (Hank) Nakamura, Japan.
Lightweight—Arthur Danahar, England.
Welterweight—Tommy Zano, Kingston, N. Y.
Middleweight—Walter Franklin, New York City.
Light-heavyweight—Johnny Denson, Indianapolis, Ind.
Heavyweight—Stan Kirby, England.

BOXING IN LIMA, PERU
By PROF. WILFRED STEPHENSON

WITH the end of the South American amateur boxing season, the number of professional programs has increased and some good bouts are taking place here. Manuel Valcarce, Spanish lightweight from Buenos Aires, fought a ten-round draw in his début with the Peruvian champ, Augusto Martens. During the course of the scrap, Valcarce showed that he was and is supposed to be a good hitter, except for the lowness of his blows. In his second bout against Robert Carrillo, Peruvian crack, Valcarce lost on a technical knockout.

Augusto Martens showed good form two weeks ago in his fight with the Chilean lightweight, Luis Garrido Lorca. The champ was very aggressive, and severely punished Lorca, who, though badly beaten in six rounds of the scheduled ten, never flinched, but came back every time. The Chilean demonstrated that he is a marvel of resistance.

Professional boxing continues to be in the capable hands of Mr. Ruggero Santis, and things are showing up big. Fighters from Cuba, Ecuador, Chile and the Argentine are pouring in, and the Manco Capac Stadium, a very solid structure, now has seating accommodation for about 15,000 fans. The attraction is Augusto Martens, who held Roberto Carrillo to a draw a week ago when twelve stinging rounds were fought for the lightweight title of the Republic. This decision gives Martens a win and a draw over his challenger.

José Coronado, ex-South American amateur featherweight champion, has turned professional. His first pro fight was against Sunday Osorio of Arequipa. Coronado won the decision. Another débutante, the ex-lightweight champion, Mario Verano, also made his appearance as a pro on the same card against Jota Osorio, also from Arequipa. Osorio saw too many stars for comfort, and heard the count of ten seconds in the second stanza.

BOXING IN BRITISH HONDURAS
By MIKE GARBUTT

SAM BILL and K. O. Koffey met at the Palace to settle welter and middleweight supremacy. Koffee found the bidding too hard and made a plunge to the canvas after 1 minute and 35 seconds of the third round.

It was a gala night for Pal Silver, 137 pounds, Jamaica ace, when he stepped over the moon to meet Sam Bill, 150 pounds, welter and middleweight champion of this colony. Silver carried the fight throughout the 10 rounds and strung the champion all the way.

Kid Hartley and Al Brown, two Jamaicans, met for the first time at the Palace. It was no surprise when Hartley carried off the unanimous verdict. They fought at the lightweight limit.

What was expected to be a classic event in the annals of fistiana for this colony ended in a flop when Kid Hartley, Jamaica ace lightweight, failed to answer the gong commencing the fourth of a scheduled 10-round bout with Pal Silver.

Stann Creek in Spotlight:

In the first boxing bout for Stann Creek, British Honduras, young Jim Flowers, Mr. LaCroix's ace featherweight, met Kid Myvett of Stann Creek. Business was bright with Flowers and he handed Myvett a K.O. in the first round.

Kid Cattouse met Slim Terror of Stann Creek. Cattouse gave Terror the advantage of 20 pounds but kept the decision. Kid Tucker vs. Mellow Wings of Stann Creek over 10 rounds. The boys gave thrills galore when suddenly Wings complained to the referee that he was unable to carry on because of a foul received in the previous session. The referee gave him time to recuperate but Wings called it a day.

SASKATCHEWAN NEWS
By SCOTTY MELVILLE

UNDER the banner of the Olympic Boxing Club, the amateur game has established a firm following in Regina, where monthly shows have been staged all winter. Next big card will be a two-day Saskatchewan championship event at which titles for 1938 will be decided. Winners in each class will take part in the Canadian championships to be held later in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Regina's main threats will be Gas Eichel, light-heavyweight champion of Canada, and Frankie Williams, Saskatchewan's lightweight champ.

On the last card, Eichel gained an easy six-round verdict over Ted Smith, Winnipeg 175-pounder, while Williams punched out a close decision over Harry Zillman, Manitoba lightweight holder, in a thrilling five-round go.

Saskatchewan fight fans are keenly interested in the coming bout between Eddie Wenstob and Jack Tebo in Edmonton, Alberta, for the light-heavyweight championship of Canada. Tebo, who worked out with Joe Louis when the latter was training for Harry Thomas, started out on his ring career here under his right name, Jack Thibeault. He hails from Lestock, Sask.

Wrestling is a dead issue at the present time. Vern Pettigrew, 145-pound Canadian champion, left here recently for Windsor, to leave the city without a title-holder. Another champion, George Chiga, is an outstanding grappler with the Oklahoma Aggies, following in the footsteps of Earl McCready, who rose to the ranks of the world's best from the Regina Y.M.C.A.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

HAVANA'S fisticuffs will be featured by a ten-round contest between Fillo Echeverria of Spain and Lou Salica of New York. Fillo will be put to a hard test, and should he emerge the winner, he will get some lucrative bouts during the summer season.

Adolfo Font, one of Cuba's leading newspapermen, who is now with *El Pais*, will journey to New York to report the Barney Ross-Henry Armstrong fight. We know that Font, as on past occasions, will turn in his usual good work.

Kid Rebollar outpointed Joe Coego, ex-lightweight champion, in a ten-round bout. Rebollar is now slated to meet Lazaro Souval in a title contest.

Manolo Gomez, tough southpaw lightweight, easily won over Bernabe Quintana in six steaming rounds. Young Charol scored a five-round T.K.O. over Rene Rodriguez when the referee halted the bout due to a badly cut eye.

Sixto Morales, hard-hitting welter, just returned from a barnstorming tour in the Southern states. He will be seen in action against some good opponents.

Pedro Medina was the outstanding boxer during the month. Medina, who recently won the fly-weight championship, turned the tables on Conguito II, and won the bantamweight title also. Medina now holds two titles, and it's going to take a mighty good man to dethrone him. Medina is a classy, clever two-fisted boxer, and knows his stuff.

Johnny Cruz, one of Cuba's best fighters, who once held the Metropolitan bantamweight title in the amateur ranks, and then starred for years as a lightweight, has recently been appointed by Commander Marine as boxing instructor at the National Boxing Academy in Havana. It was a wise step taken by the Comandante, as Cruz is one of the cleverest men Cuba produced in the boxing field, and it's a sure thing that Johnny will produce some good boxers for Cuba.

Lalo Domingez, Cuba's ex-lightweight champion, is also an instructor at the Academy, and is doing splendid work.

Aramis Del Pino, famous Cuban lightweight of a few years ago, is another instructor at the National Boxing Academy, and his results show that he knows the game.

Baby Oriental scored a ten-round victory over Kid Bururu at the Cristal Arena. Bururu was no opposition for the clever Baby, who danced circles around his man. Armando Diaz won in six rounds over Guajiro Salvage in a hot encounter. Chocolate Pinareno won over Kid Orejita in eight tame rounds.

Juancito Leon just returned from a tour in the United States and Mexico, where he won ten out of sixteen bouts. Juancito is a sterling performer, and will be pitted against some good men in Havana before he makes another trip abroad.

Pincho Gutierrez, Cuba's greatest boxing man, is now one of the delegates of the Cuban Boxing Commission, and is doing splendid work. Comandante Marine certainly could not have picked a better man than Mr. Gutierrez, and between the two they should put Cuban boxing on a high pedestal, as this is a good field for boxing. It was proven when more than 15,000 fans turned out to see Kid Chocolate beat Fillo Echeverria.

Jimmy White, hard-punching and aggressive light-heavyweight, will be seen in action several times here in Havana before he leaves the Island on a lengthy tour which will take him to Central America, South America and Australia. White is anxious to take on all comers, and his pleasing tactics should make him a popular man wherever he goes.

Kid Chocolate is out in the wilds of Cuba, resting, and will then get in shape for several contests the local promoters have lined up for him. Chocolate is still the talk of the town, after his wonderful clever exhibition against the onslaughts of Echeverria at the Polar Stadium recently.

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS

By BILL DAVEE

KENNY LASALLE, welter, and Al Bernard, middleweight, who have been highly sensational in local rings, continued their history making march toward the top of the fistic heap with decisive wins over Chief Paris and Bill Raggio, respectively.

LaSalle, who won a close duke over his Redskin rival last month, turned in a brilliant performance in thoroughly trimming Paris. He dropped Chief for a brief moment in the third, but the courageous Indian continued to make a fight of it every inch of the way.

Bernard, who knocks them dead with a punch, saw his knockout streak ended when Raggio managed to last the full route, after hitting the deck in the first heat.

Wishy Jones, the slugging Louisville lightweight, punched out a clean-cut victory over that hard-hitting Indian, Ted Mustang Garcia. Wishy fought as nearly a perfect fight as this writer has seen in a long, long time.

Garcia, incidentally, had made a big hit in Texas, where he had scored six kayoes in eight starts. He turned in sterling performances in trimming Cullen Williams and going out of his weight class and defeating Billy Deeg, a tough welter.

HERE AND THERE—A rather ridiculous bit of matchmaking saw Lew Jenkins pitted against Wesley Ramey at Dallas. Jenkins, fresh out of prelims, had become quite a card with Dallas fans, but the Ramey affair, in which Lew was down some fifteen times, probably ruined his drawing power . . . . Stanley Paul, Boston manager, is in town with three boys, Bobby Allen, Don Eddy and Red Conway, all of whom have won their initial starts . . . . Johnny Connolly, manager of Billy Beauhuld, is in Houston with his light-heavy sensation, Jimmy Webb . . . . Rather coincidental with Webb's arrival was Joey Parks' departure . . . . We wonder why? . . . . Pat Wright and his middleweight, Charlie Jerome, are in from a successful winter campaign in Florida . . . . Fighters and managers wishing to show here should contact the local promoter, Hugh Benbow, 214½ Main St., Houston, Texas.

Ted Tellos flattened Jackie (Scrap) Carter . . . . Joey Parks decisioned Buddy Ryan . . . . Ryan, by the way, is from the West Coast and is not the one from New Jersey . . . . Tony Musto handed Max Roesch another shellacking . . . . Billy Pereira was held to a draw by Red Hutchins Ted Garcia K.O.'ed K. O. Lowry, Jimmy Hearne, Ted Tellos and Mike Flaherty . . . . Frankie Higgins beat Eddie Lee and Eddie Flores . . . . Flores defeated Kayo Augustine . . . . Stanley Adams looked like a prospect in stopping Eddie Flores and defeating Augustine . . . . Onyx Roach has a great youngster in Chief Evening Thunder, a lightweight . . . . Don Eddy gave JoJo Passante a pasting. Eddy also trounced Ted Tellos and Frankie Adams . . . . Bobby Allen defeated Sebastian Gonzales . . . . Gonzales K.O.'ed Jimmy Hall but lost to Billy Deeg.

Jimmy Jackson stopped Roy Streetman . . . . Frankie Adams beat Al Flora and Claude Villimez and lost to Frankie Rao . . . . Babe Austin drew with Mike Pereira and lost to K. O. Castillo . . . . Lew Jenkins won an unpopular decision over Lew Feldman . . . . The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

LES SHOWERS, the Middle West's most successful amateur boxing promoter, showed to packed houses all three nights at Hobbs, New Mexico. His next big fistic venture will be at Roswell, New Mexico. Showers has many offers to stage amateur tournaments.

Independence, Kans.—Orval Cox is staging weekly amateur boxing shows in this city and drawing fairly well. He staged a three-day tournament recently and it is reported he got over in nice shape.

Coffeyville, Kans.—Cliff Perkins and Charley Robinson are staging shows twice a month in this city and showing to good crowds. Fighters from Neodesha, Parsons and Independence are showing here.

Manhattan, Kans.—Bus Breese, former professional lightweight boxer, is now promoting amateur boxing shows in this city. Bus says he averages three shows per month and having good crowds, as he has been having some very pleasing shows. Any promoter wishing to use some good amateur fighters, get in touch with Breese.

Neodesha, Kans.—Ira Krueger will open his outdoor amateur fight show at Camp Bogue in about three weeks and will give the fans excellent fights as he has the past two years. This spot draws the largest fight crowds of any fight spot in southeastern Kansas.

Billy Atkinson and Steve Salina, former pro fighters, are still promoting amateur fights at Croweburg, Pittsburg and Columbus. These boys are really keeping the lads busy down in that vicinity and have developed some real classy fighters.

As stated in this column previously, Charley Depew was robbed of a decision in Kansas City to prevent him accompanying the team to Chicago. They made it an all-Kansas City team from the Tournament of Champions. A few weeks ago they rematched Depew with the lad who was handed the decision, and Charley gave him a lacing. He also did it right in Kansas City, and he also whipped the tough Johnny Santiago with the team from Honolulu. I heard Depew was to fight the Kansas City lad again at Ft. Scott or Pittsburg last week. Did not get the results, but I will say Depew won.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

JESS WILLARD, former heavyweight champion, on a tour through Colorado and other Southwestern States, stopped off long enough to air his opinions on the forthcoming Louis-Schmeling bout. According to big Jess, Schmeling is a lead-pipe cinch to cart the crown off to Hitlerland. Mebbe so, mebbe so, but like the fellow from Missouri, you got to show me.

Despite his fifty-five years, Willard looks good enough to handle some of the present-day fistic crop. That he keeps in good trim is shown by the fact that he weighs only 265 pounds. Only twenty-five more than he weighed the day he battered Jack Johnson to a frazzle under a scorching Havana, Cuba, sun 'twenty-three years ago.

Mickey Layne is anxious to show his up-and-coming middleweight, Truman Harvey, in these parts. This Irish-American kid, only twenty-two years old, has compiled an amazing record over Utah and Idaho opposition. Incidentally, it strikes us that a mêlée between Harvey and the Alabama Kid ought to be worth going a long way to see.

At Salt Lake City, Utah: Trying a "comeback," Imey Garfinkle, Salt Lake middleweight, who once was up among the top-notchers, found the pace set by Arcade (Windmill) Pearce too fast and dropped an eight-round decision.

At San Luis, Colo.: "Dynamite" Jackson, Colorado Springs middleweight, won a decision over Joe Aguilar, Denver, at the end of the ninth round of a scheduled ten-round bout, when a raging spring blizzard interrupted power service during the intermission between the ninth and tenth rounds. Jackson had piled up a sizable margin of points and was given the award when the arena was left in darkness.

Abie Valdez, Colorado featherweight champion, scored a two-round kayo over Garcy Cisneros in the scheduled eight-round semi-windup.

At Craig, Colo.: Johnny Flynn, Steamboat Springs light-heavy, stopped Dick Dillon of Craig in four rounds. This boy Flynn, incidentally, has all the earmarks of a coming top-notcher.

In the semi-windup, Max Chavez, Mt. Harris, Colo., kayoed Stagg Harbach of Los Angeles in the fourth. The latter pair are also 175-pounders.

C. H. C., Cheyenne, Wyo.: I haven't heard of Kid Parker, the old Colorado lightweight, in ages and ages. In fact, I am of the opinion that he is dead. Perhaps some of our readers can enlighten us.

Roy Bell, Mexia, Texas: Yes, Dick Griffin was a top-flight bantamweight about twenty years ago. He fought many of the best boys in the business at that time, among them Pal Moore, Pete Herman, Joe Burman, Jackie Sharkey and Joe Lynch. He is promoting fights in Dallas at the present time.

Abie Bernstein, Englewood, Colo.: I'm afraid you have confused Carl Tremaine with Earl Puryear. Puryear was an Englewood boy and fought many of his early matches in and around Denver. Tremaine was a Cleveland boy, and I'm sure he never fought out of Denver.

Benny Leonard's first appearance in Denver was against Sailor Kirk. He kayoed Kirk in the first round of their match on November 28, 1917.

Hugh Bedient, Albuquerque, N. H.: Poss Parsons is the sports editor of the Denver *Post*. Ed Orazem edits the Pueblo *Star-Journal* sports page, while John O'Connor holds the same position on the Trinidad *Chronicle-News*.

Remember, the writer has a list of all active boxing promoters in the Rocky Mountain region that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt game in this neck of the woods. But don't forget to inclose reply postage. Address all mail to: T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

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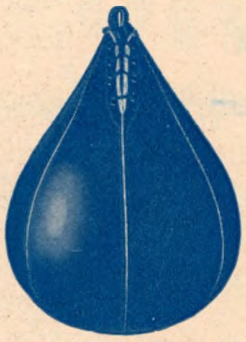

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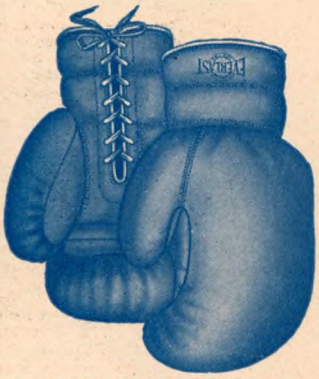

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